

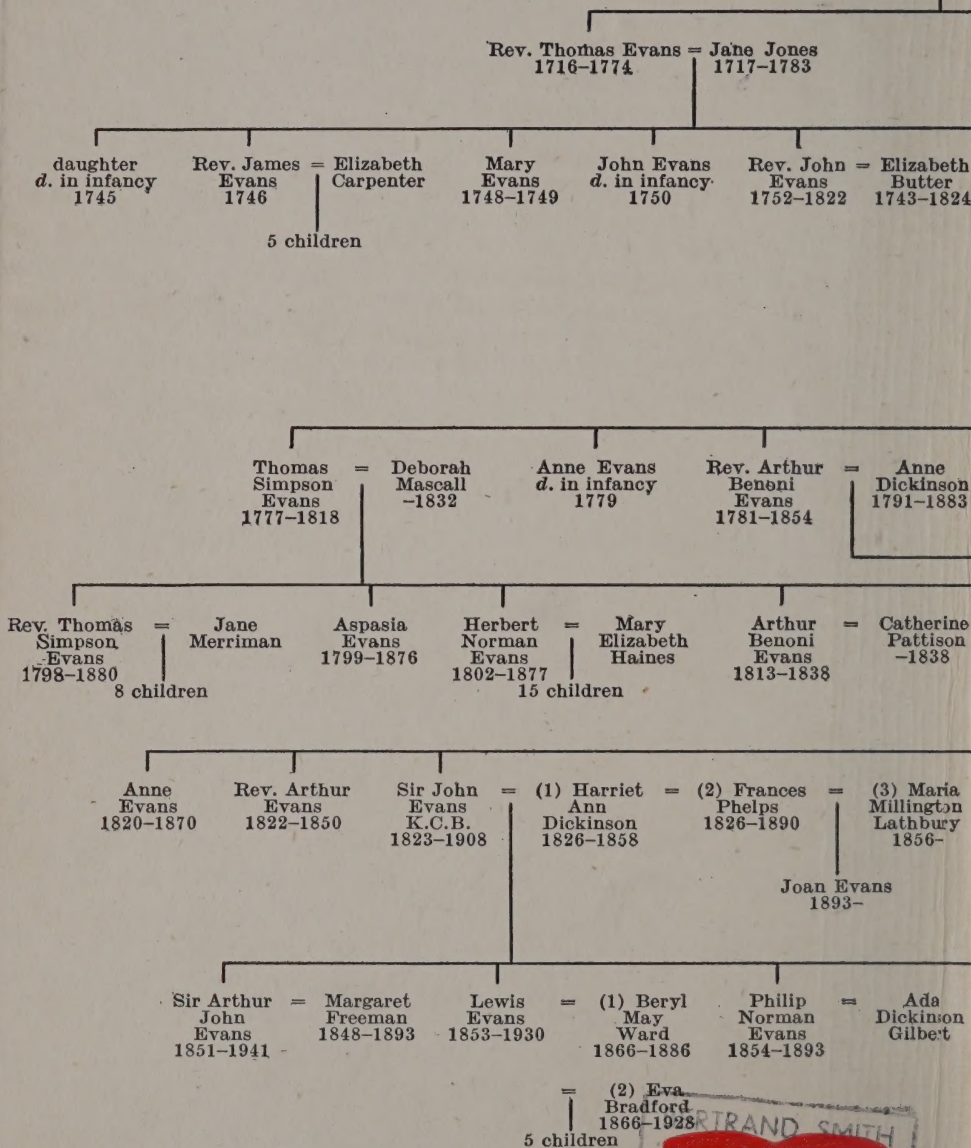
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M. L.

PEDIGREE

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

Rice Evans





3 1833 01238 8853

OF EVANS

Mannah [Meredith ?]

Lowell Evans James Evans Dinah Evans

Rev. Lewis = (1) Anne Norman = (2) Elizabeth Sarah Evans Rev. Thomas = (?) Rev. Arthur
Evans Halliday 1756-1758 Evans Benoni Evans
1753-1827 1757-1808 1759-1841

Cunitia
Evans
1794-1855

= Rev. Henry
Adams
Sergison
Atwood
1800-1877

8 children

Hypatia
Evans
1795-1834

Rev. Thomas = Elizabeth
Evans Pitt
1802-1854 -1871

Catherine
Evans

Emma Jane Lewis James Mary and Florence
Evans Evans Evans Evans Anne Evans Evans
1782-1838 1783-1837 1784- 1785-1786 d. in infancy d. in infancy
? 1804 1786 1788

Rev. Lewis = Isabella
Evans Julia
1815-1869 Wilkinson
-1905

George
Evans
1825-1847

Emma
Evans
1828-1905

5 children

= John
Waddington
Hubbard
1823-1871

Sebastian
Evans
1830-1909

2 sons

= Elizabeth
Goldney
1833-1911

Alice
Evans
1856-1882

one daughter

= William
Minet
1851-1933

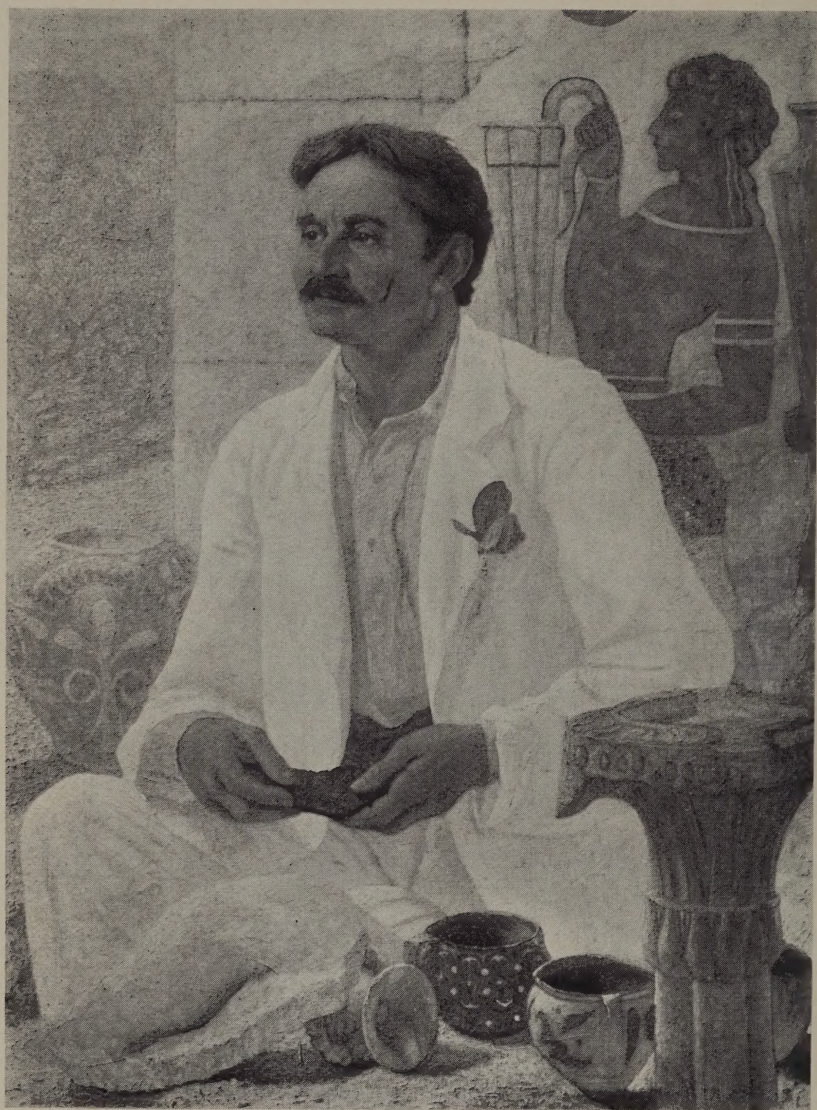
Harriet
Ann
Evans
1857-1938

4 children

= Charles James
Longman
1852-1934

Laura I. Jones

TIME AND CHANCE



ARTHUR JOHN EVANS

By Sir William Richmond, 1907

TIME AND CHANCE
THE STORY OF
ARTHUR EVANS
AND HIS FOREBEARS

By
JOAN EVANS

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Mi a droais ac a welais dan hæul, had
yw y rhedfa yn nar rhyffel yn
eiddo'r cedyrn na'r bwyd yn eiddo'r
pwyllog, na ffafr yn eiddo'r cyfarwydd :
ond amser a damwain a ddig wydd
iddynt oll.

John Evans, Glasbury Llyswen, 1760

I returned, and saw under the sun,
that the race is not to the swift,
nor the battle to the strong, neither
yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches
to men of understanding, nor yet
favour to men of skill, but time
and chance happeneth to them all.

Ecclesiastes ix, 11.

Bert Smith - 5.00

PREFACE

WHEN my half-brother, Sir Arthur Evans, died in July 1941, his house was at once requisitioned by a Government Department and a lifetime's accumulation of papers had to be sorted and cleared in haste. As I had some familiarity with his archæological work, I assisted in the task. My first pre-occupation was with the records of the excavation of Knossos, and the material for the unpublished volumes of *Scripta Minoa*. Besides these, and other archæological manuscripts, an enormous quantity of personal papers was revealed, of the most varied and heterogeneous interest. Further, two locked cabinets unexpectedly produced a great quantity of letters received by my father, Sir John Evans, between 1866 and 1906.

It is these papers that form the chief material for this book. By my brother's will, his wife's desk and its contents went to her niece, Agnes Holmes, to whom I am indebted for the use of many letters and diaries received or written by Margaret Evans; all Evans diaries and family papers went to his nephew, John Dickinson Evans, who has allowed me to use not only these but also other family papers that came to him from his father; and all archæological records went to the Ashmolean Museum, whose Keeper has kindly allowed me to publish some of the early records of my brother's work in Crete. The records of Arthur Evans's Balkan journeys were left to the School of Slavonic Studies in the University of London; I am indebted to the Principal, Professor W. J. Rose, for allowing me free access to them.

Besides these papers, I am indebted to other relatives and friends for records that supplement them. My niece, Sibyl Weir, has lent me the travel diaries of Fanny Evans, and a portrait of her, which came to her from her mother, Harriet Longman; my niece, Susan Minet, has lent me a photograph of her grandmother, Harriet Ann Evans, and has allowed me to read the letters which her mother, then Alice Evans, wrote from Ragusa; my cousins, Josephine Phelps, Agatha Walker, Mrs. W. A. Greene, Lord Dickinson of Painswick, Philip Hubbard, F.R.I.B.A., the Revd. John Waddington Hubbard, and Commander George Atwood, R.N., have all helped me with documents and information. Professor J. L. Myres and Professor R. M. Dawkins have helped me greatly with the more archæological aspects of the book; and Mr. E. T. Leeds, Keeper of the Ashmolean, and

Mr. C. F. Bell, late Keeper of the Galleries, have given me much aid out of their long knowledge of my brother and his work. In Miss Louisa Ricket I have had the rare advantage of a reader who still has a vivid memory of Nash Mills as early as 1878. The Revd. Canon G. H. Rendall, Mr. A. Lane Poole of St. John's College, Professor Theodore Fyfe, Colonel H. T. Shakespear, Dr. Dragutin Subotić, Mr. W. Ll. Davies, of the National Library of Wales, Mr. Arthur ap Gwynn, Librarian of the University College of Wales, and Mr. F. J. T. Heckford, for many years with Dickinsons, have all helped me on points of detail. Mrs. Farnell, Mrs. Macan, and Mrs. D. G. Hogarth have kindly allowed me to publish letters written by their husbands, and my nephew William Longman one by his mother. The Keepers of the Ashmolean Museum and the National Portrait Gallery have permitted me to reproduce pictures in their collections. To all of them I offer my heartfelt thanks; and not least to Susan Minet and Godfrey James, my brother's executors, for authorizing the project of the book, and to Josephine Phelps for her aid with the first sorting of the papers. My mother and my friends, Mrs. George Horsfield, Mrs. Laybourne, Miss Enid Rosser, Professor J. L. Myres, Professor R. M. Dawkins, and Mr. C. F. Bell have been so kind as to read the book in manuscript.

The chronicle of the three generations of the Evans family that is here published has the advantage of concerning a small circle: my father's first and second wives were both, like his mother, of Dickinson blood. Furthermore, its whole scope is covered in the span of two lives. Arthur Evans, who died in 1941, as a little child was taken to see his great-grandmother, Frances Dickinson, who was born in 1760; their two lives cover the hundred and eighty years between the death of George II and Hitler's conquest of Europe.

To be born unusually late in one's generation brings more loss than gain. Inevitably one cannot hope for a father's companionship beyond the years of childhood, and for this there can be no compensation. Yet, as one grows older, one finds a certain sense of kinship, that almost seems to approach understanding and knowledge, with the past in which one ought to have lived. As a consequence it may seem not only a privilege but also a duty to set on record what is known of that past. Thus it has seemed natural that I, youngest and last of my generation, should undertake this family history: history which should have been written by my elders and betters, had they not been too deeply occupied in living it.

J. E.

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I

ARTHUR BENONI EVANS

1781 - 1817

A WELSHMAN of any pretensions usually has a pedigree: a long and narrow roll of parchment, inscribed in the seventeenth century by some wandering herald with a family tree that goes back either to a King of Troy or to "Adam, who was the son of God." Lewis Evans, born at Caerleon on Usk in 1755, had no such document. Family legend speaks of volumes and volumes of early Welsh sermons as having been in his possession; but his son sold all the Welsh manuscripts at Sotheby's in 1853, and any evidence that they might have produced regarding the earlier history of the family is lost.

The only fragment of Welsh that remains among the family documents is a scrap of paper on which one John Evans wrote a text from Ecclesiastes and dated it from Glasbury Llyswen in 1760, in some forgotten mood of fatalism and discouragement. It is that passage¹ which reads: "I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill: but time and chance happeneth to them all." It affords no unfitting motto to the story of a family endowed in varying measure with swiftness and strength, wisdom and understanding; for it was in truth Time and Chance that dictated the pattern which their lives wove upon the warp of character and temperament.

Lewis Evans, born in 1755, was the third of the five surviving sons of a man who was Vicar of Bassaleg, curate of Caerleon on Usk, and master of Caerleon School. He matriculated as a commoner at Merton College, Oxford, in 1774. Two years later he left the University without a degree,² and married a Welsh neighbour, Anne Norman, fifth child of Thomas Norman, a maltster of Caerleon, and his wife Florence Nicholl.³ Through

¹ Ecclesiastes ix. 11.

² In his will, however, he describes himself as M.A.

³ For a pedigree of Norman, see Sir Joseph Bardney.

History of Monmouth. Anne Norman was one of thirteen children of whom ten died young.

her mother Anne Norman could claim kinship with half the gentle families of South Wales. Her mother was the second daughter of John Nicholl of the Gam; her grandmother, born Anne Herbert, was the heiress of the Herberts of Magor, and descended from the Herberts of St. Julians, and thus kin to a great house with ramifications all over the peninsula; Anne Herbert's mother had been heiress of the Morgans of Tredonach, and so the pedigree continues, through Leys and Turbervilles and Watkins and Stradlings and Loughers and Mathews, never leaving South Wales except to bear away an Arundell heiress from Lanheyron in Cornwall.

Her eldest son was only ten when she died; her husband seems rarely to have spoken of her. She remains the unknown quantity in the family inheritance. Yet her second son, at least, was astonishingly different from his father, and it is likely that he took after her. It seems as if it may have been from her ancestry that an unconscious taste for romantic symbolism and verbal conceits came into the family. Nearly all her descendants might be trusted to make a *jeu de mots*, to compose a motto or write an epitaph, or to carry a high flown metaphor to a successful conclusion. Some of them have been versifiers, though none of them strong or abundant poets; few have been without a sense of poetry and a capacity for occasional unexpected verbal felicities. What better heritage could she bring from her family traditions of the Royalist coterie of South Wales, which included her kinsmen George Herbert and Henry Vaughan?

Poetic gifts, and the sensitiveness they imply, were certainly not the heritage of Lewis Evans. He was a mathematician and a martinet: his portrait¹ shows him choleric and masterful, with brilliant eyes and a firm chin. He needed what determination he could muster to make his way in the world. He had no liking for "the boobies round Caerleon", or, indeed, for Wales. It was a country which offered few careers to a poor man, and fewer to a learned one. Its Bishops were absentee Englishmen, its livings poor, its schools few and old-fashioned; it boasted neither a capital city nor a University town. Its literature was almost entirely religious; its famous preachers and the leaders of Welsh thought, were Welsh-speaking and for the most part dissenters. Lewis Evans shook the dust of Monmouth and Glamorgan from his feet and turned his face resolutely

¹ Bequeathed by Sir Arthur Evans to the Royal Astronomical Society.

eastwards. In September 1777, the year after his marriage, he was ordained deacon at St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Bishop of Lichfield, with the title of Curate of Ashbury. He seems to have resided in this remote Berkshire village, set just under the White Horse Downs, for about a year. His first son was born there, and christened Thomas Simpson in honour of the mathematician of that name whose work on Fluxions his father particularly admired. In July 1778 Lewis Evans was also appointed to the curacy of Compton Beauchamp, two miles from Ashbury. It was just as remote, but he there decided to reside.¹ He spent ten years there, cut off from civilization by roads inches deep in clay-mud or dust, with no nearer neighbours of his own class than the dynasty of Watts who were rectors of Uffington, and no nearer coach to London than that from Wantage. There his other children—Arthur Benoni, called after an uncle who was Headmaster of the College School at Gloucester, Emma, Jane and Lewis, and five children who died in infancy, were born. In January 1788 he left Berkshire with little regret, on being appointed by the Chapter of St. George's, Windsor, to be vicar of Froxfield in Wiltshire, and Little Bedwin, an adjacent village in Berkshire. The village of Froxfield lay only three or four miles from Hungerford; the church was a tiny flat-ended barn of a place, with a little bell tower like a dovecote, but the vicarage had been rebuilt some twenty years before as a handsome, many-windowed house. The society of the village was chiefly represented by the inmates of some almshouses for gentlewomen who had fallen on evil days. Anne Norman was not fated to enjoy it for long; she died in August 1788, a few months after their arrival, in childbed. At Froxfield Lewis Evans was able to establish himself on a more permanent footing than he ever could in the uncertain tenure of a curacy. He had kept up his mathematical studies, and proceeded to devote himself to the study of astronomy. He used to observe the stars from the bottom of a dry well in the Rectory garden. He set up a stone in the churchyard recording the latitude and longitude of Froxfield. He designed instruments for himself, and set them up in a small observatory he had built in the garden; he entered eclipses and occultations in the parish register; he planned and had made the most complicated astronomical clock;² astronomy,

¹ In 1780 he was appointed perpetual Curate of Knowle St. Giles in Somerset, but seems never to have resided there.

² Now in the possession of John Dickinson Evans.

indeed, became the chief interest of his life. The idea of Time haunted him; he engraved *Tempus fugit, hoc age* on the dial of his best clock, and, when he came to set up a coat of arms—without authority from the Heralds' College—he took *ταχὺ καὶ τήμερον*, *Swiftly and to-day*, for his motto.¹

Before long Lewis Evans's astronomical pursuits brought him not only a certain reputation in the scientific world, but also an official position. In 1799 he was appointed first Mathematical Master at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and thereafter spent most of the year away from his country parishes.

The Academy, originally founded in 1741,² had just been enlarged to take in over a hundred members. Private tuition had been stopped, and the masters' pay improved to £250 a year and an establishment allowance.³ The buildings, however, were still unsuitably set in one of the worst parts of Woolwich; there were only three class-rooms, and no common-room. The cadets were received sometimes as young as fourteen: not even their formal old-fashioned uniform, with a black stock and lace ruffles, could make them mature. The French wars, and the consequent drain on artillery officers, meant that almost any cadet could be sure of his commission. Public examinations were suspended, and the standard of discipline was extremely low. It must have needed all Lewis Evans's force of character to keep his unruly classes under control.

The military officers on the staff of the Academy held the civilian teachers in small esteem. None the less Woolwich offered some amenities. The view was delightful; and from Lewis Evans's house near the Artillery Barracks⁴ one could watch the sailing ships going up and down river, and look North over the marshes of East Ham.

Lewis Evans was not easy to live with. His children were far more attached to their father's brother, the bachelor Uncle Arthur at Gloucester, than to their father. After their mother's death in 1788, the two elder sons, Thomas, then ten, and Arthur, then seven, went to live with him, and were educated under him at Gloucester College School; the two daughters, Emma

¹ His coat—argent a chevron sable between three elephants' heads couped, proper—appears to be a canting one: L. Evans=elephants.

² See F. G. Guggisberg, "The Shop," the Story of the Royal Military Academy, 1900.

³ In 1799 this represented £300 a year all told, in 1810 £540.

⁴ His son's diary (January 21, 1852), records that it was then the chaplain's house. It was not far from Bowater Crescent.

and Jane, successively kept house for him when they grew old enough. Lewis Evans's third son, who bore his father's name, was himself a cadet,¹ and naturally remained within the Woolwich circle.

Thomas Simpson Evans, the elder of the two sons educated at Gloucester, was brought back into the paternal orbit through his mathematical tastes, for they gave him a community of interests with his father which none of the others shared. He was not sent to any University; before he was twenty Lewis had secured him a post as curator of a private observatory at Blackheath, belonging to a Mr. William Larkins who had formerly been Accountant General to the East India Company in Bengal. While there employed Thomas Simpson Evans married Deborah, daughter of John Mascall of Ashford. Thence he was promoted in 1800 to be an assistant at Greenwich Observatory; and after three years there was appointed a mathematical master under his father at Woolwich. He made a certain name for himself by translating foreign scientific works, including Antonio Cagnoli's *Trigonometria piana e sferica*; he accumulated a fine library of mathematical and philosophical books; but he remains a rather colourless person in the family records. He had five children, all of whom lived to maturity. In 1813, when the staff at Woolwich was being reduced, he was appointed Mathematical master at Christ's Hospital, and died there five years later.

Lewis Evans's second son, Arthur Benoni, was at once more literary in taste and more adventurous in character than his elder brother. At the College School at Gloucester, where his uncle John Norman had won lasting fame for himself by knocking down the Headmaster before running away, he was nicknamed "the Bold" for his intrepidity. The Headmaster lived in the Cloisters, and the Cathedral seemed to be a part of his home. One day the boy found that the workmen repairing it had left a plank set across the church from the height of the triforium. He at once got up into the gallery and mounted upon it, and joyfully jumped up and down upon the springy board until he fell on to the pavement below. By a miracle he was not killed; a rib was broken, and ill-set. It was the custom of the school to organize fights between one big boy and two or three little ones. The small boys accounted Arthur a natural leader in these affrays, and in them more ribs were broken. Consequently

¹ He died young as a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery at Barbadoes.

he grew up with his body bent to one side, and it remained bent to the end of his days.

He was fortunate in living and receiving his education in an atmosphere of friendly encouragement. His uncle was warm-hearted and affectionate; from his vast fund of multifarious knowledge the young Arthur acquired a considerable amount of varied information, and from his simple and sincere tastes the entrance to a world of unsophisticated enjoyment. Moreover Dr. Evans was a man who loathed hypocrisy and pretension, and had his own standards of what constituted success. He might not be able to help his nephew to make his way in the world by the exercise of patronage and influence, but he taught him to be true to himself.

After some years at the College School the young Arthur Benoni Evans matriculated on October 23, 1800, at St. John's College, Oxford. His distant cousin, Sir John Nicholl of Llanmaes, had earlier gone there on the foundation as founder's kin, but Arthur Evans seems to have been entered as an ordinary commoner. He found himself a member of an unreformed University, though a new Examination Statute was being ardently discussed, and came into action in 1802, when he was still an undergraduate.¹ Few men, however, tried for the newly-instituted honours: only three or four in the year in the whole University. The Pass examination for the B.A. was undergoing a gradual change from the old formal repetition of threadbare questions and answers in Divinity, Logic, Grammar "et in omni scibili" learned by rote out of manuscript books handed down from one generation to another, but it had not yet become any real test of learning. Examinations and degrees, indeed, were of little account; but since Arthur intended to take Orders he took an ordinary B.A. degree. For the same reason he had in his last year to attend the lectures of the Regius Professor of Divinity, in order to secure a certificate for presentation to a Bishop for ordination. The lectures were given late in the evening, by candlelight. Most of the class slept peacefully, until wakened by a pause while the candles were snuffed, or by a change of note when a Greek quotation was introduced to break the gentle rhythm of the discourse.

To the curiously unchanging pleasures of the idle undergraduate Arthur added those of literary composition in a light

¹ On Oxford at this time, see G. V. Cox, *Recollections of Oxford*, 1868.

vein, and, above all, of music. They were the years when the harpsichord was going out and the pianoforte was coming in: whatever the ultimate loss and gain to music, the substitution opened new horizons to performers on a small scale. William Crotch, the Professor of Music, was enthusiastic and friendly; there were plenty of musicians in Oxford; the Sheldonian, it is true, was unroofed at the time, but there were endless performances in the Holywell Music Room. Arthur practised his violoncello assiduously and became a connoisseur of the music of Handel.

After Arthur Evans had taken his degree in 1804, he returned to Gloucester to live with his uncle. Music continued to be the chief pleasure of his life. There was a music club, already fifty years established, that met at the Deanery; and there was every year a Three Choirs Festival that lasted three days. With his uncle's friends Dr. Lysons and William Mutlow the Cathedral organist, he shared in its delights as a member of the inner circle.

The uncle was friendly and hospitable, and welcomed Arthur's friends to his house in the Cloisters as generously as his own. An elder uncle, Thomas Evans, who was also a master in the school, had married a Gloucester lady and had two children, Thomas and Catherine, of the young Arthur's generation; and most of his schoolfellows were now established in the city. Music was the common interest of them all. Arthur played the violoncello, his cousin Thomas (rector of St. Mary de Lode) the double bass, his niece Aspasia, who was being brought up by old Dr. Arthur Evans and made her home at Gloucester, became an expert pianist; and with the aid of friends and kinsmen they made as much music as they would.

Gloucester held a pleasant society in those days, and a very small one. The city still lay within the circuit of its mediæval walls; and though the walls had been replaced by tree-shaded walks, the ancient gates and bridges yet remained. Beyond them lay unspoiled country. The city was the centre of a microcosm bounded by Stroud, Cirencester, Cheltenham, Tewkesbury, Ross and Monmouth; and within this little world the clerics, lawyers, doctors and small gentry kept up a society of their own: a society narrow and insular, yet both cultivated and polite. The port of Gloucester, to which came wine and corn and all sea-borne produce, and Gloucester market, were its economic centres; the Cathedral close, and the few decent squares of the

city where professional men lived and where the country squires had town houses for the winter, were the centres of its social life. It is a vanished world, that has left few memorials but some fine houses mouldering as offices or tenements; but it was an exceedingly English world, that bred a race of men of its own. To that world, rather than to his ancestral Wales, or to his father's home at Woolwich, Arthur Benoni Evans came to belong. Though he ceased to inhabit it permanently, he remained no bad example of the type of man it produced.

Arthur Benoni Evans was beginning to forget that he was a Welshman. Except for his cousin Anne Nicholl and his kinsmen the Williamses of Llangibby, whom he met in Gloucester, he had little contact with his kinsfolk in Glamorgan and Monmouth. His father's great friend, and his own, Dr. Anthony Moutonnier Hawkins, who had married Jane Nicholl, heiress of the Gam, was in some ways a link with Caerleon; but he had set up in practice in Upper Brook Street and his world was rather that of London than Caerleon.

In June 1804, Arthur Benoni Evans enjoyed a holiday: a walking tour with a school friend, John Dimock, lately appointed to the curacy of Stonehouse. It was the moment when Wales was fashionable on the ground that it was picturesque; and it is noteworthy that Arthur Evans, though wholly Welsh by birth, visited it with all the detachment of a tourist. The two young men travelled by Ross, Goodrich, Raglan, Abergavenny, and Brecon, down to Aberdare, and the waterfalls to Pont Neath Vaughan, interested alike in mediæval castles and ancient cairns, "the picturesque" and Mr. Crawshay's ironworks at Merthyr Tydvil. They talked with all and sundry; looked with interest at the peasant women dressed in many shades of blue, wearing hats on caps with two wings tied under the chin or streaming behind them, over their long hair tumbling dishevelled about their shoulders: but failed to admire them. They likewise criticized the Welsh habit of whitewashing "tiles, thatch, pigstye and all", as it made the houses eyesores in the countryside. They went as far as Neath, Llandaff and Cardiff; returned by way of Newport: found it "old and dirty", and never stopped to look at the ancestral tombstones; strode through Caerleon without a thought of the past, and made their way through the dusty lanes, up the western bank of Severn to Gloucester.

The holiday was a prelude to harder work. In August Arthur

Evans was ordained in Gloucester Cathedral to the curacy of Hartpury, and for a year served it and Ashelworth, while continuing to live at his uncle's house in the Cloisters. The Vicar of Hartpury was non-resident and paid him £30 a year. Arthur used to walk about thirteen miles every Sunday, "occasionally a most sticky, sloppy walk in the clay", and was sometimes called over in the week to christen an ailing child or visit a sick parishioner. His experiences found expression in a poem, *The Curate*, with the Shakespearean motto "The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law"¹: a passionate plea for some consideration of a curate's poverty.

"Say then, kind Muse, for you best can—
Is this poor ghastly clerk the man
So fam'd in College for a store
Of splendid wit and Attic lore?
Who lolled in academic ease,
Awake to nought but duns and fees;
And first in prizes, and in lecture,
Had hop'd at least to die a Rector.
'Tis he, indeed! The very same.
Two cures resound with Slender's name,
Doom'd on the height of yonder wold
To bear the brunt of wind and cold . . .
Where not a hedge-row greets the eye,
And walls unvaried flank the sky; . . .
And mocking all the Tempest's power,
A gloomy, flat, unsculptur'd tower
Just peering o'er the flinty ground,
Is seen for twenty miles around."

His description of the curate's long walk through the wet lanes is obviously based on experience.

"With legs high-swath'd in coat of mud,
Onward he stalks through mire or flood,
Paddles through marshes, and can wade
Lanes navigable, undismay'd . . .
Ere long, well drench'd by storm and mire,
He greets the parish, clerk and squire.
The dames bemoan his squalid plight,
And children titter at the sight;
While farmers every step beset
With 'Bless us, Sir! 'tis desp'rate wet!'
Reeking, he meets their kind concern,
And grateful bends to all in turn;

¹ It was only published in 1810 (London, printed for James Carpenter, Old Bond Street), but obviously dates from this time.

Complacent hopes the fall of rain
 May load the teeming earth with grain;
 Then smiling stamps his dripping feet,
 And humbly pious, takes his seat."

Evans complains, with some reason, that it is impossible for a curate to marry with any hope of happiness, since

" 'tis decreed above,
 That mortals cannot starve and love ",

and finds with dismay that a decent degree gives no claim to preferment.

" 'Nay,' cries the Rector, 'Curates plenty
 Instead of fifty pounds, have twenty;
 If Mr. Slender covets more
 E'en let him other Cures explore!
 For me, it matters not a farthing
 If bred in Oxford or Caermarthen!
 Wales still in hungry worth abounds
 Well satisfied with twenty pounds.' "

In September 1805 Arthur Benoni Evans was admitted to priest's orders in Gloucester Cathedral. No living, however, offered itself in the West of England; his father might have given him the curacy of Knowle St. Giles, but it would have been no better paid than Hartpury and Ashelworth.

Lewis Evans, indeed, had no great sympathy with his son's taste for the arts, nor any illusions about the prospect of preferment without influence. Since his wife's death in 1788, there was no one left at home who understood her son. Lewis had married again; his second wife was Elizabeth Halliday, who had come to act as housekeeper to him and the motherless daughters at home. She in her turn had borne him two daughters, in 1794 Cunitia (so called after the Roman name for Marlborough), and in 1795 Hypatia, more commonly known as Cu and Hy. Arthur Benoni Evans liked and respected her, and treated the children as his own sisters, but they could not make the little house at Woolwich a real home for him.

Lewis Evans, like many fathers, felt that the only hope for his son lay in securing him a career as like his own as possible. He therefore used what influence he had in military circles to procure a teaching post for him at the Royal Military College, then at Great Marlow. It had been decided in 1804 that Latin should be introduced into the curriculum, and he succeeded in

getting the appointment of teaching it for his son. Officially the title was "Professor of Classics and History"; actually it consisted of drumming the elements of Latin for six hours a day into the heads of boys of between 13 and 19 years of age, who had a strong premonition that it was going to be of no use to them.

The Royal Military College was of more recent foundation than the Royal Military Academy.¹ It had only been inaugurated in 1802, to assist in the education of the sons of officers, dead or impecunious, and to fit them to hold commissions in the army. A site for the College was chosen at Sandhurst, where it was intended to link it with another institution, the forerunner of the Staff College, for the improvement of the military education of men already holding commissions. Meanwhile the College was established in two houses, much too small for it, rented at Great Marlow, and many of the classes had to be taught in converted barns and stables.

The charitable basis of the original establishment was in process of change. Just before Arthur Benoni Evans joined the College it had been decided that there should be 199 cadets, of whom thirteen were to be orphan sons of officers who had died in His Majesty's service, to be educated free, and twenty-six, sons of serving officers, to be charged a nominal fee. As at the Academy at Woolwich, numbers increased with the improved prospects for commissioned officers afforded by the wars against Napoleon; by 1809 they had risen to 320. Such numbers, in such surroundings, set a great strain on the teaching staff, a strain at first increased by the bad organization of the Military Commandant. It was not until 1809 that the cadets were divided into an Upper and Lower School.

From the first the College and its work were uncongenial to Arthur Benoni Evans. He felt that it had no true educational purpose, no sound organization, and no real justification for its existence. The requirements of the leaving examination—the first six books of Euclid; the elements of Fortification in Vauban's first and third Systems, and the drawing they involved; and either Latin, French, German or History—seemed to him disproportionately small in relation to the time the cadets spent at the College and the efforts that he and his colleagues made to teach them. There was no common room for the cadets. The

¹ See A. F. Mockler-Ferryman, *Annals of Sandhurst*, 1900, pp. 9 *et seqq.*

blindest discipline was imposed by a system of espionage; yet though "cells" on a bread and water diet was the usual punishment for such crimes as smoking, cruel bullying was rife and unpunished in the dormitories.

Most of Arthur Evans's colleagues were military officers, maimed or otherwise unfit for active service, who were given a post at the College in lieu of a pension. They despised the young Welsh clergyman with his twisted body and his odd Hebraic name; he detested their narrow interests and stiff military minds.

Not until 1808 did he find among his colleagues a single real friend. In that year John Christian Schetky, a man three years older than himself, was appointed to teach Military Drawing. He was a skilful painter of seascapes, and taught the plans of Vauban in much the same spirit of suppressed rebellion as Arthur Evans taught the Latin declensions. A man of foreign birth, he had the sanguine temperament and high spirits of the Pole; he adored music, but it was less the stately rhythms of Handel that he practised than cheerful songs to the guitar. With him for companion Arthur Evans was able to recapture some of the gusto of his undergraduate days. It found expression in two slender, elegant and anonymous books that seem improbable productions from the pen of an impecunious parson of twenty-nine in an uncongenial teaching post. The first of these, *The Cutter, in Five Lectures upon the Art and Practice of Cutting friends, Acquaintances, and Relations*,¹ suggests indeed in its "Hints to Authors, by way of Preface," that their writer had already some acquaintance with Grub Street and Paternoster Row.

"To cut a Reviewer, 1) Write your book in that happy strain of mediocrity, which is a certain passport to the dust and cobwebs . . . 4) . . . Tell your reader all about, and about it, after the manner of our antiquated divines; or follow the example of some illustrious Moderns, whose work with a copious index might serve for an Encyclopedia . . . 7) Beware of tours, travels, translations and new editions, and let all your poetical effusions be entitled 'Juvenile Poems'. 8) Always speak respectfully of booksellers, never forgetting that the puppets do not dance of themselves."

The humour of the book has an acid flavour; there is pain behind it.

"If you are ashamed to acknowledge a poor, and in some

¹ Printed for J. Carpenter, Old Bond Street, 1808.

measure, dependent friend in a party, ball or rout, *cut* him for the whole evening; and, calling upon him next morning, tell him how anxious you were to have introduced him to a very valuable acquaintance, but that you could not catch his eye; that you were engaged in a most agreeable party, which you could not leave; and as to the rest, that you were extremely sorry to see him at the other end of the room."

The advice to a fading beauty has still a savour.

"Much may be done in the way of recommencing your attacks on the other sex by a masked battery of paste, and by 'cutting' without remorse the whole clan of your *cotemporaries*. Associate with none of an age above four and twenty: become excessively sportive: talk of frocks, balls, boarding-schools and elopements: give to your remarks a smack of youth and inexperience. . . . In pursuing this plan of conduct, you will make yourself so superior to those of your own age, that you will find it necessary to avoid their malignant insults by constantly 'cutting' them to the quick. When any unforeseen disaster brings you into their company, attack them obliquely by frequent contemptuous glances; disregard them, as you do those who are older than yourself; and when you are asked, who they are, you may answer by a conjecture, that they are maiden aunts of the old lady of the house."

The book is illustrated by the most charming coloured etchings by Atkinson. Gentlemen in cocked hats look through quizzing-glasses; men in blue coats and buckskin breeches ride proudly down Bond Street; a lady in a high-waisted white dress with a red scarf and blue ribbons to her bonnet escapes into the hairdresser's to avoid an acquaintance. The poor relation, complete with two small children, calls in clumping boots on the precise bachelor uncle in his library, and in shabby black obtrudes himself on the fashionable cousin in the Assembly Rooms.

The second book—*Fungusiana, or the Opinions and Table Talk of the late Barnaby Fungus, Esq.*¹—is a more ambitious attempt at a satirical novel. The author continues his study of literary life with an admirably dateless study of a publisher.

"If his terms were deemed inconsiderable, and any objections

¹ *Fungusiana, or the Opinions and Table Talk of the late Barnaby Fungus, Esq.*, to which are prefaced some biographical notices, respecting the true origin of that gentleman, the whole proving, beyond all doubt, that from this surprising genius were derived most of the prevailing habits, sentiments and refinements, of modern times. Tanquam in speculum. London, printed for J. Carpenter, Old Bond Street, 1809.

raised, he always pleaded one of the following extenuating arguments: the season too far advanced; the town empty; reputation should be established; the hungry asperity and increasing number of reviewers; price of paper and of *getting up* a book; the unaccountable caprice of public taste; terrible expense of advertisements; the number of other greater undertakings on hand; the natural partiality of men to their own productions, etc., etc."

It is the army officer, however, who fares worst at the young parson's hands.

"Young officers should be very careful to go into the field of battle well dressed, powdered, ornamented and perfumed, because it is highly necessary that they should die like gentlemen, and that their bodies may be readily distinguished from a parcel of fellows, who fall without any gold, silver, lace or regulation trinkets, about them.

"It is very advantageous, that the army should be officered by a race of thin, elegantly emaciated men, or boys, that they may be less exposed to gunshot wounds, be more active in the field, and be more easily carried off . . .

"No man should think of taking a commission in the army, who is afraid of staking the last penny of his parents' earnings; who is un-read in horseflesh; who is not of a thirsty habit of body; who cannot bear a debauch; who is low enough to pay any debts but those of *honour*; who can presume on any occasion to remonstrate, or think for himself; or, in fine, who dares to improve his faculties. Do you ask me why?—For this plain reason: If he has not such qualifications, as are predominant in a mess room, he will be society only for those military sticks, called men of information, and will never be half man enough to jump headlong into the world of spirits in an honourable single combat . . ."

Assuredly it was time that Arthur Benoni Evans left the College; but no preferment offered. A cousin of his, Thomas Evans, son of the James Evans who had a school in Kensington, had secured employment as a Professor of Languages in Moscow. The English Factory there needed a chaplain, and Arthur was fired with a desire to secure the post and leave England for ever. He duly sent in his name to the Board of the Factory in London, and hopes ran high.

It is odd to think that he might have listened to the babel of

a Moscow crowd, and watched the sharp colours of its changing brightness, with his head on one side like a friendly bird. He would have drunk tea with every Englishman in the city; taught all their sons the elements of Latin and Greek; and been kind to all the English governesses. But ere long he would have pined for a decent Anglican parish and a quiet English countryside; it was perhaps as well that the test sermon he preached at St. Olave's, Hart Street, failed to give satisfaction to the officials of the Factory, and that he was not appointed.

Nothing remained but to continue to endure the Royal Military College. His leaves were short; the demands of war kept the College busy. He could not often afford the coach fare to Gloucester, but when he got there it seemed another world. He would walk in the Cloisters and listen to the unreal voices of the choir practising an anthem, and watch sun and stone and shadow make a visible music of their own. He would walk along the busy quays until he could see the wide reaches of Severn and the pageant of the Welsh hills where lay, if unacknowledged, his true home; and come back through the old friendly streets to open his uncle's door and hear someone tuning a fiddle in the parlour. Yet from that world, so familiar, so congenial and so dear, he was shut out, for he could not earn his living in it. The pay of under-master or of curate was all that it afforded, and that was not enough to live on or to hope on.

In 1811 Schetky was transferred to the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, and the crowded yet solitary life at Marlow became drearier still. In 1812 the setting at least was changed. The College was transferred to Sandhurst, to new buildings, designed by Wyatt in the Doric style, on a part of Bagshot Heath bought from William Pitt. The buildings were handsome, the grounds well planted, but all was raw and bleak in its newness. The sandy country was wet and swampy in winter; though rich in Roman encampments and earthworks it offered nothing picturesque; and Arthur was beginning under Schetky's tuition and encouragement to do a good deal of drawing.

In 1817 Arthur Benoni Evans succeeded in getting a curacy which he could hold in conjunction with his post at the Royal Military College; no doubt he hoped it might prove to be a stepping-stone to a living. The curacy was that of Barkham in Berkshire, and was well-paid: it produced as much as £80 a year. Once more he was in touch with a rural parish, if one

less remote than Hartpury or Ashelworth; and now his sojourn in Wyatt's buildings had made him more sensitive to the beauties of mediæval architecture. His work at Barkham inspired him to write a poem in the manner of Gray's *Elegy* entitled *The Village Church*.¹

It is significant that he wrote an elegy rather than a satire. Resignation was beginning to take the place of anger. Yet still he begs something more than a sneer for the toil-worn priest:

“ His are no vulgar toils, no transient woe;
More cares combined, than common passions school:
Need, solitude, neglect and that dark foe,
Thirst of the curious mind, that fevers not the fool.

“ And in that breast, to you so lightly known,
May beam the radiance of empyreal fire!
Peace may be there, and virtues, not your own;
And joy, when you, his charge, no silent grief inspire.”

“Thirst of the curious mind”: that, perhaps, was Arthur Benoni Evans's heaviest burden in the barren years at Sandhurst.

¹ It was only published in 1843 by Hatchard, with a dedication to Lord Howe, but dates from about 1818.

II

THE DICKINSONS

1794 - 1822

IN the summer of 1798 Fanny Burney the novelist (to give her a more familiar maiden name), her husband, Monsieur d'Arblay, and their little boy settled in a little house at Westhumble in Surrey, near Juniper Hill. In a letter to her sister she describes some neighbours who had also come to the village for the summer : ¹

"One new acquaintance we have found it impossible to avoid. The only house in Westhumble village which is not occupied by farmers or poor people, is now inhabited by a large family from the City, of the name of Dickinson.² They called here immediately upon our establishing ourselves in our cottage. It was indispensable to return a first call. . . . Mr. Dickinson, or Captain Dickinson, as his name-card says, is a very shy, but seems a sensible man, and his lady is open, chatty, fond of her children, and anxious to accomplish them. She seems between thirty and forty, and very lively. She is of French origin, though born here, and of parents immediately English; but her grandfather was a M. de Brissac.

"A gentleman, who seemed to belong to them, but whom we knew not, meanwhile, was yet more assiduous to make acquaintance here. He visited M. d'Arblay, while working in his garden, brought him newspapers, gazettes extraordinary, political letters with recent intelligence, and exerted himself to be acceptable by intelligence as well as obligingness. M. d'Arblay, at length, one very bitterly cold morning, thought it incumbent upon him to invite his anonymous acquaintance into the house. . . . We then found it was the printer to the King, who is Member of Parliament, son of the Andrew Strachan who was the friend of Johnson, and the principal printer of *Camilla*. . . . He has all the appearance of a very worthy, sensible, unpretending man, well-bred and good-natured. Long connected with the Dickinsons, he seems to have an apartment at pleasure in their house,

¹ C. Barrett, *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*, 1778-1840, V, 1905, p. 421.

² I have corrected Madame d'Arblay's spelling of Dickenson.

and to love their children as if they were his own. He told us he had known Mrs. Dickinson from the time she was seven years old."

To Madame d'Arblay, who had been second Keeper of the Queen's Robes, the Dickinsons may have seemed a City family, and the Captain's claim to the rank dubious. He held, in fact, a perfectly ordinary commission in the Navy, as had his father before him. The father, John Dickinson, who was born in 1723,¹ was left as a child in the care of relatives who neglected him. He ran away to sea from school in Northumberland, and by 1742 was an officer on the Lisbon packet. He fell in love with an Irish lady, Alice Quin, who was governess to Lord Townshend's children at the Embassy in Lisbon, and married her in 1745. She persuaded him to collect evidence of his identity, in order to lay claim to an estate in the North to which he believed himself entitled.

On November 1, 1755, Alice Dickinson was aboard the *Packet*, which her husband then commanded. That night the great earthquake overwhelmed the city of Lisbon, and all John Dickinson's proofs of identity and hopes of wealth perished with their house. A broken silver teaspoon was all that remained of its treasures.

His career, however, prospered by his wife's influence and his own exertions. Through the patronage of Lord Townshend, her former employer, he obtained a naval commission, and fought the French on board the *Brunswick*. Lord Townshend then became Master of the Ordnance and gave John Dickinson an appointment in his office as Superintendent of Transports. There he proved his capacity² and was elected an Elder Brother of Trinity House.

John and Alice Dickinson had four children.³ The fourth, Thomas, born in 1754, followed his father into the Navy and into the Office of Ordnance, and succeeded him in his appointment as Superintendent of the Ordnance Transports at Woolwich on

¹ I am indebted to his descendant, the Rt. Hon. Lord Dickinson of Painswick, for these and other particulars, from notes made by Harriet Ann Dickinson from her grandmother's conversation about 1842.

² The letter written by the Marquis Townshend to his son on his death (dated May 16, 1781), speaks of the loss of "so worthy a man and so valuable an officer as your father."

³ The eldest, John, born in 1746, was killed at sea as a young man; the second, Maria, born in 1748, died as a child. The third, William, born in 1751, died without issue at Newnham in Gloucestershire in 1828.

his death in May 1781. The post only brought in £100 a year and travelling charges, "without any perquisites or gratuities whatever," but carried with it the right to pleasant quarters in the Tower of London.¹ These, his pay, and the patrimony he had inherited from his father, made it possible for Thomas Dickinson to marry.

His mother, Alice Dickinson, had died some years before, and his father had married as his second wife a Mrs. Bernard. Both by birth—her maiden name was Lardent—and her first marriage, she belonged to that curious and interesting community of Huguenot refugees that had its centre in Spitalfields. Their forebears had come over from France in the years following the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685; they had become naturalized in England, yet their descendants still formed a foreign community. Through his stepmother Thomas Dickinson found himself admitted to that closed society: a society with the intelligence that accompanies the easy use of two languages, with the piety of a persecuted race, and with the frugal wealth of Frenchmen who are, or have been, dependent upon their own exertions for a living. One of his stepmother's kinsfolk, John Bernard, a man of his own age, had married a Huguenot lady named Jane de Brissac. Her younger sister, Frances, was still unmarried, and it was she whom Thomas Dickinson took to wife.

Madame d'Arblay's description of her at thirty-eight—she was born in 1760—"open, chatty, fond of her children and anxious to accomplish them"—tallies with family tradition and family record. But she was more than this: a woman of unusual energy, with a strong sense of duty, a warm heart, a firm will and sound sense: a fine example, indeed, of the Frenchwoman who loves and manages a large family with firmness, affection and commonsense. Her mother had brought her up to appreciate fine silks and delicate laces; she wore with enjoyment her pearl tiara and her parures of bright stones, though they were not more precious than garnets and amethysts and crystals, and liked to wrap herself in an India shawl.

She was exceedingly proud of her ancestry. She could remember, when she was such a little girl as to have to stand on a

¹ A letter of March 1782 survives, addressed to him there, bringing him from a friend at Lisbon an account of the late action off Algeciras, accompanied by a box of China oranges and a quarter cask of Carcavellas.

footstool to see what was on the table, her grandfather showing her a pedigree which demonstrated to his own satisfaction his connexion with the French ducal house of Cossé Brissac. The grandfather, whose father had escaped from France, had become one of the Spitalfields weavers, and a comparatively wealthy man. His wife, born Jeanne Loy, daughter of a silk weaver of 18 Spital Square, had married as her first husband an Englishman named Nash,¹ by whom she had two sons. This connexion, and the gradual and inevitable Anglicization of all the Huguenot families, helped to bring Peter Abraham de Brissac into a more English world; his sister Anne married an Englishman, William Child, and though his eldest daughter Jane married the Huguenot John Bernard, his other two daughters married Englishmen.²

The marriage between Frances de Brissac and Thomas Dickinson, which took place on June 20, 1781, seems to have been a happy one. They complemented one another; he was, in Madame d'Arblay's words, "shy and sensible"; she warm-hearted, talkative, an admirable hostess, and at bottom, no less sensible than her husband. She bore him four sons and five daughters, one of whom died in infancy.

William Strahan, the friend of her childhood, continued to be the closest friend of her married life, and played a considerable part in the family history. His father, another William, had with his first partner Millar been the publisher of Johnson's *Dictionary*, and with his second partner, Cadell, publisher to Hume, Adam Smith, Gibbon and other distinguished historians and writers of his time. The elder Strahan, a rich man, kept open house; on his death in 1785 his sons George and William, carried on his business with their partner John Spottiswoode,

¹ The story of her first marriage illustrates the exclusiveness of the Huguenot community. Mr. Nash spoke no French, and M. Loy little English. Mr. Nash's suit was therefore refused. Mr. Nash thereupon absented himself until after some months he returned with a good command of French and asked for Mlle. Loy's hand in her own language. This time M. Loy refused him because he could not work at the loom. Once more the suitor disappeared, to work like a journeyman until he could produce a piece of satin of excellent workmanship. M. Loy now asked for time to consider the match—as if he had not already had enough. But Jeanne drooped and pined, until her father remorsefully permitted the marriage, and she and Mr. Nash were married on the same day as her stepsister Mlle. Jamet and M. Landon. The brides both wore rich white satin woven for the purpose and trimmed with French lace at a guinea a yard. It was a fine February day, and the gay wedding party walked in their fine clothes from Spital Square to Spitalfields Church.

² Elizabeth, born in 1756, married John Ware; Frances, born in 1760, Thomas Dickinson.

and maintained his literary *salon*. Through him, therefore, the Dickinsons were in touch not only with the literary world but also with the world of printing and publishing. Thanks to his advice their eldest son, John Dickinson, was on February 7, 1797, apprenticed to Thomas Harrison, Stationer of London, for seven years, to learn his art.

The Ordnance transports in Captain Dickinson's charge plied chiefly between the Tower and the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. In 1803 it was decided that he should move his headquarters, and his home, from Tower Hill to Woolwich. He secured a lease of a pleasant house called Bramblebury from the Clothworkers' Company. It had been built some thirty years earlier as a neat three-storied box of a house, with a little pavilion on either side, in an unpretentious yet formal style. It had a good dining-room and library, and a double drawing-room symmetrically disposed on either side of a hall with an open staircase with turned balusters, and any number of decent bedrooms above. It stood on rising ground at the end of a long drive, with a great chestnut at the entrance, and from the drawing-room there was a lovely view, framed in trees, over a Thames gay with sailing ships to the wide skies and low hills beyond. The garden boasted fine cedars, and gravelled paths wide enough for conversation; there were a couple of meadows, and a neglected and picturesque wood, the joy of children and sketchers.

For more than forty years Frances Dickinson made Bramblebury a perfect centre for the life of all her family. She had a store of traditional recipes: ragouts and stews, that still figure in her descendant's cookery books, with an abundance of vegetable trimmings and rich sauces; spring soups with a basis of lettuce and pea, made rich with beef stock and asparagus tips which still have a French flavour about them, and milk punch, a fine handsome naval recipe that begins with eighteen large lemons, two quarts of brandy and two quarts of rum. Her most delicate speciality was apricot jelly; her great annual party a strawberry feast in July, for which she always seemed to have fine weather. Her good food and wine, her comfortable rooms, that on a modest scale tried to be splendid too, her kitchen garden and apple lofts that always seemed brimming over with fruit, her wide lawns and pleasant grounds, were there not only for her own enjoyment, though few enjoyed them more, but also for the entertainment of her own, and her husband's and her

children's friends. There were her own Huguenot circle of Bernards and Columbells and Landons; her husband's friends of the Navy and the Arsenal; and all the titled tribe of retired Anglo-Indians whose agreeable villas at Greenwich and Blackheath and Plumstead and Streatham gave an air of almost Genoese opulence to the south bank of the River. It was not till Time had removed her generation and her children's and her children's children's from the earth that the chain of family friendships made and strengthened at Bramblebury was broken.

The Dickinsons' son Sebastian, and a Brissac kinsman, had both been cadets at the Royal Military Academy; and some of the cadets' practical courses were taken actually inside the Arsenal. It was therefore natural that Lewis Evans and his family should have been included in the wide circle of Bramblebury acquaintanceship. To Arthur Benoni Evans, when he came on holiday to Woolwich, the easy friendly house seemed a haven of cheerfulness. The Dickinsons, it is true, were not particularly literary; the library, with its sets of Johnson's *Poets*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and the *British Essayists*, was more likely to be occupied by a party of whist players than by a solitary student. They were not even particularly musical; but they were kind, equable, cheerful and sensible. The eldest son, John, was away at his paper mills in Hertfordshire; the second, Thomas, was a soldier in the service of the East India Company, stationed in Bombay; the third, Sebastian, had died as a Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers at the storming of Badajos in 1811. Harriet had married Dr. Grover, who had lately been made Vice-Provost of Eton. Thomas's children lived with their grandmother, and the Grovers stayed at Bramblebury whenever occasion offered; but the only grown-up Dickinsons of the younger generation permanently at home were one son, George, Elizabeth, who was engaged to Mr. Joseph Phelps of Madeira, and the two other unmarried daughters, Frances and Anne. In the eyes of Arthur Evans all the endearing qualities of the Bramblebury circle came gradually to be concentrated in the person of Anne, a woman ten years younger than himself. She was well made, reasonably tall, with beautiful short-sighted hazel eyes, curly brown hair, a broad forehead and an aquiline nose: not a beauty, but a handsome woman whose handsomeness was to increase with maturity. Even in youth she had an odd air of wisdom about her, that must have made her a difficult woman



FRANCES DE BRISSAC
WIFE OF THOMAS DICKINSON
c. 1840



ANNE DICKINSON
WIFE OF ARTHUR BENONI EVANS
By Henry Moseley, 1847

to propose to; but somehow Arthur Evans overcame the difficulty, and his suit was accepted.

No one could call him a good match, but he was a scholar and a gentleman, and held what seemed a secure position at Sandhurst. The Dickinsons gave their consent and produced a modest marriage settlement, and Arthur Benoni Evans and Anne Dickinson were married by licence at Plumstead Church in June 1819, when he was thirty-eight.

The new buildings at Sandhurst included twenty-six bleak little Professor's houses, standing apart, and known to the stage-coach drivers as "Tea-Caddy Row". To one of these Arthur Evans brought his bride; and here his first daughter was born in June 1820, and christened Anne after her mother; and his first son, named Arthur, after his father and great uncle, in January 1822.

Not even Anne's wisdom and sweetness could make Sandhurst a place in which Arthur Benoni Evans could work happily. Its restrictions had fretted him too deeply for the wounds to heal. Conditions, too, were growing more difficult; the end of the Napoleonic Wars had brought stagnation to the Army, and an era of cheese-paring to the War Office. The numbers of both cadets and officers were being reduced; and though in 1821 fifteen officers of the Senior Department of the Royal Military College, previously at High Wycombe and Farnham, were transferred to Sandhurst to be instructed by the Sandhurst staff, neither Classics nor History were included in their course. The same conditions were affecting Woolwich. In 1820 Lewis Evans found it convenient to resign from Woolwich on grounds of health, after twenty-one years' service, and secured a pension with extreme difficulty. In 1822 Arthur Benoni Evans was requested to resign from Sandhurst, after seventeen years of service, with no prospect of a pension whatever, and Captain Turnpenny, who had led a forlorn hope at Badajos, was appointed to teach Classics in his stead.

III

BRITWELL COURT

1822 - 1829

ANNE EVANS'S recollection of her husband's experiences at Sandhurst was so painful that in later and happier years she destroyed all his diaries up to the year 1822 when he left it. Consequently we can only guess at the perturbation and anxiety in the little house in Tea Caddy Row when it became evident that he had got to go: of the search after curacies and livings and chaplaincies, and the desperate applications for unlikely appointments. Arthur Benoni Evans, when things got too difficult, was always a little apt to retire to his study and play the 'cello by himself; Anne, with two young children to provide for, had no such easy way of escape.

Arthur's first essay in finding preferment consisted, characteristically enough, in having his sermons published at his own expense. Mr. Cadell (Mr. Strahan's friend) produced a neat edition of seven hundred and fifty copies, and the Dickinsons and all their friends and connexions helped him to dispose of nearly two hundred of them, chiefly by gift. Still no generous patron appeared to offer him a comfortable living.

Meanwhile Anne had been thinking over the situation and saw a possible opening. Her elder sister, Harriet, had married in 1811, the Reverend John Septimus Grover, a member of a Buckinghamshire family established at Boveney, who was Vice-Provost of Eton and Rector of Farnham Royal. A colleague of his at Eton, Mr. Bethell, had Gloucester connexions. He was rector of the neighbouring parish of Burnham, and required a curate, to whom he was prepared to pay as much as £80 a year. All the family influence was mobilized both at Gloucester and Eton, and Mr. Bethell duly appointed Arthur Benoni Evans to the vacant office. Even in 1822 a man could not support a wife and two children in comfort on £80 a year; but Anne had a plan. If they could acquire a house larger than their needs cheaply enough, they could set up a coaching establishment to prepare pupils for the Army. Arthur Benoni Evans could

reasonably claim special experience, and all the Bramblebury circle could advertize his excellencies and find him pupils.

It was not long before a house was found. Britwell Court, on the main road between Burnham and Farnham Royal, was a fine symmetrical Queen Anne house of red brick with stone quoins, and a good cornice, built round a quadrangle, and large enough to hold the Evans family and ten or a dozen pupils. It had a meadow or two that went with it, and a "great, shady, flowery, fruity garden". Though it was rather derelict it was not dear at £2,000. To raise the £2,000 was another matter. She persuaded her trustees to invest part of her marriage settlement in the house, but it was not enough. Mr. Strahan, however, approved the plan and advanced the remainder, the interest to count as rent. He also lent £900 on Arthur's note of hand for the furniture and equipment. Anne was soon busy buying it and planning everything. They decided that boys over 14 should be required to pay £200 a year, and those entering under that age, £150.

In the autumn they thankfully left Tea Caddy Row and installed themselves at Britwell, though it was hardly ready for them. A new life opened for Arthur Benoni Evans, happier than any he had ever known. He was his own master in his own house; for the first time he could use his birthright of initiative. His temperament, and his sincere trust in Providence, prevented his worrying overmuch over his financial situation. He had no pupils as yet, but the world seemed full of possible or likely boys; and their absence made the enjoyment of liberty still sweeter. He planned and he measured and he planted; and then at the New Year,¹ when even Burnham began to seem a little damp and cold, he came up with the family as usual to stay at Bramblebury, in higher spirits than he had ever known. The house was full of Dickinsons and Spottiswoodes and, of course, Mr. Strahan; they had a gay Twelfth Night with a splendidly garnished cake, quadrilles and country dances. Not even the 520 copies of his sermons which he found still on Cadell's hands could damp his spirits. He made several visits to London by coach, by one of Captain Dickinson's Ordnance boats, or by the passenger boat from the Arsenal to Tower Stairs; bought books and maps, and

¹ On January 1, 1823, the first of the surviving volumes of his diary begins. This diary, now the property of John Dickinson Evans, is the chief source of information for the rest of Arthur Benoni Evans's life.

saw many friends: friends who lived in the residential districts of Spring Gardens and Red Lion Square and Gracechurch Street, or in the newly built quarter of Camberwell. He even dined, in Mr. Strahan's company, with a Governor of the Bank of England who had a princely mansion in Grafton Street, and suspected that the bronze head of Jupiter Mr. Thornton showed him was but "antico moderno." Mr. Strahan belonged to the Beefsteak Club, a publishing and literary coterie that used to meet at the Freemasons' Tavern on Saturdays, and have an annual summer excursion to Richmond. The Dickinsons and Spottiswoodes and others of the Bramblebury circle belonged to it, and Arthur Evans was a welcome visitor. From Bramblebury he and his family went in January 1823 for a few days to stay with John Dickinson at his paper mill in Hertfordshire, and so by the end of the month came back to Britwell.

Mr. Bethell, living at Eton, left most of the parish work to Arthur Benoni Evans, and was apt to find every Saturday a new reason why his curate should take duty for him on Sunday. Fortunately Arthur loved his fellow-men and took a real interest in those who came to him for help and advice. His diary for January 20, 1823, describes the first of many mornings spent in the service of his parishioners. "Wrote to Mr. Hobhouse for Mrs. Portsmouth, who had received a letter from his office (Under Secretary of State's) offering to convey her and her children to New South Wales, where her husband is at present under sentence of transportation. Four poor women called under an idea that I had alms for distribution. Gave each, and Mrs. Portsmouth, 1/-. Gave John the gardener seeds and a gardener's calendar."

No beggar who came to his door went away empty handed; and each to whom he gave was duly entered in the diary. (Anne kept all the housekeeping accounts; these entries by Arthur were his contribution to orderly finance.) As the house was on the main road the beggars were many and varied; a list of them makes a little pageant of vagrancy in the third decade of the nineteenth century. "Un pauvre françois . . . Portuguese beggar . . . a petitioning corporal . . . an itinerant comedian who wished to perform here . . . an Irish pauper . . . a tramping usher . . . two Italian boys with images . . . papermaker's widow and daughter . . . a soldier of the Spanish Legion just landed with thirty others out of prison . . . a curate

of the name of Hallifax, who had lost his voice from too strong gargle in quinzies with certificates from 3 Bishops . . . three Hungarians, shipwrecked in a vessel bringing guano off the coast of Bangor, the spokesman possibly a great imposter speaking Latin very well"—all received their shillings and sixpences; and the old men and women of the parish, still dignified by the title of Master and Dame, usually got half a crown when they called or their curate visited them.

The family connexion with the Grovers—a double one, since John Dickinson had married a cousin, Ann Grover—secured the Evanses admission to the pleasant academic society of Eton, and they usually went there for Montem and Speeches. Here they came into touch, if only as spectators, with the great world. After Speeches in 1826 Arthur Benoni Evans was in a position to express himself as disappointed in Mr. Canning's physiognomy. "The two sides of his face not similar, a fine mouth and chin, a sarcastic curl of the former. The eyes not good; cunning rather than enlightened and elevated in their expression." One day in June, again, the entire household usually went to the races on Ascot Heath. June 17, his wedding day, was generally celebrated by a "gipsy party" with the children at Burnham Beeches.

Arthur Benoni Evans's greatest joy at Britwell Court lay in drawing the great beeches and the few ancient oaks at Burnham. He had by now evolved two techniques: one of drawing in fine black chalk on rough white paper, and the other of sketching in sepia, enhanced with white, on a paper of a pale brown tint. These he practised assiduously in the years he was at Britwell; his sketches are unpretentious but sincere, and his trees live and grow. Nearly twenty years later he revisited Burnham, and recaptured the old enchantment. "Saw my old haunts amongst trees, which look, and feel I think, much as they did seventeen years ago. They beheld me and my sketching with the same sovereign contempt, and though works of the same Creative Hand, they seemed to look down upon me as I should upon a child playing at marbles."

There is no denying that the possession of a small country estate went to Arthur Evans's head. He farmed his own land and supervised his own garden. He was notably neat-fingered, and himself pruned the espaliers—"the French dwarf trees"—and trimmed the hedges; but he developed a passion for improvements that must have given his more frugal wife many a moment

of anxiety. He loved to work himself and to have a team working under him, and the number of his casual labourers was always increasing. One day ¹ he writes: "Stacked 6 dozen of port . . . Seward at large gate, Webb washing laundry outside, Manners and Goodrich at posts and rails, the former of which I made them char. Hitchcock gave the gates another coat of paint. Kings (mother and daughter) sweeping. Stannett not here. Poole ringing for Miss Langton's marriage, and pulling as heartily at the ale pot, as at the bell-rope. To-morrow he will complain of painter's colic as usual."

By March six pupils were in residence and more were in prospect, though for most of them the fees had had to be reduced. They ranged from the sons of Lady Elizabeth Smith and Colonel Wodehouse to the nephew of Mr. Rundell the jeweller; most of them came through the influence of Mr. Strahan or the Grovers. The pupils at a private tutor's always include an unusually high proportion of oddities, and those at Britwell were no exception. A characteristic entry in Arthur Benoni Evans's diary is that for February 1, 1825. "A Mr. McEntire brought down Mr. Roderick Mackenzie by the coach at 7. He is in the cotton trade, having factories at Calcutta, Singapore and Batavia, a quiet sensible man. Roderick seems a good lad, but with a tolerable dialect, looks as if he had been lately caught in Caithness-shire and sent down by the first conveyance."

Visiting masters were engaged from Eton for French and Mathematics, and Evans taught everything else that was demanded by the schools and academies his pupils were to enter.

He had never approved of the blind discipline of Sandhurst, but his own kindly ways were not always successful with unruly boys. Their laziness and indiscipline were sometimes too much for him: he would write to the parents, and go to bed with a bad cold. In 1824 there were no less than three summary dismissals.

Meanwhile his own responsibilities were increasing. His second son, christened John after his uncle and godfather John Dickinson, was born on November 17, 1823, a fat brown contented baby whom his mother adored. In May 1825 the third son, George, appeared, to become in his turn "the cleverest babe that ever was seen."

Happiness and freedom continued to make Arthur Benoni a

¹ April 17, 1823.

little extravagant. It was fatally easy to get to London from Burnham; the *Berkeley Hunt*, a Cheltenham Coach, and the *Regulator*, a Bath coach, both ran by the Two Mile Brook, and a chaise only cost nine shillings. Whenever he went, one refrain appears in his diary: "went into Holborn for a book or two". In August 1824 the exhilarating effect of driving into London in a gig from Bramblebury, and of seeing Mr. Strahan, was to make him buy nearly £13 worth of books (including coloured plates to *Faustus* and *Fridolin* as well as old editions) and a pair of new dress shoes. In 1825 on his usual New Year visit to Bramblebury he bought not only innumerable books but also a phaeton for £86. He had an innocent taste for amusement, and when he was staying with Mr. Strahan for the New Year in 1827 happily paid 5/6 to see the Chinese Ladies, 2/- for the Invisible Girl in Pall Mall, and 1/- for the performing canary birds, with one of which he played dominoes. He was hardly ever in London without paying 4/6 to see the Panorama, or 2/- for the Diorama, with views of the foreign cities that he had never been able to visit. If he took the family into Windsor to see the Grovers, he was apt to take all of them to have their "black profiles" cut by Monsieur Edouard, or to persuade Anne into buying a neat new maplewood card table they might have done without. Even when the three boys had had to be sent away he imported a great quantity of bog earth in which to plant rhododendrons and began to think of starting vines. In September 1827 there were only three boys left; his wife gave the cook notice and promoted "little Betsey", the parish apprentice, to be cook at £10 a year, but Arthur Benoni put up some expensive gymnastic apparatus for the pupils. He made gallant, and usually successful, attempts to pay Mr. Strahan his interest, but was thankful when from time to time the generous Squire forgave him £100.

At Christmas, 1826, he went down to Froxfield, and found his father in good health and spirits. He even unexpectedly produced "some curious liqueurs, Eau de Hendaye pure, Eau de Canelle, Eau de Cerise", to enliven a wet afternoon spent in cutting a face to a Lunarium. Soon afterwards, however, Lewis Evans's health began to fail, and on November 19, 1827, news reached Arthur Benoni that his father had died the day before. He set off for Froxfield, which he reached on the 20th, helped his stepmother in her trouble, and buried his father. On the Sunday following all the family went to church, and the

Hungerford singers came out of respect and sang their funeral hymns during the service.

The death of Lewis Evans did little to improve his surviving son's financial position. All his money (which amounted to less than £2,000), his lands, which consisted in a cottage in Nightingale Lane leading out of Dishwash Lane at Woolwich, were left to his widow and the unmarried daughter, Hypatia, who lived at home, with remainder to her sister Cunitia. Cu, a lovely long-necked creature, all eyes and ringlets, had lately married a young clergyman named Henry Atwood, who had a living at Kenilworth. One of Arthur's first tasks was to write to Mr. Grover to use his influence with the Provost and Dr. Keate to secure the living of Froxfield for his brother Thomas Atwood, which they duly did.¹ Arthur's share of his patrimony consisted only in his father's gold watch, a set of wine measures, his tools, implements and lathe, his new Geneva Gown, his philosophical and mathematical books and all his manuscripts, and the horse and chaise, which were left to the Gloucester uncle but ceded by him to Arthur.

Mr. Thomas Atwood was thus established at Froxfield; Mrs. Evans and Hypatia had enough to live on, in a neat little house with one maid at Marlow; but the want of patrimony for the eldest son made it evident that Arthur, now forty-six, must continue to depend upon his own exertions. So he sold the horse, had Mr. Herschel to come to make a choice of the manuscripts for the Astronomical Society, sold the instruments for £150,² burned "nearly a cartload of papers" and returned to Britwell with a vast quantity of books and the lathe, to find preferment if he could.

It had, indeed, already been tacitly admitted that the coaching establishment at Britwell could not continue indefinitely. The first sign that Arthur Benoni Evans was looking for preferment had been as usual that he hired an amanuensis in April 1825 to transcribe his sermons for the Press. In the Autumn of 1827 he had every intention of applying for the Headmastership of Rugby School. When he wrote to Sandhurst for testimonials, however, they were refused by a new Commandant, although

¹ The living only amounted to £36 a year, plus the interest on a capital of £1,700.

² They included an astronomical circle, on a stone pillar, with an achromatic telescope 2 ft. 6 in. in length, a transit clock, and everything for determining right ascensions and polar distances of the stars, the verification of which had been Lewis Evans's chief object.

Evans had taught there for seventeen years. (It may be remembered that a man fourteen years younger than himself, Mr. Thomas Arnold of Oriel, was appointed.)

His next thought was to apply for the Headmastership of Edinburgh Academy, that fell vacant at the time of his father's death; but some prudent friend, perhaps Mr. Strahan, seems to have pointed out that an Englishman with a Welsh name stood little chance of appointment. By February the situation was becoming acute; there were only two pupils left. On May 24, 1828, Captain Thomas Dickinson died, but his death made no difference to the family finances; he left everything to his widow, who needed it to keep up Bramblebury.

Once more John Grover, the Vice-Provost of Eton, came to Evans's help. A friend of his, the Rev. Henry Small, was titular headmaster of the Free Grammar School at Market Bosworth in Leicestershire, of which his kinsmen the Dixies were patrons. For forty-seven years, however, there had been a lawsuit about the revenues and constitution of the school. It had been founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the Dixie of the day; it had never had any claim to fame except that Samuel Johnson had once been very unhappy as usher there; and it had lapsed almost into non-existence. Now, however, thanks to the exertions of a Mr. Power of Market Bosworth and of the Bishop of Lincoln, its Visitor, it had been rebuilt and reconstituted. The present Sir Willoughby Dixie was a minor, and by the foundation deed, when the patron was under age, the nomination lay in the hands of the Visitor. Mr. Small was not standing for re-appointment under the new scheme, and Mr. Grover (who knew the Bishop, Dr. John Kaye) thought that he could do something to procure the appointment for Arthur Benoni Evans.

On April 8, 1828, Evans set off with Mr. Grover and Mr. Small by coach to Leicester and then by chaise to Bosworth to inspect the new buildings. They were new, bleak, and Gothic; the Headmaster's house stood in the little cobbled market place, and the garden was a barren wilderness but for two old walnut trees. It offered no attractions, but a settled position, a house, and £250 a year. Evans decided to apply for the Headmastership. Early in May, in default of a testimonial from Sandhurst, he secured one from his friends at Eton, signed by the Provost and Vice-Provost, Dr. Keate, Mr. Carter, Mr. Yonge, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Hawtrey. By June the Bishop was beginning to

show himself favourably inclined; on August 27, Arthur Benoni Evans found himself finally appointed ¹ and due to go into residence after Christmas, with Mr. Small's son, Nathaniel, as his undermaster.

There was a whirl of activity at Britwell. Two casks of the Malmsey Madeira had to be bottled; all the family and all the parents of prospective pupils had to be written to; journeys had to be made to Bosworth to measure the house; and on September 13 his second daughter, Emma, was born. Evans decided to take his D.D. at Oxford to add lustre to his new position, and early in November set off by the *Defiance* coach to stay at the Angel. The next day he called on the President, Bursar, Dean, Tutor, and Vice-President of St. John's; and on the Bishop of Oxford, to ask him to hear him read the Articles of Religion and to present him on the morrow. The Bishop turned him over to the President of his College, who duly heard his formal reading in the schools and invited him to dinner in the Common Room. The next day, he attended chapel, tipped his old scout, had a formal disputation for three-quarters of an hour in the Schools, and at ten took his degree ² with a dozen bachelors, and returned home by the *Berkeley Hunt* coach much pleased with himself.

On December 13 he was able to write in his diary: "Closed my career of private tuition at Britwell Court", and to start on a most elaborate packing of his clocks, books and papers. Anne was no less busy with the household gear. A hundred and eighty-eight packages went by waggon to the Three Cups in Aldersgate Street, thence by another waggon to the Fox at Leicester, and from Leicester by cart to Market Bosworth.

Inevitably Arthur Benoni Evans left Britwell Court with regret. It was the first house he had ever owned, and was to be the last; there he had first known liberty and most freely enjoyed domestic happiness. The fruit trees he had planted were just coming into bearing, the shrubs and plants just well established, and now he must leave them and his handsome house, untenanted and, alas, unsold.

The whole family spent the New Year at Mr. Strahan's in London; and Arthur Evans prepared for life in Leicestershire

¹ The actual deed of appointment was signed on September 5.

² He paid £61 13s. 8d. University fees, £10 College fees, 10/6d. to the Almsman, 12/- for a new cap, £2 3s. od. for a hood (exchanging his old one for £1), and £1 for having his gown altered.

by the purchase of a pair of Cossack boots. On January 27 the two little boys, Arthur and John, were sent to Mrs. Brown's school at Datchet, and Dr. Arthur Evans, his wife, two babies, Mary Wade the nurse, and little Betsey, the cook, started for Leicestershire by the Chester Mail, driving swiftly through the winter night to the new life before them.

IV

MARKET BOSWORTH

1829 - 1853

THE *Leicester Journal* of April 10, 1829, advertizes Market Bosworth School.

"The Public are informed, that the new Schools, erected at Market Bosworth for the Free Grammar School of that place, will be opened for the reception of pupils generally on the 27th inst. (Monday after Easter week) under the direction of the Rev. Arthur B. Evans, D.D., Headmaster.

Terms

Instruction in School	£12 12 0
Entrance	£2 2 0

After the Midsummer Vacation, Dr. Evans will receive into his family a few pupils from the age of seven to twelve. Terms—Eighty guineas per ann. including every expense except books and French.

"The Under Master, Mr. Nathaniel Small, and the Assistant Master Mr. John Edwards, receive boarders.

"The course of instruction is intended to be a complete preparation for the University. It will embrace Classics, Mathematics, History, Geography, and Composition in Prose and Verse, in Greek, Latin and English, attended by regular Religious Instruction, and the Elements of Theology for the more advanced pupils."

The advertizement, like many such compositions, sets out the possibilities of the School rather than its actual achievements. It had been founded by the Sir Wolstan Dixie of Queen Elizabeth's time for the free education of the sons of inhabitants of Market Bosworth and Cadeby, the kindred of the founder, and the children of the Dixies' tenants. These free boys continued to form the staple of the school; the paying pupils of the advertizement were a hope rather than a fact. Arthur Evans wished, indeed, to change the character of the school, by limiting the "free" boys to sixty, and developing it into a small public school. By statute the Headmaster received the profits of all

"strangers": so that such a change would make a great difference to him. In 1829 he spent a good deal of money in advertising the school in the form which he hoped it might take, in all the Midland papers.

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Meanwhile Mr. Small, a dry precise man by no means congenial to his Headmaster, was in charge of the few boys in the Upper or Latin School, and Mr. Edwards had the Lower or English School; while the Headmaster contented himself with taking prayers and exercising a little mild supervision.

The family were not yet installed in the new school house, which was not finished, but were comfortably lodged at the Dixie Arms. Anne spent anxious hours counting the parcels, which arrived by irregular instalments, and Evans was more happily employed altering the plans for the fixtures, choosing fruit trees for the empty walls, planning a flower garden "rather than a mere cabbage patch", and designing a Greek inscription for the façade of the School.

His exploration of the neighbourhood revealed some fine sketchable oaks in Bosworth Park, and stretches of open Midland country, but little that answered to his own notions of the picturesque. Coal was beginning to be exploited at Tamworth and Nuneaton, but hunting and agriculture were still the chief interests of the district. Gradually he began to know his neighbours; by February he was beginning to call at the farmhouses, and to know the tradesmen. On the 7th the diary records:

"Mr. Wright the Rector called, a highly respectable old gentleman, but of infirm health, since the villainous outrage of the late Sir Willoughby Dixie, who shot at him as he passed the Hall, as it is called, in his open carriage on his return from the Visitation at Leicester."

The present baronet was a minor, who only visited Bosworth very occasionally for a few days' hunting; the only calls the Evanses received were from the clergymen of the neighbourhood. It was a pleasure even when Mr. Buckenham of South Lopham in Norfolk, the travelling draper who had served them at Sandhurst and Burnham, came to the door with his cart-full of tablecloths and napkins, and gave them news of Bramblebury and Buckinghamshire.

Spring came in dull and cold, and the weeks and months slipped by without any lifting of spirits. In April they were brought a degree nearer civilization when a one-horse "accom-

modation" chaise began to ply regularly between Bosworth and Hinckley; but even Hinckley was no metropolis, and the raw green of the Midland spring made the country little more charming than had the bare boughs and wet pasture of winter.

In June they came South to stay with the Grovers at Farnham Royal for a holiday, with remarkably little to show for six months in Leicestershire. No one had yet offered the £2,500 asked for Britwell; and it was melancholy to see it, grown dusty and shabby, with hardly any furniture in it but a few tables and bookcases which had been considered too big to move until the school house was ready to receive them. Anne spent little time in reminiscence, but set to work to pack what was left; the tables and fifty more packages went off to Uxbridge to go to Bosworth by water. Arthur Benoni Evans had not enough to do to keep him from sadness. He spent the first day of July, which was rainy, alone in the empty house. "Made of my own thoughts the best companions I could," he writes, "but found them none of the liveliest."

By August, however, things looked a little brighter. On the 10th Evans drove over with the Grovers to a party of seventy-six whom John Dickinson entertained at dinner in the Salle of his paper mill at Croxley to celebrate its inauguration, met all his Longman and Spottiswoode friends, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. On the 20th Anne and the girls left for Bosworth by the Leicester coach; three days later Arthur Evans collected the boys from the little school at Datchet, and started off with them in his phaeton from Britwell to Bosworth. They went by Denham and Rickmansworth, called on John Dickinson at his house next his paper mill at Nash Mills and on some Grover ladies at Hemel Hempstead, and continued in the light of a lovely sunset through Dagnall to Dunstable where they slept at the Sugar Loaf. Little John had a room with the great wooden sugar loaf sign of the inn hanging outside the window; he was to remember it all his life. The next day they reached Northampton, and so drove through all the cattle coming to Northampton Fair and all the cattle going to Hinckley market, to Bosworth.

The school house was finished, and the furniture installed. In September Mr. Miller, a London hatter, offered £2,250 for Britwell Court, which Arthur Evans thankfully accepted.¹ That

¹ His descendant, Mr. Christie Miller, made the house (which he rebuilt) famous as the home of the Britwell Court Library.

chapter was closed: henceforward Bosworth was to be his home. He was almost resigned to it; not so his little daughter Anne. His diary for March records: "Pussy wrote an affecting note to her mother complaining of an occasional sense of wretchedness, which makes Bosworth worse than even school was." Anne, no doubt, thought that such sensibility might as well be conveyed by word of mouth as by an affecting note; but Arthur realized that in his daughter he had a kindred soul. It was not long before she was showing him "a pretty set of Verses" on an invitation of Flora to the five senses.

While Anne cleaned and sewed and contrived, in the effort to make the bare new house a home, Arthur began at length to take up his duties. There were, he found, twenty-one boys in the Lower School and eight in the Latin School; he prepared a plan of studies for them, a time-table, and a scheme of classification that still answered more to the ideal school in his mind than to reality.

He did not actually teach in the school, but was busy with his own two boys, whom he found worthy of his best endeavours. On November 9, 1829, he proudly entered in his diary, "My little boy John, who will be six next week, this day finished his Latin Grammar to the end of Syntax, which he began for the first time, except a little at the beginning, on the 7th of September last, without urging, or a single punishment, or even fatigue to himself." By February little Arthur had gone through his Latin grammar for the second time, and by March John had begun construing Latin. In February, too, Dr. Evans acquired two private pupils, who shared some lessons with the Latin School and studied the classics, history and English under his own tuition. They were almost as difficult as their predecessors at Britwell Court; he naturally cast them for star parts for his first Speech Day in July, but neither they nor the town boys in the Upper School would play up. "Heard the boys their lines in the School. Thorp and Small their English twice. They are so indifferent and careless about the figure they will cut, and so devoid of all generous ambition to do the thing well, that it appears hopeless. It is like starting two cart horses for the Oaks or Gold Cup."

Some effect must have been produced, for in August the first paying day-boy arrived.

The Governors, however, were not satisfied with the lines on

which the School was developing. On January 19, 1831, the diary records: "Mr. Power called after dinner and sat 2 hours $\frac{1}{2}$ with us. He was going at 7, but he then first mentioned a *recommendation* from the Governors that I should teach some of the free-boys. I told him none were yet fit for me, that I was ready to take them as soon as Mr. Small had prepared them for the Upper, or Head Master's School, according to the scheme of instruction which I had shown the Governors: that I superintended the schools, and was answerable for all that was done in them:—that the object of the 'Master's scheme in Chancery' was fully attained, the two teachers, Under Master and Usher, both doing their duty, and boys getting on as well, as, if not better than at similar schools, and that it would be preposterous for a Head Master to teach the Under Master's boys: and that I recommended the referring my plan of studies to the Visitor. He thought this best and told me to wait until I heard further from him."

By April Mr. Power was beginning to talk of sinecures, and the sky was stormy. The Bishop of Lincoln, however, was a wise man. In July, Arthur Benoni Evans went to Leicester to hear him deliver his charge to the clergy, and found himself summoned to an interview together with Mr. Power and another governor. The Bishop disclaimed any privileges as Visitor; praised Dr. Evans's scheme at the expense of Mr. Power's, spoke with admiration of the possibilities of an Upper School in which the ablest of the older free-boys should learn side by side with the Headmaster's pupils; and, in short, talked both sides into a friendly compromise.

Arthur Benoni Evans, when he came to Bosworth, had had hopes that its headmastership might lead to greater things. In 1832 he applied for the Head Mastership of Repton, and was not appointed. He was now over fifty, and resigned himself to making the best of the opportunities which Time and Chance had afforded him in Leicestershire.

Thereafter things went more smoothly. Evans admitted a clever boy from a neighbouring village, remitting his own fees, and included the three most advanced free-boys in classes for Greek, Latin authors, and Geography with his own pupils, though he soon had to flog them for laziness. In less than a year the new plan was working so well that the Governors made no demur when he asked for a third class-room to be added to the

School for his own use, though they did not get it finished until four years later.

By 1839 Richard Whitby, the ablest of the town-boys, had taken his degree at Cambridge and came back to assist Arthur Evans in the Upper School. Four years later the paying day boys had become so numerous that by a friendly arrangement their fees were divided among the three masters. Gradually, too, Evans acquired a succession of private pupils, mostly of good ability and good family: Wyndham Knight, Charles Merewether, Sacheverell and Edward Sitwell, Henry Halford and the like. In 1837 he had as many as ten boarders, besides his own sons, under his tuition. He had no pretensions to be an educational innovator, but he was a sound teacher on traditional lines. The Gloucester uncle, who was an unusually good German and Norse scholar, had trained him to be interested in philology, and he taught his boys to be interested in "Greek roots" and the influence of Greek and Latin on their mother tongue, rather than in the minuter details of grammar and dialect. No examinations were ever held; their day had not yet come. Many passages were learnt by heart, and the best were fired off by the senior boys at the annual speech day to an audience that was impressed rather than comprehending. Here, too, some original compositions were recited, which gave the Headmaster a good deal more trouble. Just before Speech Day in 1845 his diary records:

"Corrected, and I am sorry to say almost rewrote John Hunt's translation in Sapphics of the 84th Psalm. I had the same labour with Edwards's and with his translation of the Chorus of Antigone in Alcaics. This is scarcely honest. But what am I to do? They try their best, poor fellows, and must be encouraged."

Arthur Benoni Evans's highest qualification as a teacher, apart from his intellectual ability, was that he was incapable of cruelty, either physical or mental, and made sure that it did not exist in his school; consequently most of his boys developed normally and well. Some of the boys had seen his courage accidentally displayed in dealing with drunken labourers and angry bulls, and his fearlessness passed into a legend. Consequently they respected a master whom they might otherwise have despised for his gentleness.

Mr. Small was chiefly engaged in the Middle School among the free-boys, but Mr. Edwards, the usher, whom Evans liked much better than the Under Master, did a good deal of teaching

of writing and mathematics in the Upper School. He was a fine calligrapher, and besides a good running hand taught his more promising pupils various scripts such as court-hand and Hebrew. His work, and the technique of the quill that he taught, greatly interested Evans, who in his turn tried to apply the technique to Greek script. The result was the publication in 1837 of a set of copies for Greek script¹ according to his new system: the specimens deserve the attention of modern calligraphers, for they are in a script designed for the pen, not modified from scripts designed for engraving or printing.

Since Bosworth offered only limited subjects to an artist, Evans began to take up other interests, especially numismatics and fossils, and encouraged his elder sons to join him in their pursuit. He had begun to be interested in fossils when he visited a chalk-pit near Box Hill in 1823. By 1832 he and the two boys took many walks "fossilizing" near Bosworth, to the limestone rocks at Cloud Hill and to the local gravel pits; soon they were going farther afield to the Wenlock shale pits at Dudley in search of trilobites and to the Peak district to study the lie of the land.

The coin collection seems to have been begun a little before 1832, when a cabinet was bought to contain it. In the same year they "rode . . . to Hugglescote to see the coins of a Mr. Hayward a carpenter. . . . He had a small collection of specimens of most of our early Kings from the Conquest, and rather a full one later—None of the Protector nor Ricd. III and one or two more. He has 59 Roman coins mostly of the later Emperors."

At first the collection grew chiefly through the gifts of friends; even the saturnine Mr. Small presented some coins which he had collected at St. Albans, where they had been picked up. By 1834, however, Arthur Benoni Evans was purchasing a small cabinet of coins in London, for £10, and three years later had been discovered by "a Jew, of the name of Jacobs, who . . . detained me an hour with coins; and jewed me out of the purchase of about 50 silver ones." Evans was by now beginning to specialize in classical coins, and gave John all his copper tokens,

¹ "ΓΡΑΦΕΥΣ ΔΟΝΑΧ, sive Calamis Scriptorius. Copies for Writing Greek in Schools, by Arthur B. Evans, D.D., Headmaster of Market Bosworth Free Grammar School. The use of one Copy-book is sufficient for securing a firm and clear Greek hand. "That which is worth doing, is worth doing well." London. Printed for Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans, Pater Noster Row." The book reached a second edition.

three volumes on the subject, and ten shillings towards a cabinet for them. The Jewish coin dealer continued to come regularly, but Evans was outgrowing his wares. In July 1844 the diary records: "I went with John to the British Museum, where he introduced me to Mr. Vaux, who showed me several coins, etc. Among the rest a drawer of Syracusan coins, evidently medals, struck probably in honour of victories like Hiero's at the Great Games. All had the four horse chariot on the reverse. *The finest coins I have ever seen.* He showed me also at my request some Lycian coins (three) having a singular tricuspid instrument as emblem on the reverse and unknown characters. . . ."

The habit of buying his coins in London grew upon him. In 1849 the diary includes an entry: "Proceeded to Spielmanns, Bullion Merchant, Lombard Street, where I found he had just purchased some Greek coins from abroad. (Rome?) I examined them. Found them in many instances exquisite, and purchased the whole lot."

Such studies led insensibly to a keen appreciation of ancient sculpture; we find him deeply enjoying the figures and metopes brought by Mr. Fellowes from Lycia, and "having an hour" with the sculptures from Ninevah. Had he had means and opportunity he might have become a connoisseur of paintings. His judgment of modern pictures was conventional enough. In 1844 he visited the Academy, and was "pleased with several Landseers in particular, his 'Shoeing the Horse' above all. Turner's showers of meal and fire, truly outrageous; and indicate a mind diseased if not deranged." But in the same year he accompanied his sisters-in-law, Fanny Dickinson and Eliza Phelps, and his nieces Harriet Dickinson and Fanny Phelps, on a week's tour in Belgium—the only foreign travel he ever enjoyed—and in the course of the week contrived to pick up a superb self-portrait by Ferdinand Bol, which he proudly had framed and hung in the parlour: a picture of the first order that any gallery in Europe would be glad to own.¹

Architecture interested him less; yet the Cathedral at Gloucester had given him a sense of the precious beauty of mediæval work, which made him respect it as did few of the neglectful or restoring parsons of his time. In 1843 he writes:

"Drove . . . to Stoke Golding. . . . Found the clerk scraping the font (which I believe to be of marble (purbeck) as well as

¹ It was bequeathed by Sir Arthur Evans to the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

the pillars) with a two-inch chisel!! It is quite painful to examine as we did minutely the high finish and taste expended upon that lovely but dilapidated old Church."

His judgment of architectural extravagances was both sound and witty. He describes Lord Guilford's place near Dover: "There are some enclosed shady walks in the pleasure grounds, and a huge, square, templo-turrified building, which overlooks the trees, and as far as I could see (and I saw all but one side, which looks towards the trees on the East) without a single *real*, though with many sham windows; and what its use is, the Lord Guilford only knows!"

Equally scathing is a description of an ornamental tower near Margate: "Arabesco-Cando-Gothico-Thingumbobico, surmounted by an open spandrel lanthorn of iron gingerbread." He was no less critical of architectural meanness; in 1851 this was his judgment on the new galleries of the British Museum: "I . . . was sadly mortified to see the miserable taste which has planned and executed it. The sides have high projecting square white columns with three red stars or holes in the capital on each side, and the frieze and architrave above not projecting and resting on the columns but absolutely receding!! The roof is intersected at short intervals with deep coloured square pannels? Altogether a national blot."

Most of his publications from Bosworth were of sermons and tracts; but *The Phylactery, a Poem*, appeared in 1836,¹ and *Education and Parental Example, in imitation of the XIVth Satire of Juvenal*, in 1843.² The most interesting book that Arthur Evans wrote in his latter days was *Leicestershire Words, Phrases and Proverbs*,³ which records dialectal usages that continue to be of interest to philologists.

At Bosworth, unlike Burnham, Arthur Benoni Evans did not come in for a ready-made circle of friends and relations. He was, however, a man of friendly talk and pleasant jokes, and gradually made a circle of his own. A family named Cope came to Osbastone just after the Evanses came to Bosworth, and became their most intimate friends. In 1836 the son of the house, Tom Cope, married Mary Goldney, a Grover connexion whom he had met when she was staying with the Evanses, and after

¹ Published by Longmans.

² Published by Hatchard, who also published in 1843 *The Village Church*, which had been begun at the Royal Military College.

³ Pickering, 1848.

his father's death in the following year they lived at Osbastone. To these friends were added the Merewethers of Coleorton, the Worthingtons of Cadeby, the parsons' families of the neighbourhood, and the doctors at Bosworth and Ashby: a society of people, all well educated and none of them rich, dependent on each other for entertainment; giving each other lessons, if need arose, in anything from cookery to Greek and thorough-bass; knowing each other too well for either pretension or impoliteness. It was a very uneventful life; letters were still rare enough at the school-house for their arrival to be chronicled in the diary; and the headmaster did not scorn to set down when the new bonnets arrived from London, or a conjuror or a travelling lecturer on astronomy came to perform at the Dixie Arms.

Lord Howe, who lived at Gopsall, a few miles from Bosworth, appreciated the intellect and manners of his humble neighbour, and cultivated his acquaintance. In Lady Howe Arthur Benoni Evans found one of the few women, besides his wife and his mother-in-law, whom he whole-heartedly admired. She "was in no sense an *ordinary* person. Dignity, intellect, and that peculiarly feminine grace and sweetness which produce the 'loveable' in woman, were all combined in full force, and irresistible effect. . . . You felt, in talking with her, that you could not afford to check and curb your powers, to withhold your store, or put on the moderation of assumed mental superiority. She soon took it all *out of you*; and you found yourself obliged to make good every inch of ground with one, who would postpone truth to no earthly consideration." Her death was a real loss to him; but his friendly relation with the family at Gopsall continued, and he was honoured by an invitation to dine there to meet the Queen Dowager and the Duke of Cambridge.

Arthur Benoni Evans began to take a greater part in local life by undertaking a measure of parochial work. The Rector did little or nothing in the parishes of Bosworth and Cadeby that he nominally served, and several of the neighbouring parishes were in no better case. By the end of 1830 Evans was acting as curate of Barwell; and a little later he was appointed curate of Bosworth and Calton, with his undermaster Mr. Small to deputize for Calton, armed with a packet of a hundred of Lewis Evans's old sermons. In 1840 the Rector, the Rev. Thomas Wright, a foxhunter and a misanthropist, died.

Market Bosworth was a Dixie living, and at first it was rumoured that an uncle of the patron, a retired Army Captain of sixty, would take Orders so that he might hold it. Then a brother of the patron decided to qualify for it, and a local parson held the living for a year while he did so. As a consequence Arthur Benoni Evans found himself deprived of his curacy. It was some salve to his pride, however, that his parishioners subscribed to present him with a handsome silver tea and coffee service engraved with anthemias like a Greek vase. It was presented at a grand dinner at the Dixie Arms. The Church bells were rung, and everyone was very shy and formal and polite. Once Mr. Beaumont Dixie was installed as Rector he proposed to farm out all the work in three curacies; he finally prevailed on Arthur Benoni Evans to take Calton again. Once he had done this, however, Evans found he was expected to deputize for Mr. Dixie on any and every occasion. In 1843 the diary reads: "Dec. 8. Mr. Dixie called again to ask me to take his duty. Does it occur to him, I wonder, that the living is worth from £19 to £20 per week at the least, and that after giving me £40 a year for Calton, he loads me with all his odd duty at 'nothing per Sunday and find myself?'"

There was no hope of preferment, but he continued to do his duty. He even ventured upon reproof, which never came easy to him. "Called on Maides and spoke to him about his neglect of church. Met Argyll and had some talk with him of the same kind. Kimberline called on me, and I told him my mind about his providential rescue from the murder of his wife, etc., and about his keeping open house on Sundays."

Every afternoon, wet or fine, he walked, or rode his old horse Bolivar, or his mare Poppet, along the country roads, generally contriving to combine a favourite view point with a visit to some old or ailing parishioner. He was deeply interested in medicine, though it was an old-fashioned medicine of blue pills, black draughts, leeches and blisters. When he went to London he used to go to Apothecaries' Hall and lay in a store of pills and potions, which he administered in the parish to people who had no other medical attention. There was an awful prevalence of consumption, a good deal of quite untreated cancer, occasional cases of leprosy and ophthalmia, and occasional epidemics of typhus and Asiatic cholera.

It was a time when the Church of England was stirring after

a long sleep. By October 1833 Arthur Evans was in correspondence with John Henry Newman at Oriel about a "Friends of the Church Association", and warmly promoted it among his clerical friends. By the end of the year, however, he found the Clerical Society at Ashby de la Zouch already worried about a tract of the Association on the Apostolical Succession; and by February he was holding the last meeting of his little branch association, and spending its funds on the most innocuous only of the Oxford Tracts. Arthur Benoni Evans was essentially orthodox in his churchmanship, and Newman went too far for him. Not long afterwards Dr. Evans joined the Protestant Society of Loughborough and Ashby; and when in 1839 a cousin, Herbert Evans, forwarded the "Proposed Laws of the Anglo-Catholic Society" he sent him a hamper containing three dozen of the new Madeira and a volume of Foxe's *Martyrs* as a corrective.

Thereafter Arthur Evans's religious life had nothing to do with Societies and Associations, but was centred in his own struggle with his human frailty. He knew that indolence and conceit were his spiritual enemies, and he fought them steadily and patiently. The prayers and self-examinations of his diary show his conflicts; and his gradual passing from dissatisfied ambition to contentment, from academic self-indulgence to devoted work for others, is the measure of his victory.

The years slipped by, monotonous and uneventful. 1830 and 1831 were troubled years. George IV died, unmourned. There was a strike among the "poor stockingers" and the people of Bosworth agreed to allow them a shilling a head a week "until they agreed with their employers." At the end of 1830 rumours came in a letter that John Dickinson's manufactory at Nash Mills was to be attacked by "Swing" rioters protesting against the use of machinery, and young John Dickinson, who had come as a private pupil, was much frightened about the fate of his family. Fortunately the gang of machine breakers, as they marched down from Buckinghamshire, saw the red coats of the Old Berkeley Hunt in the distance, took them for mounted soldiers sent to defend the mills, and turned back again. At the same time Lord Howe was so much alarmed at the outrages of the incendiaries that he laid in 200 rounds of ball cartridge at Gopsall, raised his men's wages from 10/- to 12/- a week, and desired his tenants to do the same.

Enclosures, and the increasing number of coal mines, were beginning to change the face of the country. At the end of March 1831 Arthur Evans took his sons to see the Ibstock coal pit, which they found with some difficulty in the fields. On the way back they stopped at the Ram, and an Irishman told them the astonishing story that he had come in the steamboat from Belfast to Liverpool, 273 miles, in fourteen hours, and had travelled the 36 miles from Liverpool to Manchester in an hour and a quarter by a *steam-coach*. Less than a year later the three were walking to Bagworth to see the rail-road; and in July 1838, the family ventured to travel by rail for the first time, going from Paddington to Slough to stay with the Grovers at Eton, armed with many rugs and a map of the route.

In 1830 Anne bore him one more son, named Sebastian after her brother who had died at Badajos. Mr. Strahan died in 1831, leaving £5,000 to Mrs. Dickinson of Bramblebury, £4,000 to her son John, £2,000 each to Harriet Grover, Anne Evans, and Elizabeth Phelps, £1,500 each to the unmarried George and Frances Dickinson, and £250 to Arthur Benoni Evans.

In 1834 Hypatia Evans died, and old Mrs. Evans went to live with the Atwoods at Kenilworth. In the next year the Gloucester uncle began to think that he had not long to live, and sent the greater part of his library to his nephew at Bosworth; he lived on, however, though his niece Jane, who kept house for him, died in 1837 and her sister Emma in 1838, leaving only Arthur Benoni Evans and Cunitia Atwood alive of all Lewis Evans's children. Aspasia went to look after her great uncle, and in 1839 Arthur Benoni Evans took his son John, a boy of fourteen, to spend the New Year in the Cloisters and to explore with him the basin and the Quay, and the familiar Cathedral, and to search the watchmakers' shops for coins and the blue lias for fossils. Mr. Atwood had been presented to the living of Ashelworth, which Arthur Benoni Evans had once served as curate; he moved there, and it was there that old Mrs. Evans died in 1840. In 1841 death came at last to the old uncle; Arthur and Aspasia were with him, and he was buried near his door in the Cloisters beside Jane and Emma. He left an estate of nearly £14,000, fairly divided among his numerous nieces and nephews and their children. Arthur Benoni Evans was residuary legatee, and came in for some £3,000, and the remainder of the books. The school house at Bosworth, indeed, became so crowded with books that some-

thing had to be done about it; at the end of 1843 the whole family were busy sorting and packing the unwanted ones, which were sold to Lumley for £155. It was a slow business, for each volume was apt to start a flow of reminiscence. "My poor father's mathematics", Evans writes, "weighed heavy in my hands, with visions of him and his pursuits! They were *his* life-long dear friends: to me and mine mere lumber!"

With Mr. Strahan's legacy added to her marriage settlement Anne had some £300 a year, and Evans was better off than he had ever expected to be. They could afford accomplishments for their children. M. d'Egville came to give them dancing lessons; Mlle. Beau, the Gopsall governess, came for several months when the Howes were in London and did not need her services. In 1836 the young Anne—always called Pussy—went away to Madame le Faudeux's expensive school at Brighton; and two years later Emma went to be accomplished at Mrs. Gee's no less expensive school at Ashby de la Zouch, where her cousin Harriet Dickinson, John's younger daughter, was also a boarder. It was a very elegant school indeed, and the Rule-book she brought home with her, beautifully written in the mistress's Italian hand, gave her father a good deal of amusement when he compared it with his own regulations for his pupils.

"The practise of the exercises for Mr. d'Egville is to be at least half an hour in each day. . . .

The Pupils are not to separate from their conductress when out walking but to keep in front of her and in sight, with a space between each two and two.

Talking is not allowed during lessons with the master. . . .

The book is to be held up to the head and not rested on the table.

To speak French.

To wear gloves.

To use the left hand as much as possible.

To strive continually to acquire a good carriage.

The feet to be kept flat on the floor and not crossed. . . .

Each Pupil to make ample use of her Pocket handkerchief in her Bed Room. It is always a mark of delicacy to make as little display as possible of that article when in company. . . .

If the frock is not changed in the afternoon, it is to be taken off for ten minutes or so. . . .

No excuse can be admitted for holes in gloves, strings wanting

to shoes or articles of wearing apparel, or books unmarked etc. as the afternoon of Saturday in each week is set apart for the very purpose of keeping all these matters in order."

It was something to know that if Anne and Emma did not happen to marry, they would be qualified to become governesses in great families. The Gloucester Uncle had given his great-niece Aspasia an expensive education, and now she was being considered as governess to Princess Augusta of Cambridge at £200 a year.

Anne was the most musical of all Arthur Benoni Evans's children, and as she grew up his interest in music, that had flagged at first in the uncongenial atmosphere of Market Bosworth, began to revive. In 1840 he embarked on the purchase of two 'cellos. "Paid Mr. Orchard upholsterer for a violoncello which had belonged to Mr. E. Mammatt and his father before him £6, an old Foster. Paid Mr. Cooper stonemason for a Violoncello, by Nathl. Cross, which his father had received for a debt from the Revd. Mr. Buckeridge of Hedingale Derbyshire and which had belonged to Handel Mr. Cooper senr. solemnly avers. (Mr. B. bought it at Handel's sale.) £5."

The Handel violoncello he gave a little later to Captain Curzon, Lord Howe's son; the Foster he played himself. Mr. Edwards the usher was no mean musician, and in 1842 was entrusted with the task of choosing a new pianoforte: fortunately it proved "the finest instrument I ever heard." Evans also bought "a case of two violins, one an Old Betts the father who made 5 or 6 only in the Amati style, the other a Clotz."

With Pussy at the piano, Mr. Edwards fiddling and Dr. Evans playing the 'cello, they made much music that winter. A new world of enjoyment was opened to them in the trios of Corelli. "What an exquisite composer was Corelli," Evans writes. "How sweet his airs, how endless, how elegant, how diversified! Always something original, something very refined yet always simple. Handel has more force, more of the 'igneus vigor', more grandeur. Yet with all his energy and sublimity and even sweetness of melody, he could be content with long fiddling passages and mere fill up, mere grouting as the builders call it. Corelli has very little of this for his age and the demands of his age. He has a delicacy of taste which seems to shrink from the 'constrepitus' of Handel, courts gentle and plain associations and has a natural horror of what is vulgar."

Other musical adventures were less satisfying. In 1843 his daughter persuaded him to go to the opera, "one of Donizetti's, *Linda di Chamouni*, and a Pas de Quatre with Cerito, Fanny Ellsler, and Guy Stephens, and a ballet called *Giselle*. . . . We got home at 3½ a.m. quite satisfied, and I not caring if I never attended another exposée of bad music, easy morals, and the most beautiful legs of the most pliant and graceful dancers I ever beheld! This cannot be right."

Before long it seemed as if Pussy would retire from the trio. She was young and gay, loved the rhythm of dancing and riding, and went to all the festivities that Leicestershire afforded. A pleasant Dr. Arnold of Atherstone began to pay her great attentions, and wrote to her father to declare his affection. In the July of 1843 they seemed on the verge of an engagement. Then the father's diary records catastrophe: "Aug. 25. A most painful letter from Dr. Arnold but highly honourable to his head and heart. Aug. 16. Dearest Anne sadly out of spirits about Pussy and Dr. Arnold. Dear Pussy on the sofa with the blinds down in the drawing room all day."

A few months later Dr. Arnold married someone else. Pussy never recovered her spirits: she gave up dancing and riding, spent all the time she could away from Bosworth, worried her father by her religious doubts, and only soothed him by the charm of her melancholy lyrics and the tunes to which she set them.

For some time his boys caused him little anxiety. Their progress can be traced in his diary, through Greek construing and Taylor's arithmetic and Equations, to the *Oedipus Tyrannus* and Terence, Latin epigrams, German and Italian, with every milestone marked by a paternal half-crown. One of his favourite private pupils, Wyndham Knight, had gone from Bosworth to study German in the family of a Pastor Wilisch at Cotta near Dresden, and by March 1839 Dr. Evans had persuaded him to accept Arthur and John as pupils. The anxious father took them up to London and got them passports and umbrellas and fur caps and berths on the *John Bull* steamer to Hamburg, treated them to visits to the British Museum, the Bank of England, Westminster Abbey and a model of Waterloo, and put them on board to go abroad for the first time alone.

When they reached Hamburg, German sounded quite different from what it had done in the Upper School at Bosworth. They addressed themselves to a priest, however, who could understand

Latin, and with his aid got seats in the Dresden coach. Cotta proved to be a charming place, standing very high, and approached by long white roads lined with fruit trees. All went well, and they wrote home happily enough about the new waltzes they had learned, and the shower baths they had taken, and the relics of Napoleonic battles they had found in the woods. They visited Dresden at the time of the wool fair, went to Prague for a brief visit and found the city all aflower with peasants in red and white, and came back in October with their German, and their self-confidence, much increased.

Arthur Benoni Evans felt that Oxford and the Church was the natural career for any of his family. Already in May 1839 he had written to Dr. Gilbert, the Principal of Brasenose, about admitting his boys. But Anne had no illusions left as to the prospects of a man entering the Church without family influence. Her eldest son might help his father as a teacher at Bosworth and perhaps ultimately succeed him; but John, so sensible, so hard working, so like herself, would never be contented with the narrow round of class room or parish. John Dickinson was both his uncle and godfather; and John Dickinson's only surviving son had just shaken the dust of his father's mills from his feet. Why should not dear Jack slip into the place thus left vacant? On January 28, 1840, Anne wrote to her brother and broached the project, and a fortnight later received an answer accepting it. It must have been a harder blow to her son than Anne realized, that Time and Chance had shattered his hopes of Oxford; but she and her mother were well satisfied.

The Statutes of Bosworth School authorized the giving of an exhibition to a boy going to the University, and it was not difficult to secure one for the eldest son. With its aid he went to Brasenose in Michaelmas Term of 1840, travelling by rail for the part of the journey from Coventry to Tring. In November his father planned that he was to try for a Balliol scholarship "to see what other men can do": at all events they excelled him.

The young Arthur, indeed, took Oxford in no more serious spirit than his father had done. A letter written to his brother on the last day of February 1841, survives to prove it.

"My dear Jack,

"As I have been at Oxford some six weeks I consider it's almost time to tip you a stave relative to my worthy self but

I don't see why you shouldn't have begun as you've a good deal more time than I have. I've come in for some rather queer rooms in what is called the back buildings (No. 2 next door to the shoe-boot-and-knife-cleaning establishment) to which aforesaid buildings there are sundry rather intricate passages to be threaded before you can get into the great Quad. My rooms are not so bad in themselves as in their situation, for in summer and even now, one of these passages is rather strongly scented with the salutiferous exhalations of a certain capacious necessary in its immediate vicinity. My sitting-room although not furnished in the first style of art and elegance is tolerably comfortable and contains a very snug easy chair; but the bedroom is rather a pigsty than otherwise, the bed alone, and Evins knows it's none of the largest, occupying something little short of half. The paper is rather mouldy and rather torn and rather damp looking and rather obliterated as to the original pattern, but those are trifles. There are three tutors whose lectures, at least some of them, I am obliged to attend to the amount of from 12 to 16 a week; first Churton or Tommy, then Chaffers, and next Walker or Joey. Tommy is a very good natured sort of fellow who means all very well, but has a habit of lending all freshmen 'little Books' to read, which he says 'won't take 5 minutes', the little books usually being octavo's of about a hundred or two pages. He gives besides small parties of a Sunday Evening on the 'tea & prayers for tea' principle, where you get nothing to eat except, if you have good luck, a small fragment of dry toast, and afterwards have to sit and listen for two mortal hours to a prosy and drawling discussion respecting the derivations and significations of some words or other in the Greek Test. His professed object is to examine the real sense and meaning of passages of the New Test, which would be a very good way of spending a Sunday evening, but I discovered the only time I ever attended this meeting that there was nothing of the sort done.

"Chaffers is a very different sort of fellow, that would not much care if all his pupils went to the D—I if they only got up their lectures pretty well. He's the sort of fellow that fancies himself a kind of Sphinx of private life, and tries to come the facetiously satirical over one in lecture, but it generally won't

do.—Walker is the kind of fellow that always has a glass in his eye and wears a subrufous wig, and always calls one Mister. ‘Now Mister, have you done?’ ‘Will you go on Mister?’ &c. Besides these three is Whittaker Churton who I have nothing to do with. He’s like Parker, too good for this world a great deal, and speaks as if he were in a mortal funk of having his head cut off if he is heard above two yards off.

“Lewis Evans¹ is a fellow of Wadham, and is a capital fellow, a real brick as the Italians have it.² He and I are translating into English Welcker’s *Æschylische Trilogie* which he is going to publish. Merewether as might be expected rather comes it great but on the whole is a very good fellow. In one of his ‘great’ fits the other night he got my cap and began stamping on it with all his might and smashed it. . . . I have got a walking stick gun which I obtained for a very nice little brace of pistols that I bought with some dibs that G’ma sent me. The gun kills 30 yards. Merewether gave me a pistol yesterday which he had bought at a sale. It is a pretty good one but not highly finished. I have not time to write any more at present, so mind you send me a letter *soon* and the spectacles I axed you for. . . .”

It is not very surprising that Arthur did not do well at Oxford. In the Trinity Term of 1842 he had to send a letter home to his Mother, “conveying the mortifying intelligence that he has been *plucked* for his Little Go”; his father took it *au grand sérieux* as “a disgrace and degradation in which I cannot but participate, although I expected no other fruits from his frivolous habits and unprincipled waste of time. Let me be humble under this just, but painful, castigation of his laziness.” It was followed in November by a letter from Mr. Dumbleton, Arthur’s tutor at Brasenose, “to apprise me of Arthur’s 2nd failure in his Littlego. Plucked again! Wanting in Euclid! Wanting in common industry or shall I say, principle?” Arthur was rusticated for a time, and went to a tutor’s to be crammed.

Finally, in May 1844, the certificate that Arthur had passed his B.A. examination arrived, to be followed immediately by a letter to say that he was seriously ill, in bed and not allowed to

¹ A Gloucester cousin, brother to Herbert and Aspasia.

² “briccone.”

move, with evident threatenings of consumption. Under his mother's care, however, he seemed to recover, took his degree, and began to look for a position. Cunitia Evans's husband, Henry Atwood, was a tutor with a good connexion, and through his influence he succeeded in being appointed bear-leader to Lord Charles Bruce in Paris: no easy post, and one which he did not hold for long. He was soon home again, and helping his father in school, but his troubles were not over. On June 23, 1845, his father's diary contains the indignant entry: "Arthur informed his mother of his having *dunning* letters from Oxford from two tradesmen, the Upholsterer and the Perfumer=£25!! I paid him his stipend as my assistant not deducting the £5 I had advanced."

Much worse debts remained to be disclosed; in August Arthur Benoni had to pay over £230 on his son's behalf, raised by selling some of his 3 per cents.

If the younger Arthur was to reform and become a school master, he must take Orders. An old friend, Mr. Dimock, offered him a title as curate of his living at Uppingham, but Dr. Harrington of Brasenose refused a College Testimonial because of his rustication. Finally the College was persuaded to relent, but then the Bishop raised difficulties, as his residence at Oxford had not been completed. Only after a term at Oxford, and the necessary attendance at lectures in pastoral Theology, was he at last M.A. and deacon; and even then he only got a post as master in a school at St. John's Wood that no one had ever heard of. Yet if he could not make much of a career, he remained witty and amusing; and his father was very proud of the paper on "Popular Superstitions connected with Birds" which he read to the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society in 1847. In the next year he was ordained priest, and appointed to a curacy at Coventry; all seemed going well at last.

Meanwhile it had been decided that the third son, George, should become a student of medicine at Guy's Hospital. He was first apprenticed to Mr. Lee, the Bosworth surgeon, to pick up what of his art he could; then, in 1845, he proceeded to Guy's and his father paid £47 for admission to lectures "of almost all kinds" and £26 6s. od. for his fees as a surgeon's pupil. All seemed well, when in November he fell seriously ill at his lodgings. His mother went up to London and nursed him there for a month; but though she was then able to bring him back to Bosworth he

continued to spit blood and it was clear that there was but little hope of recovery. That hope, it was felt, lay in his removing to a kindlier climate. In April he sailed for Madeira, to stay with his aunt Elizabeth Phelps, but the change could not arrest the progress of the disease that ravaged him. In October he was so ill that it was decided that Mary Wade, who had been nurse to all the family, should go out to him; and the old lady sailed heroically alone, with Arthur Benoni's two violins in their case and a letter nine pages long to comfort his son.

On January 25, 1847, George died at Madeira in his nurse's arms, thinking in his illness that he was safe at home. The news only reached Bosworth by the mail of March 13, which came by the ship that brought Mary Wade back to England.

It was a melancholy time. One of Dr. Evans's best beloved pupils, Wyndham Knight, was killed in battle before Ferozepore, by a Sikh arrow through his heart; an epidemic of typhus broke out in Bosworth, of which the Rector Beaumont Dixie died; and Mr. Small the under-master, was appointed to the living in his stead. On April 6, Arthur Benoni writes: "Although I wrote from my heart to congratulate him on his preferment I received one of his usual frigid consequential notes. It is a sad pity with his conscientious performance of his clerical duties, his pride leaves him no heart for friendly attachments. I rejoice however cordially that he has the living. The *rest* is hereditary, and chills all his well wishers."

Anne took her son's death hardly, and felt the slight on her husband implied in Mr. Small's appointment more than he did. When Cunitia had a nervous breakdown and came for a long visit her patience was sorely tried. For Arthur Benoni some of the savour had gone out of life, and the earthly future was no longer quite so full of interesting possibilities as it had been. He tied up all the accumulations of packages and books and catalogues and letters that littered his study, and put them away in an attic; he gave his large collection of fossils to the Leicester Museum; he sold two hundred sermons to a parson to whom he thought they might be serviceable; he had the family's Welsh manuscripts auctioned at Sotheby's. One unexpected pleasure befell him: Schetky turned up, after thirty-nine years: "all life and spirits and amusement as in youth", and entertained him with travels and tales and adventures, and sang the "Bishop of Hereford" and the "Baccy Box" to the guitar, as inimitably as ever.

Soon, however, they had fresh troubles to bear. Their eldest son was now serving as a curate in Coventry, but his health was failing. Towards the end of 1849 he had to return home, unfit for any work. It was with a heavy heart that Arthur Evans sent his youngest son to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, with the aid of a leaving exhibition and a Dixie scholarship that the School statutes provided for a boy admitted to that college.

“My dear Sebastian took his first start in life, by going to Emmanuel College, Cambridge—an event as critical to himself as it is anxious to me!—*Critical* to him, because with very fair abilities, excellent principles, considerable attainments, and industrious habits, he has, as it is expressed, seen nothing of the world, is fond of society, and of a rather facile disposition. Anxious to me, because my estimate of University morals and habits is unfavourable, my experience not at all fortunate; and I fear, in the vortex of temptation and giddy dissipation amongst youth, like himself just let loose from School, the whirl may catch him and prove too powerful for him.”

In March 1850, the elder brother was taken with a serious hæmorrhage while on a visit to Osbastone. The Copes, with infinite kindness, kept him there and his mother nursed him; but on April 21 he died: “stedfast in faith; bright in visions and anticipations of heaven; peaceful, and at times almost joyous in mind. May my end be like to his!”

The end was not yet; and Arthur Benoni Evans continued his wonted life with a touching patience that was almost cheerfulness, still walking through the cow-pasture and the farther field, still taking the boys to fish at the canal, still trudging along the dull road to Cadeby to visit “his cottagers”: men and women, illiterate, crass and sometimes cruel, but none the less his flock.

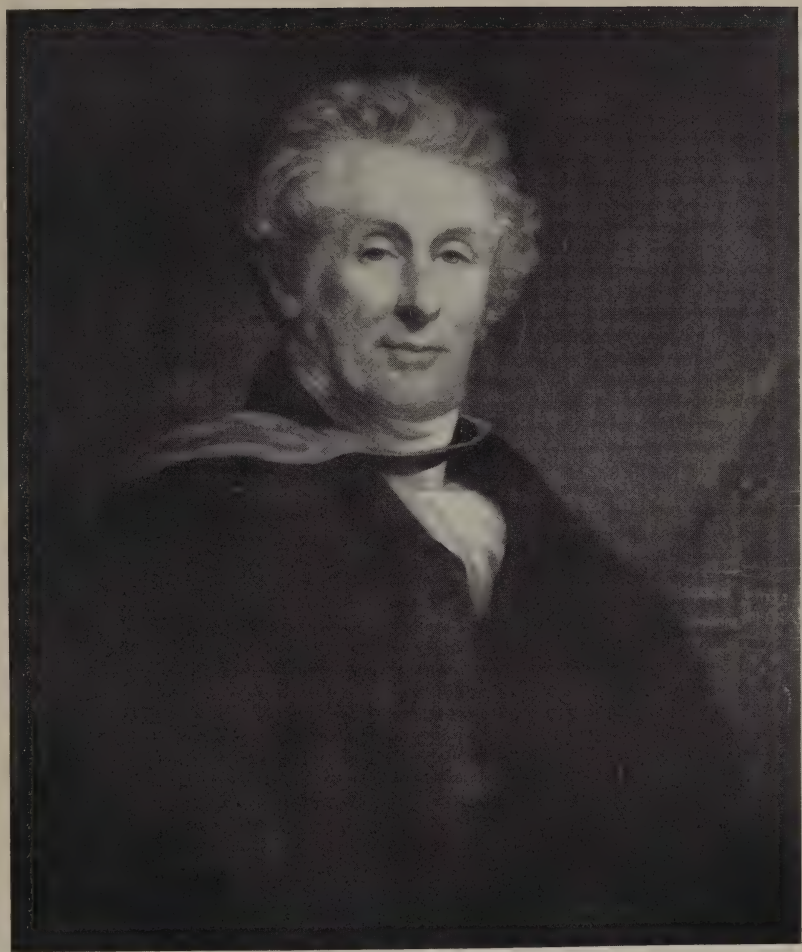
He went to London once more and diverted himself with no less than three Panoramas: one of New Zealand, one of Pompeii, and one of Switzerland from Kulm, all of which he criticized and enjoyed as seriously as if they had been the places they represented. He stayed with Colonel Dickinson at Tulse Hill, and “surveyed from many eminences the whole south-eastern purlieu of London far and near. Passed an endless variety of villas and country residences, each proclaiming ‘her merchants are princes!’—and many no doubt at this moment advocating, in the Elections now going on, *Liberal*—i.e. democratic and free-

thinking—principles, which carried out would send them and their villas to the dogs.”

He was still “a convinced enemy of democracy”, still critical of innovations. In 1853 he writes:

“Dec. 3. Mr. Watts . . . talked also of the projected large School for the Farmers—or rather ‘College’ as the word now is.—As he spoke much in its favour and conceived it would equip the Farmers so highly for their vocation, I ventured to press my own opinion as adverse to such a project both on political and constitutional grounds. In so exclusive and agricultural an education, with a profuse smattering of the ‘ologies’, and a *tincture* of Science and Art, without the initiation in the rudiments of an ingenious and classical Education, you not only rear a class or caste of the Farming grade and perhaps make them conceited and discontented subjects—but you prevent their aspiring and fitting themselves for the higher posts and professions of our Society, and defeat the constitutional principle, that all promotion and preferment are open to the ambition and fair efforts of every individual.”

Yet the old things lived on; and he was happy to visit once again the enchanted world of Gloucester, where the ancient stones still seemed to hum with music. He stayed at Ashelworth with the Atwoods, and with Anne, Pussy, Emma and Bassy dined at College Gardens with Cousin Tom to celebrate his wedding day, which happened likewise to be his own. “The Dr. himself grown quite fat and well looking from the relaxation of his Double Bass after his work in school; and from the capital *exercise* in playing it. He gave us a noble evening’s music; having collected together 9 musicians of the city, who with his own Bass formed a powerful orchestra. We had pieces of Handel, Corelli, *Scarlatti*, Beethoven, and the 2nd Grand Mass of Mozart. . . . Heaven grant us both, and our wives, a continuance of His gracious favour, and a *gentle descent* to our common resting place on earth!”



ARTHUR BENONI EVANS
By Henry Moseley, 1849



JOHN DICKINSON
c. 1860

V

JOHN DICKINSON

1806 - 1848

JOHN EVANS, who had been sent out into the world at sixteen to seek his fortune in his uncle's Mills, seemed to take after both his parents in almost equal measure. He had his mother's short-sighted hazel eyes and aquiline nose, but his round skull, black hair and sharp temporal angles were altogether Welsh. He had his mother's well-knit frame and steady stance, quite different from his father's bird-like poise; but when he picked up a fine coin or any other small object he found beautiful, it was with a characteristic flutter of the hands that was altogether his father's. He had his mother's temperament, and his father's intellect; her common sense was in him irradiated by the intellectual curiosity that had fretted his father's youth. Like her, he was unmusical and methodical; like him, he loved a jest and conversation with his fellow men.

With his Dickinson uncle, at whose house he arrived on April 29, 1840, he had little in common but a certain mechanical ingenuity, a fine sense of probity, and a very determined chin, all of which they may both have inherited from the Huguenot weavers who were their common ancestors. Uncle John was choleric, arbitrary, and handsome in a ruthless fashion; fifty-eight years of life, and a considerable measure of worldly success had done nothing to mellow him. He had had his sorrows. His wife, Ann Grover, whom he had married in 1810, had borne him five sons; John Moody and John Henry had died in infancy, Samuel at the age of five, and William at the age of eleven. Of all his children there only remained one son, John, who in 1840 was twenty-five, and two daughters: Frances Elizabeth (otherwise Fanny), a woman of twenty-six, who was engaged to a London solicitor named Pratt Barlow, and Harriet Ann, who was sixteen and still at school at Ashby de la Zouch. John had been put into the Mills after an elegant education at Eton, and had loathed them; it was thanks to his defection that a place had been found for his cousin.

When John Evans had visited his uncle as a little boy, ten

years before, he had been living in Nash House, a neat pedimented box of green-shuttered stucco abutting on to his largest Mill, with a second house at 22 Bedford Row in London. Now Nash House was given over to his partner, Charles Longman, second son of the publisher Thomas Longman of Paternoster Row. John Dickinson himself had just moved into a house of his own building on higher ground, which he had named Abbot's Hill; and in London he had a house in Upper Brook Street.

It was to Abbot's Hill that John Evans was driven in a gig from Boxmoor station, whither he had travelled by train from Coventry. The road, narrow and winding, lay in part between deep old hedges, and in part was edged by a huddle of low and rather mean houses. All the women at their doors were busy plaiting straw, with a skilled upward flick; the groom told John that there were great plait markets every Thursday at Berkhamsted and every Saturday at St. Albans, where their produce was bought for the hat makers of Luton and Dunstable. The gig swung round into an up-hill lane, and turned into a drive between beech spinneys. At the end of it he found himself in a sort of courtyard before a large house of grey stone, that looked very large and imposing indeed in the sunset light. Inside the peculiarly massive door it proved handsome, solid and rather lifeless; it provided a fitting background for the tepid welcome of his aunt and her elder daughter.

Ann Dickinson's maternal grandfather, George Dionysius Ehret, had been a remarkable man: a self-taught botanist from Erfurt who had become a skilful flower painter and had drawn plants for Linnæus. His granddaughter, however, had neither his force of character nor his artistic ability. She was a woman with few but worldly ambitions, who had grown fretful and hypochondriacal in middle life. Her elder daughter, plump and fashionable, was frankly bored by her young cousin, and he was not sorry when it was bed-time. John Dickinson was away in London, and not expected back until late the next day. John Evans therefore spent it in amusing himself exploring the grand conservatory, talking to the gardeners, and having a look at the woods. The house was revealed as large, formal and Gothic, with many gables, stone-mullioned windows, and an occasional burst of stone battlements. He found that his uncle had built it, without an architect, out of the grey stone sleepers on which the London North Western main line had originally been laid

as far as its terminus at Boxmoor. From the terrace in front of it as good a view was to be seen as from any site in the district; but the lie of the land, in shallow parallel valleys, deprived the vista of all breadth; the eye could only reach as far as the wooded summit of the hill opposite. That evening the Uncle returned, and proved cold, inquisitive and alarming. John had to make a rubber at Whist—the first of thousands—with his three relatives.

On May Morning he set out early, before the rest of the family were stirring, to follow the uncle's instructions and report at Nash Mills. It was a pleasant walk through the little park down to the drive gates, but less pleasant along the narrow road between the flint wall of the park and the flint wall of the kitchen garden of Nash House. Then he turned down the short drive that served both house and Mill, where he met a band of village children with a doll enthroned in a flower-decked chair. As soon as they saw him they bore down upon him, and began to sing in shrill voices a lilting little song about a branch of may. It seemed a good omen for his beginning at Nash Mills, and he paid his pennies willingly, and continued on his way in good heart. On one hand was the house and garden; on the other a little hayfield with a miserable rick, a canal inlet with its waters strangely stained, and a coal-blackened wharf alongside, dividing it from the machine sheds and stores of rags and old paper which constituted his uncle's Mill. Turning right, he walked along the clanking cast-iron pathway of the wharf and into the office of the Mill.

Mr. Tyers, under whom he was to work, was in charge of the accounts, and soon set him a task making out a bill; it was only gradually that he learned his way about the Mill and came to understand its activities. John Dickinson planned to build two rooms for him on to Mr. Tyers's cottage opposite Nash Mills lodge, but they were not ready. For a few weeks he remained at Abbot's Hill before moving to temporary lodgings in the village. On May 3 he wrote to his Mother: "I go down to Nash Mill every morning at about seven, and come back at some time between six and ten. I have breakfast with Mr. Tyers at eight, dinner between twelve and one, and tea at some time between four and six. My rooms have not been begun above a fortnight for want of bricks, but the ground floor walls are up. They are little rooms behind Mr. Tyers's. I have been to Home Park Mill two or three times and once to Apsley. There are two

machines making the paper for the envelopes and stamps of two different patterns. There are three excisemen always there to look after the paper. You will find a small piece of the bad paper which was put by to be made up again, inside. I like Mr. Tyers very much. There are three little children in arithmetical progression from six, common difference two. There was a dinner party here last night but I did not come home till after nine. Give my love to Papa, Anne, Nurse, etc."

It was a new world that John Evans had entered: strangely different in its occupations, interests and computation of values from the microcosm of Market Bosworth. In Leicestershire he had lived in a world formed in the closing years of the eighteenth century: at Nash Mills he was to live in the industrial world of another and more material age.

The Mills were exciting places for a boy of sixteen, because nearly everything in them was new, and nearly everything was developing. After John Dickinson had completed his apprenticeship he had set up, in 1806, in business in Walbrook, in partnership with George Longman, as a dealer in paper; but his real interest had lain in its manufacture.¹ At the beginning of the nineteenth century paper was still made as it had been in the Middle Ages, by hand, in moulds each of which held only one sheet, which had then to be hung up to dry in long airy lofts. The process was slow; and though the paper was of beautiful quality it lacked the absolute uniformity which was beginning to appeal to a generation overwhelmed by the marvels of mechanical production.

It was in 1798 that Louis Robert, a workman in Didot's paper mill at Essonne, had first devised a plan for making a paper in an endless web. France was at the moment too much disturbed for industrial development; the invention was brought to England and patented on Robert's behalf. Two paper-makers of French extraction, the brothers Fourdrinier, bought the patent and affixed their own name to it. In 1804 they set up the first Fourdrinier Machine in Frogmore Mill at Two Waters in Hertfordshire. The paper was made by pouring diluted pulp upon the horizontal portion of an endless web of wire constantly moving forward and constantly subject to a gentle shaking motion. When half-dry the paper was pressed between rollers

¹ On the history of the Dickinson Mills see [Lewis Evans] *The Firm of John Dickinson & Co., Ltd.*, London (privately printed), 1896.

and wound on another roller before being carried to the drying loft. The machine, however, was not yet perfected, and was not a complete success.

In 1808 John Dickinson had invented, and in 1809 patented, a rival process. An ingeniously constructed perforated brass cylinder, closely covered with fine wire gauze, was made to revolve in a vat filled with pulp. The water from the pulp was carried off through the axis of the cylinder, leaving the fibres of the pulp on the surface of the gauze in the form of a continuous sheet of paper. This was carried off by an endless web of felt passing round what was known as a "couching roller" that lay upon the cylinder. As the web of paper emerged from the pulp it was consolidated by suction, a partial vacuum being maintained within a portion of the cylinder by an air pump. Thanks to the rotation of the cylinder the greater part of the fibres of the pulp were laid in the same direction, giving a satin-like surface. At the same time, John Dickinson had patented the necessary machines for cutting and planing the paper thus made. He also patented an invention of a new cannon-cartridge paper, made by mixing linen and woollen rags in certain proportions, which did not retain sparks of fire after the charge had exploded. This he was able to get introduced into the Army through his father's connexion with the Board of Ordnance.

He preferred to exploit his own inventions, and in 1809 had purchased Apsley Mill, with the aid of a loan from Mr. Strahan. It was an ancient cornmill that had already been converted into a paper mill of the old-fashioned sort, and stood next door to Fourdrinier's Mill at Frogmore, which meant that skilled mechanics and hands were available. At Apsley he had set up his machines; and very soon—as he believed, before any other paper-maker in England—had installed a steam engine to keep them in motion.

John Dickinson had chosen the site of his Mill well. The water of the Gade was there for the mill's use: the Grand Junction Canal lay at the back of the mill, and the mill barges plied daily up to Irongate Wharf, Paddington, with paper, and came down again with rags and waste. The main road from London to Aylesbury ran in front of the mill and before long the London and North Western main line was laid parallel with the road. By 1819, the mills had been enlarged so often that the sheds round the old mill looked like a village.

The cannon-cartridge paper had proved of real value in the Peninsular War and the Waterloo campaign, but in the long years of peace that followed it had become an unimportant product. The future lay with the machine-made paper. Now John Dickinson was beginning to produce a certain amount of card as well, both ordinary pasteboard and board of a special quality for use in Jacquard looms. This, too, was produced on a machine of his own invention, and cut by circular knives of his own design. Nothing yet was on a very large scale, and everything still had an experimental quality. When John Evans first visited Apsley between forty and fifty workpeople were making some nine tons of paper a week, as well as a certain amount of card.

John Dickinson, after his marriage to Ann Grover, daughter of a solicitor and country banker in the neighbouring town of Hemel Hempstead, had had to set up house. He had bought Nash Mills, half a mile from Apsley down the river: another old cornmill that had been turned into a paper mill, with a decent dwelling-house standing alongside with a good garden and a pleasant view to the South. It had not at first proved a lucky purchase: in 1813 nearly the whole mill was burnt down, and the house was only saved by hanging wet paper felts on the walls and roof. The mill site was too restricted for much development; but by reason of its nearness to the owner's house it naturally held the offices, and the smith's, carpenter's and fitter's shops where old machines were mended and modified and new ones designed. The rest of the buildings had come to be used for a special paper that John Dickinson had invented in 1817 when he was living at Nash House: a paper for copper-plate printing, made by a veneering process that united at the machine two webs of paper, one of very fine material for the face of the plate, and one of coarser fibre to give resilience and strengthen the back. A new beam engine had lately been set up at the Mill; it was to work continuously night and day for nearly sixty years, and its hollow, muffled thump was to provide a bourdon for all of John Evans's working life. Here, too, was stored some of the waste paper that had come back to the mill to be pulped down: that mass of unbound and unsold books and magazines, and undistributed advertisements, those sacks of old letters and bundles of bleached rags, which turn every paper maker into a moralist, since from these relics of past life and hopes he produces

clean new paper on which to record the life and hopes of the future.

The third mill which John Dickinson had added to his factories was one he built in 1826 on the Gade at Home Park, about a mile down stream from Nash Mills: a long oblong box of a factory with a low-pitched roof and four floors of square windows. Here pasteboard was coloured by hand. At Croxley Mill, built by him on a site between Watford and Rickmansworth in 1830, paper and cards were made as at Apsley; at Batchworth (once a cotton mill) rags and waste were "broken in" and turned into half-stuff, ready for conversion into pulp.

When John Evans came to the Mills his uncle was occupied in the development of two technical inventions. The first consisted in incorporating silken threads into paper at the time of its manufacture. He had taken out a patent in 1829, but the process had only just been perfected to make it of commercial value. Now it was being exploited for Government use: paper and envelopes sold by the Post Office had silk threads woven into them to prevent forgery, and paper was made for Exchequer bonds with heavier threads of which the colour was varied for each issue. The second invention was still in the experimental stage; it consisted in improving the old-fashioned system of drying paper slowly in lofts, by passing it over a series of cylinders heated by steam.

The chief pre-occupation of John Dickinson, and of everyone concerned with the Mill, was its water supply. The Grand Junction Canal then ran in a channel of its own, distinct from that of the River Gade, from above Apsley to below Nash Mills, where it joined the river after passing through a series of locks. This stretch of canal seems to have been badly constructed from the first; its water constantly seeped away, and the Canal Company abstracted water from the river to make good the loss. Consequently there was less water power for the Mills, that needed it both to supplement their steam power and for the endless washing processes to which pulp is subjected. John Dickinson had brought action after action against the canal company, and had finally obliged them, by an injunction of the Court, to change the course of the canal so that it should run with the stream near the two mills. He had then undertaken the contract for carrying out the work, and successfully constructed the three new locks.

The Gade was in any event no abundant stream, but a slow and

variable river such as rises in chalk. It was known that the flow of such chalk streams mainly depended on the rainfall of the previous winter, and John Dickinson had constructed a percolation gauge, after the principles of Dr. Dalton, to determine what amount of water would be flowing in the Gade during the short-water season in the summer. If twelve or fourteen inches of the rain that fell in the winter passed through the three feet of soil in the gauge, he could reckon on a full river in the summer; if only three or four inches passed, he could plan to meet the exigencies of a "short-water" time.

John Dickinson might employ his handy nephew to help him in the pursuit of these interests, when he wanted a neat drawing made or an exact record kept, but otherwise he kept him in an inferior position. John Evans hardly ever dined at Abbot's Hill, though he might be summoned there to make a fourth at whist after dinner. Even when his sister Pussy stayed there in September 1841, with a party that included Murray the publisher, the Lockharts and Grandmamma Dickinson, he was not invited; though in the November, when his father arrived with a splendid stilton cheese for his son's "Uncle and Master", and the party only included a Barlow connexion who was a wine-merchant, John was asked to dinner. He was paid so little that at first his parents had to allow him £10 a year, and increase it when they could.

Yet he was, if not happy in his new life, at least deeply interested. When he went home for Christmas his talk was so larded with technicalities, that when his father wrote to him he teased him about his new occupations and his commercial outlook. "As I know that you do not spend your money foolishly, I send you 5£ as a present, to keep the young paper maker in 'short stuff', and need not remind you that I do not make my money by steam, or you should never have a 'short-water' season. . . . The sermons against *Corn* holders (I wish I was not one!) must be curious; but there is no end of buying curious books and I have now a Library of them to sell. Do you know any one who wishes to set up a son in the Book Line? I have some thousands to sell, collected by my uncle and myself, as well as a curious and useful mathematical library of your grandfather's. I have also a rare set of Old German Divines, sermons, etc.—part of which came from my Uncle and part I accumulated myself. I have too upwards of 100 Grammars of all languages. To-night

I will send by Davies a nice little set of books for you to go by to-morrow's Train. Be on the look out. If you want any particular books, let me know."

John Evans did not forget the world of learning now that he had entered the world of trade. He still spent his money on books and coins, and his spare time on antiquities. On September 26, 1843, he wrote to his mother, ". . . I went up to town on Friday morning . . . and went with John D. to the British Museum and had a look at some of the coins. I never saw anything like some of them, especially those of Syracuse and Tarentum."

It must have been a little hard for John to think of his brother Arthur happily wasting his time at Oxford, while he himself toiled away in Mr. Tyers's office; but the letter he wrote home in June 1844 to describe a visit to the University has no shadow of bitterness in it. ". . . I did not get off to Oxford till the Wednesday morning. I went to Aylesbury by rail and then being disappointed in finding a coach, I set off to walk from thence to Oxford, but before I had got two miles on my way a gentleman and his wife or sister overtook me in a carriage and volunteered a lift to Headington which is within a mile of Oxford and I thought I could not do better than accept so kind an offer. When I arrived at Brasen nose I found that Arthur and the Combes and John and Harriet Dickinson who were staying with them were gone down the water to Nuneham, so after walking about some time I called on Percival and dined with him and a Mr. Bright in New Inn Hall and after dinner walked along the waterside to within about a mile and a half of Nuneham, and there I met their boat coming up in a very merry state. I came in the boat up to Iffley where I left them and went to see the beautiful Norman church. Having overtaken them again at Oxford I had tea at the Combes' and slept in Arthur's armchair at B.N.C. There was a ball that evening to which nobody went except John Dickinson and about 650 other people. On Thursday morning there was the Commemoration in the Theatre and recitation of Prize Poems—*vide* newspapers at large. I was down in the Area in a most fearful crush but in a very good place for seeing what was going on. . . . On Saturday I went to the Bodleian again and made up a little to Dr. Bandinel." Did not Dr. Bandinel, as Bodley's Librarian, hold the keys of a collection of coins?

John Evans's numismatic studies grew more and more detailed and technical. In November 1847 he wrote an admirable letter to his father about a didrachm of Tarentum. He was already hunting pawnbrokers' shops for coins, and had bought a new cabinet. In February 1848 he was immersed in the problem of the existence of a gold coinage in Britain before the Roman invasion, and was to read a paper on it to an archæological society at St. Albans. He wrote home that "I am afraid I shall have more to say about them, than my audience will enjoy listening to. However it will be their own fault for going there. . . . I am getting on very well with my paper having nearly finished the necessary drawings—upwards of twenty—and commenced writing it which will be by far the most expeditious part of it. I am only afraid of making too much of a good thing of it. . . ." Finally the manuscript went on to Bosworth for his father's perusal. Arthur Benoni Evans writes in his diary on June 20:

"Read my dear John's lecture on British coins and coinage, and Cunobelinus and Tasciovaunus, in whom *I* have little faith, but he has shown great research, ingenuity, and numismatic ability in tracing the degeneracy of the British obverse and reverse from something better, perhaps Macedon, via Marseilles."

Through numismatics, too, John was beginning to make friends outside Nash Mills and Bosworth. The first letter of a very long series from Jonathan Rashleigh, then living at Aldenham Abbey, dated October 26, 1848, is a friendly one about a noble of Henry VII and other Tudor coins; the next acknowledges the "very clear pedigree" of Ancient British coins which John Evans had had drawn and anastatically reproduced. The correspondence continues in the next year over British, Saxon and Norman coins, Roman brass and Hertfordshire tokens, and in congratulation on John's first paper to the Numismatic Society, of which he had just become a member; with anxious enquiries after a coin-man at Bishop's Stortford and a grocer at Tring who had an Æthelred, and the chances of buying it. They were soon agreeing that it was a remarkable circumstance that their friend Mr. Hawkins of the British Museum was never convinced that a coin was either curious or rare until he had secured a specimen for the Museum: "and *then* it possesses any degree of excellence or rarity you please."

VI

HARRIET ANN DICKINSON

1840 - 1850

JOHN DICKINSON'S younger daughter, Harriet Ann, had been at school with Emma Evans and had occasionally stayed with her at Bosworth. She had known John Evans, who was five months younger than she was, since he was a little boy, and had never found him particularly interesting. Her chief memory was of him trudging up and down a ploughed field, bent nearly double, poring over the earth through his steel-rimmed spectacles in a search for fossils. When she returned from school (where she had not been happy) she plunged into a gay life in which the young assistant in her father's mill played little or no part. She was not pretty, like her elder sister, but she was interesting to watch; small and neatly made, with fine eyes and plenty of dark hair. Though her features were a little heavy for youthful beauty, she had the kind of face that could light up as if a candle had been lit within it, when she was moved or animated. She had, too, an intent look, as if she were listening, and anyone who spoke with her was sure of receiving all her attention. Her brother, eight years her senior, was at home and at leisure; her sister, Fanny Pratt Barlow, was successfully and prosperously married and had a pleasant home in Rutland Gate; her parents were prepared to entertain at Abbot's Hill and their London house in Brook Street. Harriet had, indeed, every opportunity and encouragement to lead the conventional life of the young daughter of a wealthy man. She rode in the Park, paid calls with her mother on innumerable friends and relations, and in the season of 1843 attended thirty-five dinner parties at her father's house, seventeen outside it, and fourteen balls. Some of the seventeen dinners were rather dull, it is true—she complained that at Baron Gurney's nothing was heard but the creaking of the footmen's shoes—but most of the fourteen balls were gay and enjoyable. She sat through several operas in her best gown, with her hair exquisitely and unbecomingly done; she heard Grisi, Lablache and Jenny Lind; saw Taglioni and Fanny Ellsler, and watched the young Rachel act. She wore wide

skirts of satin and moiré, flounced with lace, and tight long bodices that finished in a *berthe* that seemed to be slipping from her shoulders; and her brother gave her exquisite French gloves with ruched tops. She learned how to walk in a heavy cashmere shawl without its slipping from her shoulders, and how to manœuvre a minute parasol without entangling it in her bonnet and veil. She listened to a great many young ladies playing the piano and singing ballads, and usually contrived, with the utmost politeness, not to be one of their number.

It was very gay, no doubt; but she was not of a temperament to find it satisfying. She spent a good deal of time over serious singing lessons, and more in reading *Corinne*, White's *Selborne*, *Gil Blas*, Victor Hugo's new poems, and a lot of novels by M. Balzac. When they returned to Abbot's Hill at the end of the season, she found time to study Gothic architecture, as well as to practise archery, do patchwork, embroider collars and habit shirts, and play Piquet with her father and whist with the family. John Evans came up two or three times a week in the evening for tea and a duty rubber of whist, when they were alone, and her brother was away; but though she lent him a book on Gothic architecture, and was lent an Italian dictionary in return, they did not see much of each other. Occasionally he was free to join her and her friends in a sketching party; and though he did not go to the Berkhamsted Ball or any other of the winter festivities, he proved unexpectedly clever at cup and ball, which was the fashionable craze that season. He proved himself useful, too, in a kind and quiet way; mended her fan for her, and sent up some very nice trout when she took over the housekeeping from her mother. In the spring of 1844 he appears more and more frequently in her diary, and seems to have spent almost as much time at the butts with her as at the whist-table with her parents. They met again at Oxford; and though the elder brother naturally outshone him, she could not but notice that John cut a better figure in that learned world, and was treated with more consideration by Mr. Combe at the University Press, than she might have expected. That May, too, she travelled in Belgium with her aunts and cousin under the guidance of his father, and saw more of the old man's courtesy and taste and fine quality than had appeared on his brief and rather constrained visits to Abbot's Hill.

In the autumn she allowed John Evans to escort her and her

cousin Fanny Phelps over the mills, and to explain all the mysteries of putting the silk threads in the paper; and on the way back they "had a Collation at Jack's Abode", in the little rooms tacked on to Mr. Tyers's house. She began to study Rollin's *Ancient History* and to draw up tables of dates; but in January London gaieties began again and Jack was forgotten.

"January. This month memorable by the three delightful Balls it contains! Our party on the first was pleasant but not to compare to the others. The Kensington Ball was too crowded . . . but the Super Abundance of partners made it pleasant, as I was immensely sought for and engaged 10 or 12 deep all the evening. The two B[arlow] girls and I returned with our heads completely turned, and all Mrs. Barlow's energies were devoted to sobering us down, but the Kensington Square Ball 3 days after undid all her admonitions had effected, and we three girls being as much the fashion as before, were rendered quite dissipated. I danced 21 times, was always engaged, and I am afraid flirted a little. However, it was very pleasant tho' wrong! . . .

"Feb. 1844. Last month nothing but Balls, this month nothing but quiet, our visiting being chiefly confined to quiet but sociable tea drinkings at Hempstead.

"Still this month is remarkable for a great event to the family. The arrival of Col. and Mrs. Dickinson from India! The former left England in 1800 at the age of 18. His return therefore after 43 years absence was an event of deep interest to the family. . . . His meeting with his mother was a wonderful and interesting scene, after so great a change in both. We all went to Bramblebury to make acquaintance with our new relations. . . ."

Acquaintance may have proved a little less interesting than she had hoped. Her diary records for Sunday, November 10: "Waited dinner till 7. . . . After Dinner, prayers. The Colonel told Amusing Anecdotes of Elephants."

Harriet seemed to bring something of London gaiety with her back to Abbot's Hill; John was a little slow in resuming his evening visits, for she had friends of her own age staying in the house. They all grew very much excited over Eugène Sue's *Le Juif Errant*: so much so, indeed, that when Harriet and another girl and two young men met to practise the Polka each seized one of its nine volumes and sat and read it instead.

Soon, however, the long dull end of winter came; the Hertfordshire roads became nearly impassable, even in clogs, and district visiting and calls near at hand were the only exercise possible. "Betsy Smith at Doolittle and my old women at Boggy Bottom" came in for a certain amount of scripture reading and a great deal of kindness; and the old aunts at St. Albans and Hempstead had company for tea and a game of commerce or quadrille. Thereafter Harriet settled down to a quieter life at home: a curiously aimless life, like that of any other unmarried daughter at that time. She accompanied her mother on endless drives to see her neighbours, and with her received endless callers at home. It is but rarely that her diary reads: "Nobody called". She tried to interest herself in politics: read the debates about the Oregon territory and argued with her brother about Maynooth and Infant Schools. She learned the more difficult parts of Mangnall's *Questions*; and she passed the rest of the time in some of the ways permitted to a gentlewoman: in ornamental needlework, in copying drawings and engravings, in attempts at sketching, in music, often indifferent, in reading novels, in games and puzzles and amateur dress- and bonnet-making. She was a sincere Christian, and chronicled the sermons she heard very carefully; but it is refreshing to read that on Palm Sunday 1846: "Miss Slack's bonnet almost upset me in Church."

She remained as "orthodox" as her uncle Arthur Benoni Evans, and in 1847 even permitted herself a little criticism to John Evans of his sister Pussy's High Church views. "I wish," she writes, "Anne's religion was of a more cheerful cast, if she could but feel more freedom from *spiritual care*, if I may so speak, she would be happier. One great harm of the high Church system is that it leaves too much dependence on *self* which is called 'working out one's own salvation with fear and trembling'. . . . Your dear mother . . . has never with a morbid conscientiousness drawn a chain of duties around her, daily services and Church days, fasts, festivals and what not, but what a pattern of Christianity she is."

John Evans, meanwhile, was having a very busy and a very dull time. He was busy with the installation of a new steam engine at Apsley, an engine of 40 horse-power that cost his uncle 3,000 guineas. His landlady, Mrs. Tyers, was slowly dying, and it seemed to sadden all the little house; and in

November he himself was very ill in consequence of having inhaled arsenic in an experiment he was making in the Mills. He got home to Bosworth for Christmas and his mother regaled him with elder wine and treacle posset; but he was back by the New Year. He was given a small rise in the Mills, and began to have some hopes for the future, but he realized that his progress must be very slow. Still, it gave him something to hope for.

Harriet, on the other hand, was not happy, and she knew it. Her querulous mother and her rough-tempered father did not attempt to understand her; and she understood them with startling clarity. Her brother, the one person who was kind to her, had quarrelled with his father and gone abroad. On the last day of 1845 she wrote: "Jack tried to make my accounts right, in vain, but we *made* a balance. He wrote for a new Journal book for me. And so I went to bed to think over the past dull year, which in robbing me of dear John has taken away the only comfort and pleasure of my life and what has 1846 to bring? I see no other source of happiness! A home without rest! Better is a dry morsel and quietness therewith than our life. . . . It is wrong perhaps to think and to feel as I do, surrounded as I am with comforts and luxuries, but these things do not satisfy the heart."

Her father was growing old; her sister was occupied with a young family; and she was not only unhappy but bored. The things that happened brought no real satisfaction. Her father was building a school at Nash Mills for the children of the work-people and villagers, but though he asked her to copy corbels for it out of Pugin she was given no voice in its planning. In the same way he never consulted her about the Booksellers' Provident Retreat which was being built on land he had given near King's Langley Station. She spent July and August in accompanying her mother to German Spas, more profoundly bored than ever.

Later in 1847 the little world of Abbot's Hill was fluttered because the Conde de Monte Molin, alias the Prince of the Asturias, alias Charles VI of Spain, the son of Don Carlos, was coming to see the Mills, no one quite knew why. He arrived for a night, with the Marquis de Villa Franca, the Chevalier Berardi and a servant who had helped in his escape from Bourges. He proved "ugly but agreeable"; but John Dickinson was so stiff and pompous as rather to overwhelm the party's ease. John Evans had not been included in the party that went round the

Mills, nor had he been invited to dinner; but he was asked in to tea afterwards, and heard all the particulars of the escape from the Marquis. "It was managed by the horse of the Prince's little carriage (in which he was driving with a friend) being made to run away and before his eight or ten guards could overtake them the carriage was overturned at a preconcerted spot, the Prince and his companion lifted out, and the Valet, Emanuel, and another substituted and lifted in just as the guards came up. The change was not suspected; the pretended Prince feigned illness and the escape was not discovered for two days. The Prince meantime got beyond pursuit. . . . During his flight he rode 13 hours without stopping even for food, and had to travel sometimes on foot with his knapsack on his back. When he reached Geneva there was a riot in the town and he only gained admittance by passing for a packman and entering with some others who were waiting."

Altogether it was felt that Jack Evans had contrived to have the most amusing evening of them all. The rest were chiefly conscious of the fatigue that follows excessive politeness.

The Dickinsons' society in Hertfordshire was limited; their grand coachman, North, in his blue plush breeches, fawn top-coat, silver-banded hat, silk stockings and buckled shoes, drove them to the houses of people who belonged to the professional and commercial world of London rather than to the country life of Hertfordshire. It is noteworthy that while Arthur Benoni Evans, a poor clergyman, was received as a friend at Gopsall and more than once invited to Belvoir, his brother-in-law, a manufacturer ten times as rich, did not visit at Ashridge, Gorhambury, Cassiobury or Hatfield, although he had lived in Hertfordshire for more than thirty years. Only in 1848, after he had given the land for the Booksellers' Retreat, were he and his family invited to Hatfield. "The Marchioness," Harriet writes, "received her guests with such a low curtesy it quite took away my breath. However I returned it as well as I could at such short notice."

Harriet spent rather an anxious February; her brother was in Paris, and living through the excitements of the Revolution of 1848. His letters home were even printed in *The Times*, though they were more taken up with gloomy prophecies for the future than with an account of events. Her father, fifty-six now, and feeling his age, was preoccupied with the possible spread of

Republicanism to England, and by April Chartist meetings were being held which confirmed his alarms. John Dickinson, moreover, was seriously concerned about the upshot of a further lawsuit about water-rights. Harriet wrote to her cousin Sebastian Dickinson in India:

“ . . . At present all our ideas here are engrossed by Papa’s lawsuit with the Grand Junction Canal Company. It is hard that after the complete beating he gave them years ago, he should be engaged in such another desperate conflict in his old age. The Company had by a deep well and some waterworks they made at Tring been robbing this Valley of its water to the great detriment of the Millowners, and Papa’s case goes to prove the injury, and its illegality, and to get an injunction to stop their proceedings. The Case is being tried before the Master of the Rolls and after innumerable delays was at length begun last week, but there is now another postponement and I fancy some chance of a compromise as an impartial Engineer is to be sent down to inspect the premises. . . . We lead a very quiet life here, my existence has always been so very different from what you remember of Fanny’s that I think you can hardly fancy it. Mamma though in pretty good health becomes every year more infirm; she does not even dine out now except in the dry days. Papa is as much a man of business as ever, but even he I am sorry to see begins to age. . . . [My brother] John is at home just now, and his presence is always a great advantage to me in many ways. He is generally engaged reading or riding, but sometimes he walks or does a little Archery with me, and it is always pleasant to have somebody in the house with whom you can talk when so disposed. He takes a great interest in foreign affairs and watches now anxiously the progress of events in Italy. It is curious that republican France should be forcing a sovereign on Rome! It is singular too that most of the fighting in the Italian Cities, once so jealous of their honour, should be carried on by foreigners. At Venice and even at Rome they say Poles, Swiss, discontented French, Americans, etc., etc., make the chief strength of the insurgent forces. Germany, they say, will be quieted by force of arms; but it is an unsafe Peace that is only to be maintained by the sword, and such a state of things leaves a terrible opening for private ambition. How happily has England been preserved in the midst of these surrounding troubles! . . . Not that her state is altogether prosperous and

secure. Wherever you look evils exist within her, threatening future consequences terrible to contemplate. Every year seems to accumulate luxury on the one hand and distress and misery on the other. Who can wonder if even a false hope of bettering their condition should tempt the famishing multitude from their duty? On the whole we do not have to witness much distress about here. Papa's Mills give employment to so many, and the people in this village having both better and more regular pay than the agricultural labourers, get many little comforts about them and are not reduced to starvation on the first disaster. You see books on their tables and muslin blinds in their windows, very often, and altogether a degree of civilization about the place which it is very comforting to witness. I should be miserable if the wealth that built this house had been made by 'grinding the faces of the poor'. As it is we know the very prosperity of this part of the country is bound up in the prosperity of our Mills. . . . Jack Evans says he shall be much obliged if your Sister Fanny (who has the charge of his money ¹) would take an opportunity of laying it out in coins, in Egypt. . . ."

It was at this stormy moment that John Evans and Harriet Dickinson found out—suddenly as it seemed—that they were in love. They discovered a quiet determination to marry, whoever opposed them: and of opposition they were reasonably assured. John Dickinson was a wealthy and an ambitious man, and he desired his daughters, if they should marry at all, to marry men who had wealth and position. John Evans's exiguous hopes of wealth lay only in his uncle's mills, and his birth was exactly and precisely as good as his cousin's. No match could have been more of a disappointment to the family.

A desperately anxious little note from Harriet survives, still marked by being folded into a small compass so as not to be conspicuous. "I am so devoured by anxiety as to the result of your interview with Papa, that I must send Marie down to get one line from you. Do not be driven to terms you think hard without insisting on time for consideration—This only I beg of you, for I had rather our marriage was much delayed than that you should rashly compromise your interests and mine. If things are going smoothly the many things that have passed must excuse these suspicions of *the Authority*."

John Dickinson, indeed, was doing his best to break the

¹ He had sent out £3.

engagement which, he insisted, must remain secret. Harriet writes to her lover: "He certainly does not like a man who pays addresses to his daughter, and there seems something peculiar in it. . . . However he may treat you, you must try and not mind it, and take it patiently for it will not last. . . ."

"The Authority" was in a strong position, since his daughter depended on him for her portion, and his nephew for a career in the Mills. Yet there was little he could do against two people who set love above money. Harriet was too scrupulous for secret meetings, but John used to watch for her at the corner of the field in front of Nash House, to get a sight of her as the carriage came down the Abbot's Hill drive and swung round into the road; and she used to send him many notes by her brother or Marie, her German maid. One of them acknowledges a Valentine and says how natural married happiness will seem. "How delightful it will be to share a home of our own and try the experiment of making each other happy! We shall have small merit in being contented though it strikes me we shall have a great deal to bear from other people. I foresee *interference* unlimited and so dependant as we are how can we resist it? I fear even our servants and furniture and way of living will be dictated to us. You will have to keep my temper for me, for I do not love other people's arranging my affairs, greatly as I have always had that privilege. . . ."

There was a farm house on the Abbot's Hill estate called Chambersbury, a modest place, but agreeable and pleasantly situated on high ground. It was kept to let or lend to friends and relations, and Harriet early decided that it would make a suitable home for her and Jack. John Dickinson, however, then began to make conditions. At first he evolved the idea that if they married they must both live with the Dickinsons at Abbot's Hill. Then he planned a small new house for them, of his own design, in the village which they both disliked. Harriet was relieved it was no worse: "Now I know the worst I can reconcile myself to it. Already it seems to me that worse might have happened, that Papa might have refused his consent altogether (as I half feared at dinner time) or that he should have insisted on our waiting many years, or fifty other things." Yet she was very conscious of the "harshness and indignity of the whole proceedings", and realized that the plan was no reasonable one, but only a manœuvre to make her break off the engagement.

John Evans advised her to take it as if kindly meant, and thus to spike the parental guns.

This she did; and John Dickinson planned to build them a house in the village street, backing on to the narrow field which lay alongside the Mill Wharf, with farm buildings adjoining it and no amenities whatever. He planned that they should live in it for ten or twelve years, but gave them absolutely no voice in any of its arrangements. Harriet sadly asks: "Has anyone a right to make our domestic arrangements uncomfortable purely for the indulgence of their own *temper*? . . . Papa *wants* opposition or he will rule us all his life with a rod of iron. At present you are too much at his mercy, but I can speak up. . . ."

Yet no opposition she could offer bent the old man's will; and Harriet had to make up her mind to start her marriage in a small new house in the village or not to marry at all. John Evans felt that he was asking much of her, but she had no doubts. "I still fear you will think from what passed yesterday that I am discontented at our prospects, but it is not so. The situation does not delight me, but I hope it will not be injurious to my health. After all that is in the hands of a good Providence, and during some wakeful hours of the past night I remembered that 'Evil may be courted, may be wooed and won by distrust. . . .' Believe me dearest, neither the size nor position of our home will at all set me against it. When we lived at Bedford Row I had a little room half the size of any of yours at present with the floor so crooked it fell inches away from the doors, the window frames so decayed you could pinch bits out with your fingers, walls to match and furniture most miserable. Yet when I got my little possessions about me and my few books, I loved that room better than all the rest of the house put together; and it was home within home and had a joy and privacy of its own. How much more then shall I like the dwelling where both tastes and feelings may be indulged. While your face continues so kind and tender as it was yesterday morning I shall love the home we share together better than any palace was loved yet. . . ."

John Dickinson continued to make things as difficult as possible. Early in March Harriet sends down a note to John Evans: "You looked so ill when we saw you in your garden this afternoon I have felt quite concerned ever since. You must take care of yourself, for if you go ill I shall go wild. I hope Papa had not been worrying you or anything else. He seems very amiable

to-day, and I will try and always think him so when it is possible, but mind you must not keep anything from me that annoys you and I shall I hope become more of a stoic in time; but I had rather you should teach me than Epictetus."

In April things were no better, and another note came from Abbot's Hill to Mr. Tyers's: ". . . There is no doubt that you had sufficient provocation last night, and my only thought was how well you stood it. I'm afraid I mind the prospect of being ruled by Papa's taste all my life more than you do. If we were but independent I should not mind how poor we were. I would rather buy *deal chairs* for myself than have rosewood of Papa's purchasing. Do not come to-night. It does me no good to see you teased and I can hardly get through my own share!"

In April a new cry was raised: John's brother George Evans had died of consumption, and his brother Arthur was dying of it: surely he too must be consumptive? This, however, was the last shot in the locker. On April 5 Harriet could write to her lover: "First of all Papa allows us to tell of the engagement but the permission was given so that I am afraid he does not like it and thinks we were to blame about it somehow. We must in all ways and by all means conciliate him, and really it is my wish to do so even if we were not so utterly dependent on his will and pleasure, for however angry I am with him I am sure to find something good and kind in his character. . . . Mama calls on Mrs. C[harles] L[ongman] to-day and informs her of the *truth* and the reason (your not being a partner i.e.) why she has not been told before."

Even so the young couple got remarkably little encouragement. Of all the Dickinson and Grover side of the family, only the younger John Dickinson and one of the aunts approved the engagement. Harriet writes, "It appears to me that the generality of people will like you better *as a married man*. You had none of the airs and graces of fashionable young men, which go down as very fine and clever with the multitude, and in a year or two when you are everybody's favourite the young ladies will wonder why they never set their caps at you before."

Even at Bosworth, where the parents approved, Emma was doubtful, and Pussy produced strong opinions adverse to the marriage of cousins. But when Harriet went there at the end of May, though Pussy was hypochondriacal and Emma at the end of her patience, Harriet and her aunt were very happy

talking housewifery together and making cowslip wine. "I think your mother and I agree about domestic points very well. We have not yet dipped into the practicals but I mean to leave this house a wiser if not a better woman. You were quite right to buy your Coin, I think everyone should have a pursuit besides business, and if yours had no other advantage it has this of introducing you to clever literary men. Your tastes would sadly founder in only Abbots Langley society."

Just then, to make matters worse, a "cheating demure villain" made John Evans liable for a debt of £80, a sum he could ill afford. Harriet writes, "I do not seem to have known the value of money till now": now, it means fewer tables and chairs. But he must not work too hard in an effort to make up the loss: "You had better go and give another £80 in a largess to the village than look ill and worn out when I return."

At last September came, and with it the wedding day. Harriet had what she thought the plainest dress in the world, white muslin over white silk, trimmed with the lace that her great-grandmother Brissac had worn at her wedding a hundred and twenty years before. Dr. Evans came over from Bosworth to perform the ceremony, and stayed at Abbot's Hill. "At 10," he records in his diary for September 12, 1850, "I walked down to dear John's. He and Sebastian and I occupied one carriage to Langley Church. Three other carriages followed. We passed between crowds of the manufacturers of the Mill—knots of villagers congratulating as we passed. The cottagers' wives and children all out of doors—the day supremely fine. Most of them going and coming throwing nosegays and flowers into the carriage—the boys and men all cheering—and the people of the mill found out a small field-piece which they discharged again and again in the way of salute. I read the service but with distressing hoarseness, which however they said became less as I went on. We returned to Abbot's Hill and at 2 sat down to a splendid collation. The party intentionally family connexions of a near kind: all joyous and happy, and all delighted by a particularly nice speech from Mr. Gee, the vicar, who had been all kindness at the church."

That night John and Harriet travelled to Folkestone, where they spent the next day in happy exploration of Dover Castle, Saltwood and Hythe, and watched the sea by moonlight. Thence they crossed by Boulogne to Paris. It was John's first visit, and

he overworked his bride with much sightseeing; what they most enjoyed was the quiet and deserted Luxembourg and the old curiosity shops in the rue de Seine. Coming back, they had to change trains and wait for an hour or so at Amiens. We can picture Harriet, a little tired but with the lighted look in her face, sitting in her neat travelling bonnet and fringed scarf and wide crinoline on the hard seat of the waiting-room and trying to *tutoyer* the French kitten, Minet, they were bringing back with them in a basket, while her thoughts were with the strong young husband striding up to the Cathedral to see the sculptures.

VII

THE RED HOUSE

1850 - 1857

IT was a very happy marriage. John had strength and tenderness and an ability to find interest and enjoyment in life; Harriet was capable of passion and of infinite fidelity: a noble woman, very much aware of her own hot temper and quite unconscious of her capacity for self-sacrifice.

The house her father was building them in the village took, like all his houses, much longer to finish than he expected, and they began their married life, as Harriet had planned, at Chambersbury. She was busier than she had ever been with household responsibilities, with returning the neighbours' calls and giving dinners to them in return for their hospitality; and John was occupied with a paper for the St. Albans Society on the trade tokens of the neighbourhood. They passed Christmas at Bosworth, returned to Chambersbury and only left it for an interlude when an empty Abbot's Hill was lent them. Harriet was growing learned in household expenditure. When in February Sebastian Dickinson wrote to ask how much he would need to set up house on when he retired from India, she replied: "I think you should aim at not less than £2,000 a year, . . . and you could not marry and settle upon much less in the country, if you live within your income, and consider (as *I* do) a carriage of some sort a necessary. Besides no Dickinson can live happily, I am sure, without means for hospitality at their command, and without aiming at grandeur. . . . I have no very clear idea what we shall spend per an., and one disadvantage in business is the having no fixed income—but living in a mere cottage with 5 bedrooms and keeping 3 servants and a pony carriage, leaving Abbot's Hill to do the greater part of the entertaining, with the occasional use of their carriage and the Longmans', and various trade perquisites and no rent to pay, we shall not do on less than £700 a year. But then we hope to live comfortably, and my husband's antiquarian tastes and some of my fine ladyisms, with our mutual love of books, are additional expenses. . . . Our future home is still very far from being

completed and I do not suppose we shall be in it before Midsummer, as the situation is damp and the drainage (as in most of Papa's houses) imperfect. I do not regret the delay, only we are at present very unsettled dividing our time between Abbot's Hill and Chambersbury. . . . We have frequent news from [my brother] John who is again in Paris where he watches the course events are taking with great interest. By his account the extravagance there in private life is beyond anything he witnessed before. The feeling seems to be that people may as well spend their own money as have it taken from them in some coming Revolution, and he thinks the late political storm has left the respectable bourgeoisie in as bad a plight as the first did the aristocracy of Louis XVI. Altogether that country seems in a desperate state, for the Authority of any government that is formed is questioned; and the people seem to think they have a right to dismiss their rulers if they don't give satisfaction, just as we would our servants, and no respect for any form of Constitution seems to be left among them. Papa gave a lecture at the Royal Society ¹ on the supply of water in the Chalk Stratum which was very well received and he received so many compliments the dear old gentleman has been quite in spirits about it. He exhibited a curious model they have been making at the Mills and my husband helped as showman and all answered their wishes. . . ."

John Dickinson had admitted John Evans as a junior partner in the firm on his marriage. It was like the old gentleman that he removed any suggestion that John might have earned promotion by ten years' hard and intelligent work in the Mills, by admitting his other son-in-law, Frederick Pratt Barlow, who had done nothing of the kind, at the same time and on the same terms. Mr. Pratt Barlow, however, began to take over some of the work in the London office at 65 Old Bailey, while John Evans found more and more to do in the Mills. None the less the new partner found time to write a paper on "Dubnovellaunus his new British King", as well as to introduce the manufacture of envelopes at Apsley Mill: an introduction destined to be as important in the history of the firm as that of John Dickinson's paper-machine.

The building of the new house dragged on; a small, inconvenient, yet pretentious erection of red brick with elaborate sham

¹ He had been elected F.R.S. in 1845.

Tudor chimneys and a restricted view of the lodge of Nash House. Yet they got a good deal of amusement out of planning the little garden, which naturally bloomed in their imagination with Hesperidean brightness. In May the younger John Dickinson wrote to them from Paris:

“ My dear John,

“ I begin with you as the head of the Firm (although I’ve been so many months in France, where women are supreme in everything)—I’ve a few words to say on business, which I want to clear my hands of before I begin a letter to Harriet. In the first place I took your list to the Cabinet de(sic) Medailles as soon as I received your last letter but it was necessary to apply for leave to model etc. so that I couldn’t set the thing going ’till yesterday.—I don’t know now how long it will take to make the casts. . . . Secundo I wish you’d tell Johnson I shall want a box to ‘summer’ my mare in. . . .”

The letter continues on the same sheet:

“ Dearest Harriet,

“ . . . I was and am enchanted by what you say about your house and garden—though, by the way, John’s philosophical remarks upon his well, made me burst out laughing when in the worst of humours the other day. I’m afraid your husband has a vile habit of levity, which will some day render him suspected of reading Voltaire.—What can a man respect who is capable of turning a well ‘with water in it above the kitchen floor’—into a joke! et puits. . . . To return to your garden, you’ve given such a charming description of it, that I begin to doubt whether I remember that ‘loveliest village of the plain’, Nash Mills; and certain heaps of dirt and bricks . . . n’importe; it’s clear that your garden will be as new to me, as Constantinople, when I get there. . . .”

At the end of May John and Harriet spent two days at the Great Exhibition, buying the few things they could afford for the new house; and then moved in rather hurriedly on June 24. A fortnight later “Mamma Evans” came, and on July 8 their first child was born: a son, christened Arthur John after his two



JOHN EVANS
c. 1855



HARRIET ANN DICKINSON
WIFE OF JOHN EVANS
c. 1857

grandfathers. After the christening Harriet writes to Emma: "My Baby has a good deal of the Dickinson in him, indeed he has a double right to it, and I fear he inherits also a little of the Pepper, what your Father calls the 'Volcanic' Nature, but as he has a very finely formed head and marked intelligent features I hope he will have good sense and then a great deal may be done by training. . . ."

Arthur was Anne Evans's first grandchild, and she was soon busy with "two most delectable volumes folio of coloured calico covered with an immense variety of little engravings and etchings of all descriptions, about 1500 altogether" for his amusement, for the beautification of which his grandfather hunted through all his cupboards and portfolios.

The Red House was small, inconvenient and ill-placed; Harriet sometimes had forebodings that she would die there, and her John live there with another wife. Yet they were very happy. In September 1851 Harriet wrote to Sebastian Dickinson in Bombay: "We are now in our New House and very nearly comfortable in our arrangements. The little drawing-room will remain rather bare of furniture for this winter but the rest of the house is pretty well furnished. Jack's library is quite a picture of comfort. It is a nice little room; one window opens towards Nash Mills Village (of which ours is now the first house in the row of Cottages), the other window looks towards the Mill. The length of the room is taken up with book-shelves very nearly filled and we have a handsome old oak Cabinet that was poor Arthur's next the fireplace on the opposite side. . . ."

Meanwhile the firm were anxious over another crucial action they were forced to bring against the Grand Junction Canal Company. The Company had sunk a well near an inn called "The Cow-roast" on the main road between Two Waters and Tring, and were beginning to pump water from it for their canal. As a result the waters of the Gade diminished, for the well tapped the hidden springs in the chalk which fed it. Consequently John Dickinson & Co. applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain them from pumping it. The proof that the water of the springs would supply the river if it were not diverted was naturally extremely difficult; but John Dickinson's experiments in the matter, and some remarkably lucid exposition of them by John Evans, made proof possible, and in April 1852 the firm secured a perpetual injunction against the Canal Company.

Besides this geological work, John Evans was busy excavating a Roman villa at Boxmoor, and drawing the vases and tessellated pavement which were found there, and Harriet was occupied in colouring the anastatic prints. In April he read the paper at St. Albans, with Lord Verulam in the chair; it provided him with a good qualification for his election to the Society of Antiquaries in the following December. He was beginning, too, to travel more; Dickinsons had a branch at Nottingham and another at Belfast for selling loom cards, cards and boxes for packing, and fancy banding to the lace and linen manufacturers, and agencies at Leeds for buying hemp and flax waste from the Yorkshire spinning factories, and at Manchester for the purchase of cotton waste from the mills. These, and their customers, had to be regularly visited, and John Dickinson, who was now seventy, was glad to allow his younger and more energetic partner to undertake the fatiguing journeys in his place. Soon, however, these journeys were interrupted by an unexpected illness. A certain amount of "low fever" was endemic in Nash Mills village, and in December 1852 John Evans went down with typhoid. Little Arthur was sent up to Abbot's Hill to be out of the way of infection, and Harriet nursed her husband devotedly. He got up far too soon, went to Bosworth for an energetic convalescence, and naturally fell ill again on his return. In February his second son was born; it is not surprising that Harriet made a poor recovery. She stayed at home, with Fanny Phelps to look after her, while John and his brother Bassy went to Brighton for a week, and came back by way of Chichester, Winchester, and then by the Roman road through Savernake Forest to Froxfield. There they found "old Tom Atwood" hearing his pupils their lessons with his boots on the hobs to right and left of the fire, and his short clay pipe in his mouth. They studied their grandfather's astronomical entries in the parish registers, and came home to another world at Nash Mills.

That world was busy in an attempt to break Delarue's monopoly of the Post Office envelopes, and engaged in competition with the other paper makers who now produced paper by machinery too. The Scottish makers, who produced cheap paper of poor quality, could be vanquished by mere superiority; but John Dickinson wrote: "Joynson's paper is a different thing, and we are far from his secret, whatever it may be". So there were experiments of many kinds; new cutting machines and

new envelope machines were introduced, the trade in cards was increased, and the Mills hummed with activity.

Harriet was still far from well; she and John, the two children and their two nurses all went to Abbot's Hill for a change while the Red House was being spring-cleaned. It was thence that they took the baby to be christened Lewis after his great grandfather. In June there was an epidemic of scarlet fever in the village, and by July Harriet was seriously ill again. Then in September they all went with Fanny Phelps to Ramsgate to get better; and John at least soon had energy enough to go coin-hunting round the pawnshops of Canterbury and Sandwich and to explore Richborough. They finished their holiday at Hastings with Arthur Benoni Evans and "the dear Mrs." and Emma, while the nurses and children were back at Abbot's Hill.

Already they could see a change in the old man, and when they went to spend the Christmas of 1853 at Bosworth the change was yet more evident. For two years now he had found—at first with surprise and dismay—that he no longer enjoyed walking in the rain. He had managed to keep on the curacy of Cadeby for a time, with the kind Richard Whitby, his former pupil, to take duty for him in the winter; but in August the younger man had been presented by Sir Alexander Dixie to the living of Lechlade and a fellowship at Emmanuel College, Cambridge: without his help the work was too difficult, and Arthur Evans had resigned it. Of recent years his private pupils had all been quite little boys whom he prepared for entrance to a public school. A few months earlier he had decided to take no more; the last had just left. His familiar world was beginning to be narrowed by death. "Old nurse" had died after two days' illness in August 1852; Mr. Grover, once Vice-Provost of Eton, in November 1853; in the New Year cousin Thomas Evans of Gloucester died, and in August 1854 Frances Dickinson, who had grown feeble and forgetful in her extreme old age, and died not at Bramblebury but in a smaller house in Thurlow Square. Their closest friends in Leicestershire, Miss Marianne Cope and Miss Mary Worthington, were dead: Leicestershire itself was changing. The coal-mines were spreading over the face of the land, and there was only one stall set up at Bosworth Cherry-Fair. Yet everyone at Bosworth now seemed a friend. Mr. Hubbard, the young surgeon, used to visit Arthur Evans almost daily, and stop to play a rubber of whist when his patient was

well enough; cousin Herbert, the Hampstead doctor, came all the way to Bosworth to see him; Bassy kept school for him; the Cadeby cottagers and small farmers came to ask after him, bearing touching little gifts from dairy and garden; even the reigning Dixie baronet, Sir Alexander, was kind, considerate and attentive. In July he managed to get to London, as it proved for the last time; and "Dear John came into our carriage at Boxmoor. He brought me all his fresh gold and silver British coins to see—a rare and precious collection", and for the rest of the journey they studied them together. The old man's only anxiety was for Sebastian's future. Like his own father before him, he longed to see him starting on a career as nearly as possible like his own; he spent the spring in sending him up and down the West Country in search of a curacy as a title to Orders. Sebastian succeeded in finding most of them already filled; the rest he declined as beyond his strength. Then in March he suddenly accepted a curacy at Hereford, which no one approved of; consequently he was able to resign it after a week. On March 31 he wrote to his brother at Nash Mills:

"I suppose you have heard all about the curacy at Hereford that I have the promise of. A population of 4,000 and a stipend of £50 a year ain't much to get fat on, is it? Since I have got it, and all preliminaries are settled, I'll be hanged if I quite like it, after all, and if I could get anything of a livelihood elsehow, I don't think I'll take Orders. *Diis aliter*, however, I suppose but it isn't altogether satisfactory to be going into the Church because you can't get anything better. If you *should* happen to know of any opening in any line that a nice young man of 24, of rather over decent abilities, who writes a vile hand and can't quite swear by his arithmetic, can make from £150 to £200 a year by, with a reasonable chance of increase, perhaps you'll let me know, as I fancy I know somebody that wd. be glad of it. Seriously, without the prospect of anything from the Gov^r and no interest, I really don't see how on earth I am to carry on the war, in the Church. Waiting for dead men's shoes in the days of University Reform is, I believe, considered a somewhat precarious subsistence, and what other chance of preferment I have, hasn't yet been communicated to me. . . . The worst of it is the Governor, who wants to see me a parson and wd. be considerably disgusted in his old age at my running restive. If it hadn't been for him I'd have thrown up my clerical cards long, long ago, long ago. . . ."

Four days later he continues, “. . . The Governor don't seem to realize the fact at all, and reads out the Russian news instead of talking about it. However, he said at last when hard pressed that if I *could* do anything else, I'd better, and so gave me some sermons which he said I should find very easy to preach. I think however he begins to understand something about it now. His faculty of divesting what is said to him of any meaning is really admirable. Well, I've writ to decline Hereford, and now the question is, what next? I'll come up to you, please, about next Saturday if I can and talk. . . .”

Arthur Benoni Evans consoled himself with the beauties of a collection of sonnets Bassy had written on the death of the Duke of Wellington and published at his own expense¹: sonnets which he might have written himself. There was nothing wrong with the boy, and he would surely find something to do that suited his abilities.

Now, too, the old man's conscious world was growing narrower, for he was often ill and always tired. He bore the present and faced the future with courage and patience and a complete unquestioning trust. His wife and daughters nursed him. Bassy was at home, and John came and brought him coins to look at. He was too ill for his wife to go to her mother's funeral; she stayed with him, and they read the Burial Service together. On September 8 he went into School for the last time, to make a label for the great Mercator's Atlas of 1606. On November 8, 1854, he died, very quietly; and on November 13 was buried at Bosworth.

Harriet was not well enough to come to his burial; instead she went up to Abbot's Hill, while her parents were in London. Her third son, Philip Norman, was born there on December 13. At the New Year John left her to go to Bosworth to help his mother and sisters sort the vast array of books, old papers and all the other accumulations. They had, of course, to leave the school-house, and decided to make their home in London. A house was eventually found at 16 Kensington Square: the square in which Tom Simpson Evans had settled at 31 on his marriage twenty-three years before. The house was old, and countrified even for Kensington, with many landings, an old staircase, and an outlook on to two gardens. The Ferdinand Bol was hung over the drawing-room mantelpiece, Anne's tall

¹ *Sonnets on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*. Macmillan, 1852.

mirrored secretaire found a corner that fitted it, the silhouettes by Edouard were hung in the morning-room, Pussy had her own sitting-room upstairs where she could be quiet; and the house was ready to receive any or all the family, and especially the grandchildren. One of the first things little Arthur was to remember clearly was sitting in the sunny patch of garden and listening enchanted to Anne's music.

Life was growing hard for Harriet. She had given up the luxuries of Abbot's Hill without a regret; she had accepted Miss Stevenson in the village as a dressmaker instead of Madame Guy and Madame Lenormand, and bonnets of Nash Mills straw instead of French creations from Madame Amable, without a word; she was still very happy, but she was also very tired. She had started a Library for the Mill and had established a school for the village girls in a derelict dissenting chapel. She had paid to have a woman with a little teaching experience trained for three weeks at the Westminster Training School, and had arranged to pay her £10 a year in addition to the twopence a week she received from each pupil. Harriet herself tried to be at the school for a little every day. John was starting a boys' school at Frogmore End, with the firm's help, but his responsibility was less personal.

Her three boys were going through the usual childish illnesses, and she helped to nurse them herself. After nursing Lewis through croup she went down with pleurisy in the New Year of 1855, and in March had a relapse. In April the children had measles, and in July Lewis went down with croup again. Fortunately at the end of August, John was able to take them all away for a delightful holiday in a little furnished house at Cowes, and they were soon rested enough to have Emma and Bassy and Fanny Phelps, and a succession of cousins, to stay. Emma had an unusual talent for sculpture, though so far it had only been tested on a small scale. Baron Marochetti, who had lately been busy on a bust of old John Dickinson, was a neighbour of theirs in London, and had seen some of her work. It had so much impressed him that he had offered to take her into his studio as a pupil. The family decision that to work from the life in a man's studio was unsuitable was very hard on her; fortunately for her peace of mind she was now engaged to John Waddington Hubbard, the young Bosworth surgeon who had been good to her father. Bassy was eating his dinners at Lincoln's Inn, and

alarming them all by his philosophical and literary opinions. Fanny Phelps had taken Harriet's place as companion to Mrs. Dickinson at Abbot's Hill.

It was a happy time, and the happier because they had much to hope for. The Charles Longmans were building a new house, very grand and gothic, on the other side of the valley from Abbot's Hill: "a beautiful place it is," wrote Harriet. "I hope we may never have the ambition to make such a one!" When the Longmans had taken possession of it, John Dickinson was to allow the Evanses to leave the Red House and live at Nash. John Evans was beginning to make a place for himself in the little world of geology, and finding new friends there. After the success of Dickinsons' lawsuit against the Grand Junction Canal, he had been called to give evidence as an expert in another water-right case at Kingston Assizes. On the way there he made friends with a man in the railway carriage—a man some ten years older than himself, very tall and thin, with beautiful long-fingered hands and a surprisingly booming voice—who proved to be a rival expert summoned as a witness by the other party to the suit. He was Joseph Prestwich, one of a firm of wine merchants in Mark Lane; their business lay chiefly with the trade in the provinces, and since his real interests lay in geology he profited by his long journeys to study the lie of the land along the coaching roads, and the strata revealed by the railway cuttings. John Evans took to him at once, called on him at Mark Lane, and invited him to Nash Mills. They had much in common; both were kind and merry, both cared as much for the science that was their hobby as for their trade, and both pursued it under difficulties; neither had been able to go to a University, yet both were beginning to win recognition in their own subjects. John Evans found in Joseph Prestwich not merely a fine mind devoted to a kind of learning in which he himself was interested, but also a warm heart, a generous character, and a shrewd judgment. "Your Prestwich" was welcomed by Harriet at Nash Mills and by Anne at Kensington Square. For the rest of their lives the two men were to be close friends.

Soon they were going for brief geological expeditions together: to Tring and Slapton, to Leighton Buzzard for the green sand. Bassy generally accompanied them, though Bassy had a job at last. Harriet's dilettante brother, John Dickinson the younger, had returned from his travels so convinced of the iniquity of

British rule in India that he had founded the India Reform Association to combat the political activities of the East India Company. Bassy was its Secretary, and in that capacity was one of the first—indeed, he liked to think the very first—person in England to receive news of the Indian Mutiny. In spite of this, it was not a very onerous or important position; and reading for the Bar had at least taught Bassy that his interests were artistic rather than legal or administrative. At the beginning of 1856 he gave up the India Reform Association, and began his training in glass-painting under Mr. Oliphant. A brother of Mr. Atwood's had a glass factory at Birmingham, and thus he had some connexion with the trade. It suited him much better than the law, and when he had completed his training he got a post in the glass works of Chance Brothers at Birmingham and was perfectly happy designing stained glass windows in a fifteenth-century style slightly modified by the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Life at the Red House went on quietly. Harriet read and enjoyed *Villette* and *Sartor Resartus*, and John made her laugh over *Pickwick* of an evening, but she was critical of most of the fashionable novels her friends recommended, including *The Wide Wide World* and the works of Miss Charlotte Yonge. Her great preoccupation was naturally the move to Nash House. The Longmans were beginning to move out, and the time had come to make it ready for their own occupation. The Library, which faced North, needed more light, and they began to put in a bay window instead of the single flat window that lighted it. Unluckily old John Dickinson rode down to the Mill, saw the foundations of the new window being made, and categorically forbade its erection. The foundation still lie under the gravel of the drive.

At last, on June 11, 1856, Harriet's thirty-third birthday, they took possession, and found the house "terribly out of repair but very pretty still."

Its three sitting-rooms were half the size of the rooms at Abbot's Hill, and the hall that went from the door to the garden had only wall space enough to hold Arthur's old oak cupboard; but the rooms had the dignity of good proportion. John's library looked across the drive to the drying ground and the Mill; but he liked to watch its wonted activities, to see Mr. Peacock the manager, in his top hat and frock coat, making a dignified tour

of inspection, and Mr. Ricket the head papermaker, in his white slop, pale corduroy trousers and paper cap, bring out a sample of pulp to look at in the sunshine. Harriet's drawing-room, on the garden side of the house, enjoyed a view that was both spacious and private; a curved flight of steps led down to the lawn from one of the long narrow windows.

Fanny Phelps and Bassy came to help, and on the 18th they moved into the "dear old Nash Mills House", where Harriet had been born and passed her childhood. On July 9 her first daughter was born, and christened Alice in August. She was very delicate, and took up much of her mother's time; but life was happy in the friendly house and familiar garden; and on the last day of December Harriet wrote in her diary: "a happy year gone."

Emma had been married now for a year, and Sebastian Dickinson for half as long; it seemed as if their homes were growing with hers. Her brother was still a bachelor, and she and her sister Fanny Pratt Barlow got a lot of quiet fun out of his adventures. In February 1857 Fanny wrote from her father's house in Upper Brook Street: "I think I told you last autumn that the Dasents meant John to marry Emily Delane, the youngest and the beauty. The siege has now begun in form.—On Friday the Uncle went and insisted on Mr. Delane and Mr. and Mrs. Dasent coming to dinner on Saturday, the very following day. So next morning Mr. Delane sent to ask leave to bring his sister, which was granted and she came (knowing it to be a party got up in a hurry, only family) dressed just as you went to the B[erkhamsted] Ball,—Limerick lace over white silk—only with very little body on—it came to about three inches below her shoulder—The men were all disgusted with her. She is besides one mass of affectation and looks very ill tempered. The Uncle ¹ is in such a state of mind, it is quite amusing. He says, 'Those Irish people are so d—d cunning'—and evidently quite expects John to be taken in by them in spite of everything. Mr. Delane had a very bad toothache on Saturday—so John wanted to call and ask after it on Sunday, but the Uncle wouldn't allow it lest it should be connected in *their minds* with Miss D.'s dining here! Meantime the Uncle has set his heart on John falling in love with the second Miss Woolrych—but John doesn't seem agreeable, so things are very exciting. Mrs. Dasent talked to the Aunt about her sister's beauty and grace and lovely dancing, and asked what

¹ [John Dickinson père.]

she thought of her! But the Aunt was much more civil than might have been expected and said she looked very handsome across the room, which must have been a slight wet blanket. The girl (who is not *very* young) rolls her eyes about so the Aunt thought at first they were diseased in some way."

1857 continued in less happy fashion. Alice grew yet more ill, and indeed was given up for lost in February, though her mother's devoted care eventually pulled her through. John Evans had his own worries. The firm had bought the patents of a Frenchman named Rémond for folding envelopes by machinery, had modified and adapted them into working order, and were developing their manufacture at Apsley into an important part of the business. Now Delarue's, fearful no doubt that their Post Office monopoly was in danger, were bringing an action for infringement of their patent for a machine for folding envelopes. At last the case came on for hearing. The machines were quite different, but their basic principles were not dissimilar; and a change was coming over the interpretation of the patent laws, that made a patent cover a principle as well as its interpretation. On Friday, February 13, the case was most unexpectedly won by Delarue. John Dickinson had had it in his mind to retire, and did not feel he could face all the modifications to the plant which the adverse verdict involved. In March, therefore, he made up his mind to go. It took months to finish the legal business, but at once John found himself altogether in charge of the manufacturing side of the business, and soon in a much better financial position. He was very busy experimenting with envelope-folding machines on different principles from the old model, and on negotiations with Delarue to prevent a further action, but was happy to work as his own master. Alice, too, seemed better, and in June Harriet was able to go with him and enjoy "the lovely Turners" at Marlborough House.

It was a happy summer and autumn. The garden at Nash Mills was not large, but it had unusual features. The Gade, or what was left of it, flowed beside the lawn, and a waterfall shaded by old chestnuts brought the overflow from the canal into the stream. Its coolness and its pleasant noise seemed to dominate all the western end of the garden. On the other side of the house was the square garden: a small enclosed pleasance, edged with flower borders, with a little fountain in the middle, and a curious array of small rectangular box-edged beds set formally

in gravel. It must have been old fashioned even when it was made, at the time the house was built; fifty years later it seemed like a survival from another world. In the rustic summer house against its eastern wall, lulled by the distant thump of the beam-engine, life seemed to pass very slowly, very peacefully, and in an unreal and timeless happiness as sweet as the little peaches on the southern wall. The children played among the beds, and Harriet sewed and read, and wondered if her eldest son was as impervious to learning as he seemed. His grandmother Evans was always remembering how brilliant his father had been, and writing to say she was "sorry to hear of the darling *Trot* being a bit of a dunce". Even when she invoked blessings on his head, she added "Now he has reached the mature age of six, I hope he will become ambitious of putting a little more into it." But it was no use worrying; he was a dear loving child, and perhaps brilliance would dawn upon him all at once a little later in life.

When winter came, happiness came indoors with her, to the drawing-room with its new carpet in a design of green chestnut leaves, and its air always aromatic from the scented wood of the cabinet the Phelps had sent from Madeira; and most of all to the library, with its folios behind latticed glass doors and the two big safes where John Dickinson had kept his ledgers and John Evans kept his coins. On December 19, 1857, Harriet bore a baby girl, and all seemed going well. But the nurse had come from an infected case, and brought the infection with her. On the 21st Harriet was seriously ill, and John sent for his Mother. For ten days Harriet lingered; even when she knew no one else she still knew John, and her face still lit for him. Then, on New Year's morning, she died.

Arthur had been sent up to Abbot's Hill while his mother was ill. He overheard the nurses talking and knew that she was very ill; if she died, they said, someone was going to come from Nash House and throw gravel against the night nursery window. He tried to stay awake, and listen every night; and on New Year's night he heard the sound he dreaded. Later he was taken to see his mother, where she lay so white and still. He knew he would never see her again, and studied and studied the features that were so familiar and so changed; he was determined that if he never saw her again he should remember her all his life.

John Evans buried his wife at Abbot's Langley on one of the bitterest days of an icy winter; and it seemed as if the cold entered his very soul.

VIII

FANNY PHELPS

1858 – 1863

HARRIET'S death marked a turning-point in the lives of her husband and her son. Her love and trust had already given John Evans confidence and self-control; her loss forced him to test these gifts to the uttermost. He emerged from the trial no longer a young man, but a strong man. Whatever the kindness of others might do in the alleviation of grief, he knew that he must ultimately in all things depend on his own force, his own initiative, and his own courage: these he had tried and proved.

On Arthur the blow fell at an evil time. He was still in virtue of his childhood dependent on his mother; she was the active centre of his world. With her loss the world fell to pieces, and no one, least of all his father, realized the depth of his bewilderment and grief as he stood among its ruins. When the children came home from Abbot's Hill, John Evans wrote in his wife's diary that they did not seem to feel her loss; more than seventy years later Arthur Evans was to write an indignant *NO* in the margin. Arthur was only six, and could find no escape in action; no thought or deed of his could set the world going anew. He had learned too young what bitter grief love could bring; and thereafter the innermost recesses of his heart were guarded by fear. He was never cold-hearted—he could not be—but he kept himself remote, and he grew up preferring impersonal relationships. Those who did not know him well would find him as simple and direct in approach as his grandfather and father: those who loved him would always be conscious of something enigmatic and hidden.

John Evans, responsible for the five paper-mills and with five children ranging from a boy of six to a baby in arms, was obviously in need of women's help. "The dear Mrs." and Pussy were in turn at Nash Mills for most of the year; and early in May they took charge there while Emma accompanied John to Ireland, to visit Dickinsons' branch at Belfast and its customers, and to travel about a little. They saw some beautiful country, but as

yet John could hardly bear it: every lovely view made him think how much Harriet would have enjoyed it. In April of that year—1858—Sebastian married Elizabeth Goldney, Mrs. Cope's sister, but John had no heart to go to the wedding.

The truest solace lay in work. He was very busy all that spring over Minié cartridge paper for a Government contract, and secured an enormous order of 13,000 reams. "John Company" had given place to a new Council for India, and fresh contracts had to be negotiated. The silk threads were to be left out of the Post Office envelopes, and the question arose of trying for the new contract; and he was busy with experiments to perfect a new glazing process of his own, for writing-paper.

He was beginning, too, to play a part in local politics, and was busy all October with a petition against the proposed extinction of the Liberty of St. Albans.

Most of all, he was working at numismatics: almost every day the diary records: "writing about the Verulam coins in the evening". He was in correspondence with the few people who were interested in Ancient British coins, chief of them a clock-maker, Joseph Warren of Ixworth in Suffolk, who added both to his knowledge and his collections. Warren was an admirable type of local antiquary: anything found near his own home he flatly refused to sell, though hardly a letter failed to contain *gutta percha* casts of such coins in his collection. A letter written in June 1858 is typical: "I have not heard from you respecting the *Redde* &c. groat as I before told you I have 2 of them but neither of them Good. The Best was found in Ixworth and that I naturally wish to keep. The other I bought of a Person from Mildenhall and he told me he had wore it in his Pockett for 20 years or more, so it is in a bad state . . . but if you have not bought the one from Mr. Dymock's Sale you will be quite welcome to it." The next letter, enclosing the groat, includes casts of a Saxon coin for identification and thanks for information about forged British coins from Grundisburgh. "You would be astonished", it ends, "to see the Number of Coins and personal Ornaments that I have collected in my Humble Station, and the greater portion of them found near me." Next he writes: "I hope you enjoyed your Trip and returned home the better for it, and were enabled to add to your Antiquities on your rambels. . . . The Principal reason of my writing is to send you Casts from a British Coin in Silver, which appear to me very singular."

It was a Verulam coin, and Evans duly bought it. "I send it," writes Mr. Warren, "in the rim as I bought it . . .; to me it is very clear it have been a substitute for a Glass in one of the Old Fashion'd small glass Hunter watches, and the convex side outwards which account for it being wore."

In 1860 Warren wrote, "I may add that after 41 years and 3/4 I am now retired from the troubles attending the Business of a Country Clock and Watch Maker, and a Country Post Office where the Letters have lately averaged 500 Dayly. I hope I have managed a sufficiency to live on with Economy without parting with my Antiquities as I have no Family." Though he might sell Evans fewer things, their relations continued no less friendly and their letters no less constant; Evans kept him supplied with the *Numismatic Chronicle* and with any books that might interest him.

John Evans was beginning to take a share in the editing of the *Numismatic Chronicle*, to which he had already become a contributor. Between 1851 and 1872 he published no less than forty-seven papers in its pages. The editorship involved him in endless correspondence. His coadjutor, Madden of the coin room, would send him daily letters of surprising dullness about proofs and plates and papers, and the minor squabbles of the Museum. Leicester Warren (numismatist as well as poet and botanist) used to write offering to "knock up" papers on all sorts of numismatic subjects "supposing you should want any padding for this number"; and Evans's old friend Jonathan Rashleigh was no less amicable in his offers of contributions. He, too, was a collector, and his letters about proofs and plates are enlivened by envious comments on Evans's acquisitions and triumphant announcements of his own. "I am sure," he writes in June 1858, "you have a coin *divining-rod*, similar to that used by the superstitious Cornish miners, which bobs towards the earth when metal is underneath it, and it must accompany you in your country walks." Their chief rival was Captain Roderick Murchison, who is described as being "determined to buy at all hazards and at any price, all coins which have names not in his private catalogue. Until he has grown his wild oats among the coin dealers and at Sotheby's no sane person has a chance. Those who compete with him and only bid one less, but *don't get*, are of course quite sane." Evans secured Mr. Rolfe's collection of coins from his executors, which included a fine Anglo-Saxon

series. Rashleigh, who himself collected such coins, warned him in due form of the consequences: "I suppose that you will now be *tainted* with that horrid disease, a love of Anglo-Saxon coins. If you could foresee what you are entering upon, you would leave those already infected to stand like lepers, alone and unmolested. Let me as a friend warn you in time—in a disinterested, unselfish spirit!"

Geology was beginning to be one of John Evans's major interests. He had been admitted a Fellow of the Geological Society in 1857, and was sharing in Prestwich's researches into the question of the antiquity of the gravel drifts and the remains found in them. In April 1858 he accompanied his friend to Bedford to see the fossil bones of a herd of elephants that had been found in the gravel stratum of a railway cutting.

Yet none of these avocations lessened his loneliness or solved his domestic problems. It was evident that with five young children to bring up he needed a woman to help him; his Mother was too old, and Anne was not congenial to him. (She had been so much her father's favourite that the others had unconsciously resented it.) His mother had found a Bosworth friend, a pleasant middle-aged Miss Stewart, to be governess to the children, but she was a martyr to bilious headaches and less help than she wished to be.

John Evans was seeing much of his cousin Fanny Phelps, who was with her aunt at Abbot's Hill; with her as his wife he would surely be less lonely. She was three years younger than he was; he had known her ever since he could remember; she had known and loved Harriet, and had been her bridesmaid; she had helped them when they moved and when Harriet was ill: to marry her would make no break with the past, but would make the present bearable.

By November, when she left to join her parents in Madeira for the winter, there was a tacit understanding between them, and he wrote regularly to her. Though they had known each other so long, they still did not know each other wholly. "I almost think," he wrote, "that you are less reserved on paper than face to face, and I know I am bad enough in either case and like openness the more. . . . Anne seems inclined to make herself as agreeable as she can, but somehow I never get on quite well with her, notwithstanding her assumption and your supposition that she understands me so much better than you.

. . . Arthur is taking very diligently to drawing coins and writing letters. . . .

19th. Poor dear Baby's birthday. . . . I walked over to Hempstead this afternoon with John, and could not help thinking of this day last year when dear Harriet was apparently so well, and I rode over to Hempstead and met Mrs. Charles Grover near Albion Place who congratulated me on my horse and baby and said that I seemed to have everything granted me I wished for. It made me feel uncomfortable at the time and think of Polycrates, and her ill-omened congratulation has come across me many times since. I suppose we were too happy, or rather I was, for the dear child had gone through a good deal and had a presentiment of how soon we were to be separated in this world. . . ."

Early in December he writes that the Uncle has been gentle and friendly. He had proposed Fanny's health in Malmsey, and seemed to realize that John had a particular interest in her. Christmas was most sorrowful: he could only think of the year before. However, the children were beginning to be interesting: "Arthur has announced his intention of becoming a poet and astronomer when he grows up, but he expresses doubts to Miss Stewart whether Pa will give him money enough to take him to the Cape of Good Hope. Loo intends to be a Lapidary, and polish pretty stones."

With the New Year Evans began to go about more, and writes early in February 1859, "On Wednesday I went up to dine in Brook Street with a literary party similar to one last year I believe. There were twelve of us—Thackeray, Mulready, Leech, Marochetti, Bell, Pye the engraver, Van Voorst, Dr. Percy Lawrence, John and I besides the uncle. The great guns were rather silent except Mulready who made himself amusing. I did not fall in love with Thackeray so much as I suppose I ought to have done, but I took a great liking for Leech who has a wonderfully expressive eye with a most comic twinkle in it. . . . I calculated the length of [Thackeray's] forehead nose and chin to be all equal and the upper lip two thirds of the height of either of them which gives a rather singular face."

Thackeray was not only a guest in Upper Brook Street but also a neighbour in Kensington Square. His daughters were unmothered, and there was an idea that Pussy should go to them to be a friend and chaperon to the girls. The plan of residence

fell through, but she became a friend none the less, and used to help him as an occasional amanuensis when visiting them: so that he had a special interest for any member of the family.

Not long after the party old John Dickinson unexpectedly said that he would not disapprove of a marriage between his nephew and Fanny Phelps. John Evans avowed his hopes, and the uncle was "good and kind", and "the dear Mrs." to whom he also confessed them, was soon reconciled to the idea. He had not yet received a formal promise from Fanny, and there was no hope of her return from Madeira before the beginning of May. The letters continued, much of them about the children. Arthur had begun a poem on the Seasons, two lines each, and had got on nicely until a rhyme for autumn stumped him. "He is a very odd child, and though I am an Evans myself to a great extent, I cannot quite understand him. Think of his burying a china doll (with its legs broken) with a butterfly and some other things in the garden, and placing this inscription over them 'KING EDWARD SIXTH and the butterfly and there cloths and things.' Whether he had some notion about the resurrection or not I cannot say, but the Psyche element is very singular and the placing of the clothes in readiness for his re-existence looks like forethought."

By March it was accepted that Fanny would come back and marry him; but the date of her coming remained uncertain. Mrs. Evans wrote to her to welcome her as a daughter to be: "I shall resign the precious charge of the dear children and my son's happiness into your keeping with comfort and confidence whenever the time arrives". Ideally, she thought, they should wait for another year; but the children must come first, and for their sake conventions might well be broken. Even Mrs. John Dickinson, who enjoyed making difficulties, proved amenable. At the end of March John writes: "The Aunt is as good as gold, we are in correspondence now about a cook she has heard of or me. I hope you are now quite safe from being set upon and colded—beyond getting a little good humoured abuse, for which you will not care. The mere fact of your being about to be married will make her regard you, in common with the rest of her sex, with admiration and respect, and even Anne will be proud of you as a bride. The women always do find all manner of virtues in persons about to marry and they will not have to look so far for them as usual, in your case. . . . It is one of the

advantages of being of an antiquarian turn of mind that I am always attached to old haunts and old associations, and I am glad to think I have so many old and pleasant associations with you . . . that my love to you is already an antiquity. . . . I hear that Sebastian Dickinson has a son. . . . The generation below us in the family will soon be legion, but I have no doubt you could enumerate them all and tell the day and year when each was born and where you were at the time. I find I remember less than ever of such things and have the faculty of putting some things on one side and forgetting them *clean*. Where I do a thing by writing and trust to keeping a copy, it is curious how completely I can forget the details of a transaction, though I may remember such a thing took place. I rather think it was this day 20 years that I first set foot in Dresden. It seems a long time. . . . Think of their finding flint axes and arrowheads at Abbeville in conjunction with bones of Elephants and Rhinoceroses 40 ft. below the surface in a bed of drift. In this bone cave in Devonshire now being excavated by the Geological Society they say they have found flint arrowheads among the bones, and the same is reported of a cave in Sicily. I can hardly believe it. It will make my ancient Britons quite modern if man is carried back in England to the days when Elephants, Rhinoceroses, Hippopotamuses and Tigers were also inhabitants of the country. . . .”

Boucher de Perthes’ first discoveries at Abbeville dated from 1847, but their fame had not spread beyond the members of the Société Impériale d’Emulation de la Somme, and even they had not taken them seriously. The finds lay dormant, as their discoverer declared, like the Sleeping Beauty. Now at last the geologists had reached a point when they could take cognizance of them.

“Easter Sunday: I must now make a confession to you how Prestwich has altered his plans about Abbeville and seeing M. Boucher Du Perthes (sic) collections and investigating the grave pits where the flint weapons are found in conjunction with the bones, and has got up a party of some of the best men in the Geological Society for the purpose. As it has been deferred till after Easter I could not resist accepting his invitation to join in as I knew that by that time I should have had your and your parents’ letters and I have accordingly arranged to go to Abbeville on *Tuesday* and return on *Thursday* to London. . . . I shall miss

seeing the collection of M. Boucher du Perthes but be in time I hope for the Gravel Pit, and anyhow a couple of days' run will do me good, for I have a deal to worry over one way and another. . . ."

The Mills were passing through a stage of transition, and he had to do what he could to ease the passage. "I never was so perplexed with business in my life. We are just now overwhelmed with orders and have no water wherewith to make them, so that I have to be constantly manœuvring to pacify people with the paper most pressingly wanted. . . . I could not be away a couple of days without something going wrong. In a few weeks I shall have got more steam power at work, and then I hope things will go smoother."

At last he was able to get away and join Prestwich at Abbeville to see the new discoveries.

"May 1st 1859. I crossed from Folkestone to Boulogne and had as rough a passage as the strongest stomach could desire. . . . I had about an hour and a half in Boulogne and at 9 took the train to Abbeville, where I found Prestwich waiting for me at the Station, and very glad to see me, as of all the party he had asked to meet him there I was the only one who came. We went straight to bed and soon after 7 the next morning M. Boucher de Perthes, the first discoverer of the stone axes we were in pursuit of, came to take us to some of the gravel pits from whence his collection had been derived. A M. Marotte, the Curator of the Museum, accompanied us but we did not succeed in finding anything. We then adjourned to the house of M. de Perthes which is a complete Museum from top to bottom, full of paintings, old carvings, pottery etc. and with a wonderful collection of flint axes and implements found among the beds of gravel and evidently deposited at the same time with them—in fact the remains of a race of men who existed at the time when the deluge or whatever was the origin of these gravel beds took place. One of the most remarkable features of the case is that nearly all if not quite all of the animals whose bones are found in the same beds as the axes are extinct. There is the mammoth, the rhinoceros, the Urus—a tiger, etc. etc. After the examination of his Museum M. de Perthes gave us a most sumptuous *déjeuner à la fourchette* and we then set off for Amiens. Of course our object was if possible to ascertain that these axes had been actually deposited with the gravel, and not subsequently introduced;

and we had received intelligence from Amiens that in one of the gravelpits there an axe was to be seen in its original position, which made us set off at once. At Amiens we were met by the President of their Society of Antiquaries and the public Librarian, MM. Dufour and Garnier, and with them a M. Pinsard an architect. We proceeded to the pit where sure enough the edge of an axe was visible in an entirely undisturbed bed of gravel and eleven feet from the surface. We had a photographer with us to take a view of it so as to corroborate our testimony and had only time to get that done and collect some 12 or 15 axes from the workmen in the Pit when we were forced to take the train again to Abbeville. The early part of Friday we spent in and about Abbeville and returned to London in the afternoon reaching home or rather the Euston Hotel about midnight. Altogether I enjoyed the trip very much, and am now only troubled to find time to write an account of our investigations for the Antiquaries, as Prestwich is going to do for the Royal Society.

5th. I was at his house on Tuesday evening to meet a number of Geologists and others, who had come together to see our antediluvian Collections and were much struck by them. Franks of the Brit. Mus. and Director of the Soc. Ants. came as my friend and is coming down here on Saturday when I have a dinner and also on Monday."

On the Tuesday Evans had a heavy day in London; on Wednesday he started for Ireland and got as far as Shrewsbury, having seen the excavations at Wroxeter on the way. The rest of the week was spent doing business at Dublin and Belfast, visiting Drogheda *en route*; on Sunday he went to Antrim, Ballymena and Lough Neagh; on Tuesday he finished his business at Belfast and got to Manchester, looked after the firm's business there on Wednesday, and got back to Nash Mills late that night. It is not surprising that though he took with him the material for writing on the Abbeville axes he never found the time.

Once at home, the Mills and his household continued to engross him. He feared that Nash House might not be healthy, and was negotiating for some land called the Hyde below Abbot's Hill, with the idea of building a house there. He still found time to follow the children's doings. On May 15 he wrote: "[The children] had a feast this evening. I filled Loo's two small decanters one with Moselle and the other with Port and

he afterwards told me the feast went off very well: they mixed the two wines together and boiled them. And Arthur informed us the roast wine was very good. He is becoming very aristocratic in his tastes and tendencies, and I understand complains of Alice's bonnet which was trimmed by Nurse as being too 'servanty'."

On the 26th Prestwich read his paper on the Somme gravels to the Royal Society; John Evans had only managed to write about the flints the day before the meeting, and even so the labour was in vain. "I went up the afternoon of the 26th", he writes to Fanny, "to London and first went to the Num. Soc. where Professor Donaldson read a paper and Dr. Nicholson attended and then on to the Royal Society to hear Prestwich's paper about the flint weapons which would have been very good but he had only time to give an indifferent abstract of it and his voice was hardly audible in that room. I told you I had written an antiquarian letter to him to incorporate in his paper, and this he dexterously managed to leave behind him. The result was that I had to stand up and give an extempore lecture about these flint implements which I thought I got through very well as I remembered most of what I had written and so was pretty consecutive. There were a good many geological *nobs* there, Sir C. Lyell, Murchison, Huxley, Morris, Dr. Perry, Faraday, Wheatstone, Babbage, etc. so I had a distinguished audience. Our assertions as to the finding of the weapons seemed to be believed. From the Royal Society I went to an Alpine Soirée at William Longman's where I met no end of people,—so altogether I had rather a busy evening. On Friday I went over to the Hibberts at Munden to see the remains of a Roman Villa they had been digging up there, but they had found nothing remarkable. On Saturday I dined at the Charles Longman's and last Tuesday in Brook Street . . . thence I went to Lord Stanhope's where I met the pick of the Antiquaries and Geologists, and wound up by paying a visit to Franks and seeing his collection of Porcelain. All my spare time that week and rather more was taken up in writing a paper for the Antiquaries upon the discovery of those flint weapons which I read last Thursday the 2nd.¹ I was very hoarse but managed to get through it in three quarters of an hour and was 'very much admired' and I think generally believed in. Prestwich had been

¹ On the Occurrence of Flint Implements in undisturbed Beds of Gravel, Sand and Clay. *Archæologia*, XXXVIII, p. 280.

over at Amiens again with three or four other geologists and one of them had dug out for himself a fine oval weapon sixteen feet from the surface."

The paper, thus written under difficulties, is notable not merely for its lucidity, but also for the punctilious generosity with which it gives honour to all those who had worked at the subject in the past or present. This was, indeed, a point of honour with John Evans. He had changed the old family motto of *ταχὺ καὶ τήμερον*, *Swiftly and to-day*, for one that he had found upon a seventeenth-century ring: *I desire to deserve*.

On July 8 Fanny Phelps at last arrived in England, and John met her at Waterloo and drove with her to her aunt's in Montagu Place. She was home, and she had promised to marry him: the future was no longer uncertain and no longer dark with clouds. He passed a maddeningly busy fortnight: the aunts, the uncle, the Hyde, the Mills, the children and Quarter Sessions all seemed to conspire to give him no time to think, or to be with her. At last on July 23, 1859, they were married at St. George's Bloomsbury, and after a family party at Montagu Place were free to face life together.

Fanny was now a woman of thirty-two, rather small and a little plump, with the Dickinson short-sighted hazel eyes and clearly defined features. She was graceful, with long ringlets and beautiful small hands; accomplished, a good linguist, and so admirable a pianist that she had been tempted, even in that age, to become a professional musician. She had been born at Bramblebury and had passed much time in England, there and at Abbot's Hill, but her real home was in Madeira, in a great old house called the Carmo on a hill above Funchal. The rugged and majestic beauty of the mountains, the cobbled Rua Dereita that led steeply down from the Carmo past balconied houses (in one of which Columbus once stayed) to the city; the life of the British colony, three hundred of whom contrived to make a society of their own among nearly thirty thousand Portuguese: this was her natural background. Portuguese came almost as easily to her as English, and in Hertfordshire she seemed "the dear Exotic". She came of an enormous family. Her grandfather, born and bred at Dursley in Gloucestershire, had sailed for Madeira in 1784; her father was his seventh child, she herself had six sisters and four brothers. Few families can have been more united.

Now she was embarking on an extremely English life, with a husband who had his time already amply filled, and with five children under seven for her to mother. Few then seem to have realized the calls on her courage and adaptability that the change involved; now we can at least salute the success she achieved in it.

The honeymoon journey was sternly archæological. They went to Colchester and examined Dr. Duncan's collections and the gravel pits at Lexten; they went to Norwich and looked at the Cathedral, the Castle and the Museum; they relaxed a little among the architectural beauties of Ely and Peterborough, though at Peterborough there were gravel pits too. They continued by York to Scarborough, where Jonathan Rashleigh turned up and they saw Mr. Bean's collection of fossils; they went by Lincoln (and more collections) and Nottingham (with a little business thrown in) to Bosworth, and so home to Nash Mills, after a fortnight's travel that had taught Fanny what was John Evans's idea of a holiday.

Once they were home again her life was a little more leisurely, though certainly full. She had time to savour the humours of her cousin John Dickinson's courtship of Miss Alicia Bicknell; to drive in the evenings to the Hyde and to help John plan the house—which she called, Madeira fashion, the Quinta—which he was to build there; and to encourage him in his new enthusiasm for flint implements. He celebrated his birthday by making “a pretty good flint axe.”

The learned world, and even some part of the unlearned, was beginning to apprehend the implications of the discovery of flint implements in the gravel drift. What are now the axioms of prehistory are tentatively put forward as the current hypothesis by Worsaae in a letter he wrote to John Evans from Copenhagen in March 1862. “I have also found, that very rude implements of stone and bone . . . have been discovered in caves on the coasts of France, and even of England (e.g. Kent's Hole, Torquay) and I should now wish to know, how far the other antiquaries and naturalists would agree with me in my conclusions:

that the antiquities from the gravel pits in England and France, which also show the rudest and simplest forms, must have belonged to some peculiar race, the existence of which in other countries is yet to be proved;

that *after* this people, other hunting and fishing tribes have been spread over the coasts of Europe, where they lived, in the North, on small islands and on the coasts of the lakes and bays, and in the West and South of Europe frequently in caves along the seashore, the borders of rivers and lakes; and that at last a higher civilization with domestic animals, with agriculture and with better formed implements had been introduced, perhaps by new invasions. In every case now the interior parts of Europe were peopled (like the lake habitations of Switzerland) and the transition from the stone to the bronze age prepared."

The establishment of the existence of palæolithic man, however, did more than add chapters to human history. It added vast stretches of time to those ages which even the most anthropocentric philosopher must consider; it destroyed the conventional chronology of Church and University; it brought a new proportion into man's view of the cosmos, that was only comparable with the change of proportion brought about by the Renaissance discovery of a new world. No discovery of a new civilization of historic or nearly historic date could have had the same scientific and philosophical repercussions: for the establishment of the existence of man in Quaternary times involved a fundamental re-orientation. It was the proof by Evans and Prestwich of the validity of Boucher de Perthes' discoveries in 1858, that by its extension of the time of man's habitation of the earth made the theories of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, published in 1859, directly applicable to *Homo sapiens*.

The first popular reaction was naturally one of strong disapproval by conservative clerics. Fanny's diary for December 1, 1858, records: "John busy writing an answer for *The Times* to Senex and many other letters about the flint implements which have appeared there, and have proved too much for his temper at last."

Meanwhile, too, the early believers were working to confirm their theory of the antiquity of man by research in other pits than those at Abbeville. John Evans's business preoccupations prevented him from taking a great part in these investigations but in October 1858 he got away for an expedition with Prestwich to Hoxne where they employed men to dig trenches in the gravel pits, and John discovered half an axe.

Chance finds, too, brought corroborative evidence. In January

1861 Prestwich writes from Mark Lane: "I have this instant seen four flint implements of the true race. One specimen is identical with one of my best lance-head shaped specimens from Amiens. A second has the point broken and is rolled. A third is stained brown and is also worn, while the 4th is a good honest *Tertiary flint pebble* about the size of a goose egg, one half chipped into a point and the other end retaining its pebble form. They were brought me by a Mr. Leech who found them on the *shore* at the *bottom* of the cliffs between Herne Bay and the Reculvers. . . ."

John Evans was convinced that the Bedfordshire gravel pits, especially at Biddenham, should yield confirmatory evidence, but on his rare expeditions with Mr. Wyatt in that direction he was dogged by bad weather and "didn't find much besides mud but enjoyed his walk and came back much better than he started". It was not until April 18, 1861, that he could write to Prestwich:

"Jubilate! Wyatt has found the flint implements we have so long been looking for at Bedford. I enclose his letter and sketch, which please return, and am writing to him that I hope to be at Bedford at 10.30 on Saturday, if it will suit him to meet me. Can you come? I am in a state of disgust at finding we have a long standing engagement to dinner on Saturday the 26th. It is to meet a bishop with a beard, which in this shaving diocese of Rochester is a rare privilege, and under all circumstances cannot be neglected. If you *cannot* come any other Saturday, you must come all the same that day. . . ."

Prestwich replied: "I also had a note from Wyatt. . . . I think [the date] had better stand, notwithstanding the Bishop. . . . I can find plenty of amusement and occupation in your Library. Besides there are the children, and I have no doubt Master Norman will feel himself fully equal to receive his papa's guest. . . . In fact consider me in the nursery for the evening."

John Evans hardly yet realized the name he had made for himself over the Abbeville find. When he attended the British Association in 1861 he found himself addressed as "Flint Evans" and made to sit with the Geological Committee to which he did not belong. Early in 1862 this general recognition was sealed by his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society: a distinction which brought him into close and friendly touch with men who shared his interests and were able to make those interests their chief work in life. Besides Prestwich he now had a close friend in John Lubbock. Lubbock was eleven years younger than

himself, a wealthy banker, handsome in feature though small in stature, kindhearted and serene; his background of a great house at High Elms and an education at Eton was very different from Market Bosworth, but he had entered his father's bank at fifteen and married at twenty-two, and like Evans was used to responsibility. Darwin at Down House was a neighbour to the Lubbocks at High Elms, and had deeply influenced the interests and avocations of young John Lubbock. Through an interest in fossil insects Lubbock came to be elected to the Geological Society, and Prestwich introduced him to Evans as a young man of twenty-one in 1855. Through Darwin's influence Lubbock was elected to the Royal Society, on very slight qualifications, three years later. The ease of Lubbock's life made him a little facile; its uninterrupted success, a little platitudinous. Yet his fundamental modesty and honesty made him generous in giving respect as well as affection to John Evans; he recognized in him a finer intellect than his own, though its achievements might secure less abundant recognition. The friendship was to continue unclouded until their lives' end.

At the Royal Society, and at the Athenæum, to which Evans was elected in 1865, he met one of the most interesting and characteristic groups of men which the age could produce. Neither Academe could claim a share in the enchantment of the Middle Ages; yet, for all their clean paint and shiny varnish, their Turkey carpets and red morocco armchairs, they formed a noble university for a mature mind. There John Evans enjoyed the intellectual comradeship that was his birthright, and became one of a *côterie* of men, all learned but few trained in academic classicism, who had created sciences out of their own observations and had made in biology, anthropology, palæontology and archæology not only new forms of the knowledge, but also new ways of thinking about the world and its history.

IX

JOHN EVANS

1863 – 1869

FLINT implements alone were far from taking up all of John Evans's time or interest. The theory of the descent of ancient British coins from Macedonian prototypes, that he had first put forward in a paper to a St. Albans Society in 1849, and had published in the *Numismatic Chronicle* in that year,¹ had received further confirmation with the years; and his main task was now to elaborate it into a book that should be at once a *catalogue raisonnée* of ancient British coins and a study of their evolution. The task was made extremely heavy by the publishing conditions of the time. Photography had hardly yet been satisfactorily applied to coins, and in any case it was not yet possible to make the block for an illustration from a photograph. Consequently each coin had to be drawn and engraved from originals or casts, and Mr. Fairholt the engraver used to come to Nash Mills for long spells of work, and have his bad cough kindly dosed by Fanny.

The book² appeared early in 1863, and received the *Prix de Numismatique* of the French Academy. It is a remarkable achievement for a man who had not the training or leisure of a scholar: there is no mark of amateurishness in it. Only a certain stiffness and dryness—not unnatural when dealing with so recondite a subject—betrays the man who had to prove himself to the world; and this is set off both by the width of view of the first chapter, which under the title of *Bibliography* gives a historical account of the study of ancient British numismatics from Leland to Hawkins and Akerman, and by an abundance of that inspired commonsense which must always be the foundation of archæology. The book is, too, a monument to John Evans's mental and physical vigour. It was wholly written in the hours that followed a long day's work in the Mills or at the firm's office in the Old Bailey. As soon as it was out he began

¹ On the Date of British Coins, *Num. Chron.*, XII, 1849–50, p. 127.

² *The Coins of the Ancient Britons*, London, J. Russell Smith. A supplement appeared in 1890, published by Bernard Quaritch.

to plan a large work on flint implements; wrote a lecture for the Royal Institution on *The Forgery of Antiquities* and made "a toy" to show the changes in the axis of the Poles of the earth's crust which served to illustrate a paper on the subject read to the Royal Society in 1866.¹ The subject had occupied his mind because of his interest in the possible date of the Quaternary period and its flint implements; but it was one of the few papers he ever wrote that could not be directly based on minute personal observation. Perhaps in consequence its hypothesis was severely criticized, especially by Jukes of Dublin and Adams of Cambridge. John Evans, however, could now face criticism unafraid, and his friends enjoyed seeing him debate.

Evans did not accomplish these researches by spending his leisure shut up in an ivory tower. He was in great demand as a counsellor. In 1862 he acted as arbiter in two dissolutions of partnership, between George Spottiswoode and Salisbury Baxendale, the printers, and between Hall and Virtue the engravers. His wife's diary has a constant refrain of "poor J. sent for": to try to revive a man who had hanged himself, to break bad news, to deal with accidents to men or machines in the mills, to put out a fire anywhere in the neighbourhood, to look at the Shendish drains when the butler developed typhoid and the Longmans departed in haste. Yet John Evans hardly ever worked after nine at night; he was never too busy to receive a visitor, listen to a grievance, or help a misfortune; he found time to play with his own and his neighbours' children—a whole generation remembered him as the best player of noughts and crosses they had ever known—and he managed to take part in all the ordinary amusements of a country gentleman, hunting excepted. Fanny records that he celebrated his forty-first birthday, November 17, 1864, by going to the Berkhamsted Ball, dancing all night and getting home at five in the morning; and two years later he enlivened a neolithic expedition to Aberdeen by going to an Assembly ball and dancing till two. Unfortunately he never found time for that leisurely self-revelation which had been one of his father's few indulgences. His letters are lucid statements of fact, but nothing more; except for the year between Harriet's death and his marriage to Fanny, he kept no diary. All his flights of fancy, his criticisms and appreciations, his jests and his tenderness, were cast on the running waters of speech. The

¹ *Proceedings of the Royal Society of London*, Vol. XV, 1866-7, p. 46.

generation that heard them has passed; and laughter, of all sounds, leaves the most fleeting echoes.

John Evans's chief business preoccupation in these years was the paper duty. All the time that he had been at the Mills an excise duty of $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ a pound had been levied on paper of every kind; now there seemed some faint hope of the imposition being removed. He had succeeded in founding a trade organization, The Paper Makers' Association, of which one of the aims was to free the industry from the burden of the excise; now, in 1860, the time had come to act. Gladstone proposed to remit the imposition of the duty but to impose in its stead a duty on rags imported into the country for paper making; and France, the country chiefly affected, threatened to retaliate by forbidding the export of rags. In February the committee of the Association, of which John Evans was Chairman, were considering what could be done; in March he "saw Gladstone by appointment, who is determined to have his own way and is positive some new material will be discovered. Home late, tired and disgusted." The curious woolly-mindedness of the Chancellor was, indeed, particularly repugnant to John Evans. Two days later Fanny records: "J. . . . went up to town by 11 o'clock train very much out of spirits and inclined to give up the whole fight, but at the House heard from Macguire (who came rushing out without his hat to tell them) that the Emperor promised to recommend the Chamber to allow the export of Rags. So J. returned in better spirits than he went, though very poorly."

There were protest meetings, endless calls on Members of Parliament who were invariably out, letters to *The Times*, and every kind of worry and activity. In May he went to Paris with Fred Barlow to see "sights and Cobden" about the Budget proposals. He characteristically contrived to see Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle and one of the largest rag-merchants in the course of the same day, and broke his journey on the way back to revisit the gravel pits at Amiens and Abbeville. Luckily one of the local antiquaries, M. Ferguson, was also a rag merchant, so that it was possible to combine business with pleasure.

On May 22 the Lords threw out the Bill for the Repeal of the Paper Duty. The campaign, however, continued. On June 29, "Between 40 and 50 papermakers (amongst them a foreigner who wanted to see Pam) collected for the deputation to Lord Palmerston who received them standing and would not sit down

for the half hour they stayed. J. had to open the speeches, which made him rather nervous. He said that the trade could stand this suspense no longer, and begged that the Government would make up its mind what to do, and do it. Pam promised some sort of answer." No answer, however, was received, and a month later, John Evans "Went with Wrigley to Ld. Palmerston without an appointment. He kept them waiting a long time, but when he did appear, was very civil, and entered into the question and seemed to understand their argument. Then J. with Macdonnell to Gladstone, who was very savage, and said they had no right to take up Government time in that way, but that anything they had to say must be sent to him in writing. So J. went back to the Old Bailey and wrote rather fiercely that he thought the paper-makers' affairs might have been worth a few minutes' discussion."

On July 27th, "J. up again at 9 to collect forces for the deputation to Gladstone which was appointed for this afternoon. They were graciously received and the matter was discussed for an hour and a quarter, but G. was as obstinate as a mule. However it is some use to discover his tactics and line of argument. J. came home late and tired. Amused himself with coins at night." On August the 7th they knew that they were beaten; but the next year the paper duty was repealed.

The enormous growth of correspondence brought about by the spread of literacy, the penny post, the substitution of note-paper and envelopes for the sealed sheet, and the beginnings of advertisement, were bringing new demands on the paper trade. The years between 1864 and 1868 were full of experiments in new kinds of paper. The beginnings of social legislation brought new problems in their train; in 1864, "Mr. Lord came down on the Children's Employment Commission to see about those in the Mills"; in 1866 John Evans went to London "agitating about the threatened inclusion of Paper Mills in the Factory Act"; and two years later, "two Factory Inspectors came to see the Mills but did not stay long." The visit of the first Trades Union organizer gave him more trouble; for the resentful paper-makers ducked the man in the canal and John Evans had to rescue him.

For Fanny the daily round was full but uneventful. John was much in and out of the Hertfordshire mills, and usually went up to London for the day three or four times a week. She



FRANCES PHELPS, WIFE OF JOHN EVANS
By Jane Mary Hayward, c. 1859



NASH MILLS
From a drawing by F. G. Kitton, 1892

herself went much more rarely, and often for a concert which would not have interested her husband; from the beginning she accompanied him on his travels abroad, except for the strictly geological expeditions with Prestwich and Lubbock. Most of the year she was at Nash Mills: in the winter she must sometimes have regretted the Madeira she was never to see again. She was most punctilious in paying calls and giving dinners to her neighbours, and received and paid an endless number of more friendly visits within her own family circle. The "cousinage" and the "sisterhood"—Phelps, Oakleys, Baymans, Dickinsons, Hubbards—comprised families enough to keep any woman busy. They had much in common, especially music: John declared that the Phelps' idea of pleasure was a duet. There were the Grover aunts at St. Albans and Hempstead, always ready for backgammon or cards, and the Dickinson aunt at Abbot's Hill, who was apt to feel neglected if she were not visited three times a week. They generally had week-end guests at Nash Mills, and a dinner party of sixteen or eighteen about every three weeks. Meal-times were in a state of flux; they might on an ordinary day dine in the middle of the day, often at 2, and sometimes as late as 3, but if they were giving a dinner party it was at night, sometimes as early as 6 or 6.30. Tea, out of the silver service that his parishioners had presented to Arthur Evans, followed soon after 9. Fanny might have six servants at Nash House, but she always spent the morning before a dinner party in preparing the flowers and fruit. She was an excellent hostess, in the pleasant easy fashion of Madeira, but had her own views on her hosts and guests, which she confided to her diary. It has entries such as "We dined at the Hodgson's, much amused at Mrs. Jones's affectation and Mr. Gurney's conceit. Rather pleasant evening." "Called at Shendish. Spottiswoodes very stiff". "Had to dine with the W. Longmans. A tremendous stormy night and a very dull dinner—grand and in bad taste." "Mr. Leicester Warren and Mr. de Salis . . . set to work on coins and except for the time we were at dinner, which was very good, when they were very pleasant, they talked of nothing else until they went to bed at 11.30." "Don't like the Bergnes much, they speak too low and are dissenters." Her description of a family wedding remains a classic: "everything very nice except the bridegroom."

Her own real gift of music was wasted on her husband, though

the children loved to hear her play. She upheld the remorseless tyranny of Sunday morning church, and never deigned to notice the marked tendency of her visitors to have headaches that kept them indoors that morning. She was, however, the kindest and most sympathetic of nurses, with a certain penchant for finding people looking ill. Certainly the times offered her plenty of scope for nursing: ringworm and croup, and ulcerated sore throats that had to be burnt with caustic raged in the nursery; she herself suffered from chest colds and bronchitis; typhus, scarlet fever and ophthalmia occurred from time to time in the village; and a too generous diet encouraged constant bilious attacks in the young and gout and apoplexy in the old. She spent much time in "villaging"—in running a clothing club, a coal club, the mill library, the school Harriet had started and so on—and much with the children. Soon she changed her charming ringlets for more matronly braids; but when she celebrated her fortieth birthday by "coming out in a cap" John would not let her wear it.

In September 1860, after a holiday in which he had helped his father dig Roman pottery out of the cliff at Dunwich, Arthur went to a preparatory school called Callipers, near Chipperfield, kept by a Mr. Johns. Miss Stewart had been given her congé on grounds of health, and a new governess taught the other children at home. Fanny had no children herself, and it was with a point of envy that she records on October 24, 1860, that "Mrs. John Dickinson presented her admiring relations with a fine boy this morning." Alicia Dickinson was, indeed, no great favourite; when the little boy was older we read: "Called at Abbot's Hill where Alicia affronted me by teaching her child to call me 'Fanny'." On the whole, however, the circle of neighbours and family connexions lived in amity. Mrs. Charles Longman died on the last day of 1860, and as a matter of course her husband sent for John to help him; it was only later that he remembered how doubly sad such tasks must have been to a man who had lost his own wife on New Year's morning.

Flint implements continued to be John Evans's main interest, especially after the coin book was safely out. In January 1861 his paper on *Flint Implements of the Drift* appeared, to establish his reputation on a more lasting footing than any lecture could do. In April, while Fanny was having a particularly dreary time with a dying cook, "J. came in unexpectedly by the late train

in great spirits having found two beautiful flint implements at Reculvers, and Mr. Wyatt, one. They had two very pleasant days, and a great state of excitement". He was followed by Prestwich and Sir Charles Lyell for the Sunday. Sir Charles had dug a pit at Abbeville and found five implements below a river or sea bed, and had become an ardent evangelist of the new gospel of the antiquity of man. "The men wouldn't go to church but walked to the precipice"—an escarpment above Abbot's Hill. A week later John Evans made a discovery even nearer home. "To Abbot's Langley Church where we had a good sermon from Mr. Gee, and then brought home Mr. Ranken and Mr. Watson Sec. Soc. Ants. to luncheon. After spending some hours working over coins J. walked with them home by the Hyde and after passing that about two fields he was struck by seeing some bits of older rock than our chalk and Tertiary pebbles; picked some up and remarked upon them. Coming back again, looking more closely, found a well worked white flint implement with its point broken and came home dreadfully excited." In 1862 he was able to get to France for a week with Prestwich, to study fresh sites in the valley of the Somme and near Paris: the verdict, however, was "more fossils than flints."

Towards the end of the year John Evans made an important discovery. A paper on the Solenhofen slate at the British Museum with fossil remains of the archæopteryx had already been read by Professor Owen. Now Evans, by careful examination, discovered the brains of the creature which the professor had missed: and confirmed his conjecture by making "some casts of magpies' and jays' brains and found them very like the cast in the slate."

In February 1863 Fanny proudly records: "A copy of Sir Charles Lyell's new book arrived this morning for J. It is not published until next week so it is very pointedly civil. J.'s name is mentioned in it very honourably several times—and his archæopteryx brain mentioned as a tolerable certainty. (On the 15th ult. he discovered a jaw with teeth on the slab, more like a fish than a bird.) His brain was mentioned in an article in the *Geologist* of 1st Jan.—without his permission—his jaw is spoken of in the 1st Feb. *Geologist* without any mention of his name at all, which is almost worse."

Dr. Hugh Falconer, Secretary of the Royal Society, greeted Evans's correction of professorial omissions with unholy glee. "Hail, Prince of Audacious Palæontologists! Tell me all about

it. I hear that you have to-day discovered the *teeth* and jaws of the *Archæopteryx*. To-morrow I expect to hear of your having found the liver and lights! And who knows, but that in the long run, you may get hold of the *fossil song* of the same creature, impressed by harmonic vibration on the matrix. But keep your own counsel, and do not let yourself be blarneyed out of it. Have nothing to say to the *Geologist*."

The publication of the discovery was held up for a little until Professor Owen's own account of the *Archæopteryx* was actually in print. But in April 1864 Dr. Hugh Falconer, secretary of the Society, declared, "Now is the time to bring it out. I have conscientious scruples about being any longer the depository of so valuable an unpublished document". It only appeared in 1865.¹

In the late spring of 1863 John Evans travelled in France with Prestwich, Dr. Falconer and Captain Galton. They made a varied tour in the Loire valley, seeing all sorts of things from the castles of Chenonceaux and Brissac to old hyena dens at Vallières "with several Abbés", the fair at Doué, gravel pits at Angers, menhirs at Carnac and a celtic tumulus under the Abbey at Mont Saint Michel. There Evans left his friends to join E. B. Tylor—a Quaker friend whom ill health had driven into travel, and his own enquiring mind from travel into a new science of anthropology—in an expedition to Locmariaquer. It was a perfect spring day. The tide was right, and they sailed in the inland gulf of Morbihan past innumerable islands to Gavrinis. It seemed an enchanted world, in which time was not. On the island they explored a great chambered barrow with carvings on the surface of its stones. They sailed back in the golden afternoon light to Locmariaquer, and found on the under surface of a great stone in one of its dolmens a representation of a stone celt mounted in its handle. "Never was there such a place." It was therefore in no unhopeful spirit that he heard of Boucher de Perthes' discovery of a human jaw together with flint axes. The news came when he rejoined Prestwich as the guest of the Marquis de Vibraye at Cheverny, and they decided to travel straight through the night to Amiens.

"Found M. Boucher de Perthes in a great state of excitement

¹ On portions of a cranium and a jaw in the Slab containing the Fossil Remains of the *Archæopteryx*, *Natural History Review*, 1865, p. 415. The paper was reprinted in 1881.

over a human jaw which has been found in a black seam at Moulin Quignon which has been marvellously prolific lately. . . . I doubt the whole affair and hurt poor old Boucher's feelings considerably."

It was an added difficulty that M. Boucher de Perthes, though elderly, was a rather dashing and showy person, and a copious novelist: not a man likely to inspire confidence in two City men like Prestwich and Evans. They had found him honest, but did not altogether trust his judgment. After seeing the Moulin Quignon find John Evans and Prestwich both thought that the axes, which were spurious, had been manufactured by the workmen who announced their discovery in order to earn the rewards offered by Boucher de Perthes, and that the jaw was accidentally in the same stratum. This opinion naturally came as a great shock to Boucher de Perthes, who expressed his views at length to all and sundry. Dr. Hugh Falconer wrote to Evans on April 27, 1863: "I am absolutely alarmed to peruse Boucher de Perthes' letters—first from their *acreage* and next from the desolation of feeling which they display." Two days later he continues: "I am terribly beset. Our dear friend Boucher is beside himself. I have had to pay a shilling *extra* postage this morning on a letter from Abbeville—all *written* documents. Further, on Monday week Quatrefages gave a communication to the Academy of Sciences, affirming the authenticity of the jaw, and chiefly upon the strength of my asserted convictions! Lyell—Boucher—Dr. Carpenter—the French Academy—and Mr. Alfred Tylor—all upon me at the same moment. What shall *perfidie Albion* do? Could you contrive to bury me in the Biddenham Pit? And what day would suit you to go to Bedford? I do feel as if a slight dose of burying alive would be rather a wholesome diversion." On May 5, "Nicholas Brady has made his appearance with a fresh consignment of 8 flint implements from Moulin Quignon: at once on examining them I pronounced 6 to be modern fabrications, two being veritable ones that might have come from anywhere. Prestwich examined them two hours afterwards and gave precisely the same verdict. . . ."

"I am sorry to tell you that Boucher is very unwell. The Bradys report very seriously of him. He has taken the matter sorely to heart. His notes to me are unreadable from their severity: they are peppered over with daggers, "*vous m'avez donné un coup funeste*", etc."

A second letter of the same date continues the tale. "Since writing you, Dr. Carpenter called with a *cartel* from M. Quatrefages. I am invited to go over and do battle, in the matter of the Moulin-Quignon jaw.

"Carpenter *pro* and I *con* start by the mail train of Friday next the 8th for Paris. . . . We meet Quatrefages, Lartet, Delesse and Desnoyers. You and Prestwich are invited also. One of you *must* come. . . ."

The enquiry was duly held, and resulted in little but a complete vindication of Boucher de Perthes from any imputation of fraud. Prestwich, however, began to be shaken in his opinion. On May 29 Falconer wrote once more: "I am more convinced than ever that there is some terrible mystification on in the Moulin Quignon case. . . . Prestwich yielded too readily. But I have a strong notion that a £10 note, well applied, might elicit some secret knowledge that might dispel the obscurity. I wish you and Lubbock and Austen would try. . . . Prestwich is too *good* to have such a hint even broached to him. I therefore apply to you."

Prestwich, indeed, was too good for controversy of the sort, especially when it hurt an old and broken man like Boucher de Perthes. He wrote a letter to the *Athenæum* which gave the views of those who believed in the jaw as well as of those who refused to accept it. John Evans wrote to him: "It gives one rather the impression of a palimpsest MS, in which beneath the modern writing one can discover the traces of an older and more valuable document."

They both returned to the site in May 1863, in company with John Lubbock, F. W. Flower and Godwin Austen. On May 31 Evans entered in his note-book: "Vasseur picking at the foot of the bank, in the presence of Lubbock, Flower, and J. E. dislodged from the face of the *couche noire* from under a few inches of *talus* a *hache* of oval form which was carefully picked up without touching its surface. On examination the surface, which was, black and showed a slightly metallic lustre, showed the marks of fingers with which it had been smeared with the colouring matter. Vasseur having *found* the implement soon after gave up the search." It was evident that the workmen had perpetrated a fraud, and the geologists returned to announce that "The Implements and Jaw in the black band at Moulin Quignon are recent manufactures."

John Evans was now established, Lartet declared, as "Inspector general of all forgeries on both sides of the Channel," and endless heavy packages used to arrive at Nash Mills and the Old Bailey containing flints from new sites to be submitted to his "loupe de Saint Thomas". His judgment was better than that of most geologists, because he was now himself a skilled maker of flint implements. He worked with a reindeer horn, and thought little of forgers who used a metal tool to make their flakes. "Flint Jack", the most famous English forger of the day, called at the Old Bailey to make the acquaintance of one of the few men who, as he said, "was likely to attain an equal degree of eminence with himself."

The next French expedition was at Easter 1864, to Périgord, and was very productive. John Evans wrote home to Fanny: "We went up to the Grotte of Badegoule, which turns out to be a poky little hole which had been excavated some time ago for saltpetre. But just below, on what must formerly have been a ledge in the side of the hill . . . we found an *immense* number of worked flints, spread over the soil where it had been lately broken up for vineyard purposes. Flakes, scrapers and a few more carefully worked flints were found in abundance, as well as cores, and some forms coming more nearly in shape to some of the drift things. Reindeer teeth and bones, and horse teeth, occurred pretty frequently and altogether we made a rich harvest. . . .

"March 29, 1864. . . . We left Montignac on Sunday morning early and came down in our boat to Moustier where we had a good hunt in a cave or rather ledge or groove under the cliff, and came away laden with spoil in the shape of flint articles of all kinds. . . . From Moustier we descended the river to La Madeleine where there is a curious old castle with a terrace running along one of the natural ledges, and below in a *grotte* is one of the richest and largest of Christy and Lartet's hoards. We extracted out of the breccia one or two beautiful flakes and scrapers and a few portions of worked reindeer horn, but the whole deposit is nothing else but worked flints and broken bones of reindeer, birds and fish. We are going to return there for serious digging to-morrow. Our next stopping place was Laugerie Haute where the same thing occurs again, a succession of bone deposits along the base of the cliff. In them some of the better worked flint tools occur. . . .

"On Monday we spent the morning at the Grotte des Eyzies

where we found a few bones with carving upon them, and as usual no end of flints. I am afraid you will be frightened when you come to unpack the harvest I have gathered. In the afternoon we visited the Laugerie Haute and Basse and the Gorge d'Enfer. At Laugerie Basse the Marquis de Vibraye has come poaching and taken a piece of ground under the cliff, and we have Franchet his factotum staying at the inn and usually dining with us. Just before we arrived he had dug out from the breccia, below a reindeer horn, the greater part of a human lower jaw. I believe, this time, it was *in situ*, but it seems as if there was some connection between my visits to France and jaw bones. . . .

"March 31. I may as well begin a letter to you as we are waiting here in the most savoury of hotels at four o'clock in the morning for the bus to take us to the station. . . . At breakfast yesterday we found our old friends the Abbés Bourgeois and Delaune who had come to visit the Marquis de Vibraye's diggings. They gave marvellous accounts of the flint things they have found in Touraine since we were there last spring. After breakfast we walked over the hill to La Madeleine where we had a few hours' digging and found several reindeer horn barbed darts, and as usual no end of flints, some of which I was constrained to keep. I also found a curious flat pebble which had evidently been used as a grinding stone, probably to sharpen flints on. . . . [Later] Our train left at 5 this morning and brought us to Montauban. . . . Then we came on to Bruniquel, which is placed in a lovely limestone valley watered by the Verrou. There the Vicomte de Lastic met us and walked with us to the celebrated cavern. . . . We had to cross the river in a little most upsettable boat and were at once at the cave which is not above 30 ft. above the river. They are not at work digging there at present, but a couple of women were sifting earth that had been dug, but finding little. I found a few of the hammer stones and introduced them to Lastic who had not before observed them. After looking well over the cave and seeing how the land lay we lunched in it *à la Troglodyte* and then returned to the station and came on by rail to St. Antonin. Here we looked through the queer old Italian looking town (almost every house of which has an open *grenier* for its top storey) and saw the old town hall which is a fine piece of early Gothic civil architecture. We drove here in the most unvarnished old carriage (with two semi carthorses) that ever Vicomte possessed. He is a very queer little man,

thoroughly French, with an English wife. . . . I rather like her and the son, but am not attracted to the *père* or the daughters. . . . The collection which he now has is one found *since* he sold that to the Brit. Mus. and he is now trying to sell this to the French Government, reserving enough in the cave to make another collection or two. Rather a wideawake bird. He has a few very fine things in bone and reindeer horn but in point of flints Christy beats him all to fits. Even mine which I have picked up here are I think better. The most curious things are a lot of human remains, which however are so imperfect that nothing certain can be determined from them as to the shape of the skull. There are also a lot of sea-shells of thirteen different sorts, which have been used as ornaments. . . .”

“ There was once a Vicomte de Lastic
Whose purse was not very elastic,
But he found some old bones
And some curious stones,
Which made cash as plentiful as tick.”

John Evans was still agitating over the duty on rags imported from France, and as usual could get no satisfaction from Gladstone. In January 1864 he went to Paris to see M. Fomberteaux about a petition to the Senate on rags and linen waste, and combined it with calls on the Lartets, buying Roman gold at Rollin's, and lunching at Saulcy's. He went on with the younger Lartet to Poitou for a strenuous exploration of local pits and local collections. One man is briefly described as “an awful forger and even manages to imitate the patina on flints both chemically and mechanically.” From Chatellerault they made their way to Pressigny to see Dr. Léveillé and his collection.

Thence John Evans wrote home: “We drove about two miles to a farm called La Claisière: that is to say, we had to walk part of the way, for the road was bad and eventually the empty omnibus stuck in the mud. . . . The ground soon became pretty fertile in worked flints, but as we got higher up the hill the difficulty was to find any flints that had *not* been worked. I never saw such a sight, for not only were there an endless number of chips of all sizes, some as much as six inches by four inches, but in places a considerable number of broken flakes of large size, and above all a host of the curiously worked nuclei from which flakes as much as twelve inches long had been struck

off, to which the country people have given the name of *livres de beurre*. At the farm and some cottages they had some hundreds of them, and all about the fields they are still in abundance. I actually had to throw away many as good as some for which I had been asked ten francs apiece in Paris. Christy and I selected a number but I am afraid that those delivered to us at the inn were not in all cases the same as those we chose. However we managed to get about 120 packed up which I hope are by this time on their way to England. We shall have enough to furnish friends and Museums as well as ourselves. . . . Dr. Leveillé would have nothing less than our whole party to dine with him and gave us a sumptuous repast which wound up with a cold eel."

In April 1866, John Evans went with Lubbock, Lartet, Mortet and Franks yet farther afield. They began with the new Musée Impérial at Saint Germain, which now enshrined most of Boucher de Perthes' best things. They went on to Munich, whence they started on a driving tour in the mountains by Salzburg and Ischl to Hallstadt to explore an early Iron Age graveyard. Thence John Evans wrote to Fanny on April 19:

"I never in my life saw such a lovely place as this; there is something quite wonderful about it. Such a lovely lake and such mountains round it, the tops all covered with snow, and the beeches and larches at their foot coming out in the most delicate greens among the dark pines and the bits of meadow quite emerald. There is no carriage road here; so we . . . took to a boat which brought us here. . . . The cemetery lies . . . on the slope of a deep valley, but about 1000 feet above the Hallstadt lake and more than 4000 feet above the sea. The ground is very uneven and there is little external guide to the position of the tombs. . . . We saw the Bergmeister who had a very nice small collection of antiquities, which curiously enough we brought away with us and have divided between us, together with some more things I found in a cottage down here, so that we each have a rather characteristic collection, though none of the iron celts.

"We arranged with the Bergmeister to set some men at work digging and are going up there early to-morrow morning to see the result. It may be that we shall stop there all day. . . . I don't know when I have enjoyed a day more; I wish you could have been there too. . . . April 20: Here we are still and are going to pass the night. We found our diggings too pleasant for us to be able to tear ourselves away from them. Lubbock

and I breakfasted soon after 6 and about half past 7 were up at the cemetery near the Rudolfs Thurm and found that the men had already discovered a bronze bracelet and a broken fibula. I subsequently found in one of our trenches and dug out with my own hands one of the iron socket celts with a part of the handle remaining in it and having on one part the impression of a fine twilled cloth against which it had lain. We also found no end of pottery, some iron knives, two spearheads and two bronze rings close by them, a bone pin and some small bronze studs. Lubbock found a perfect bronze bracelet and part of another and a very good double spiral brooch. None of the graves seemed at all well defined and there were the remains of a lot of bones (burnt) in the middle of the skeleton of the party to whom the bronze celt apparently belonged. This skeleton was itself very imperfect, the skull all to pieces and very few bones in place. . . . I hope to be able to arrange in Vienna for our friend the Bergmeister Stapf to carry on some further excavations for us."

John Evans returned by way of Cotta; the twenty-seven years that had passed had altered nothing. Pastor Wilisch was still friendly and provincial as ever, and yet he himself felt a different man, and the pastor found it difficult to believe that he was "der Hans".

The autumn circuit round Dickinsons' branches that year—1866—included a visit to Durham, where he met for the first time Canon Greenwell, with whom he had corresponded since 1862. "I like Mr. G. very much," he writes. "He belongs to the bearded clerical order and is eminently unclerical in his manners and manner of thinking and a very sensible man." Greenwell was now busy excavating North Country barrows, and wrote regularly to Evans to report his progress and his troubles. "That scoundrel Mortimer," he writes in January 1867, "has been spreading calumnious reports, to the effect that I am destroying all the wold barrows and missing half the interments, in fact doing the work in a thoroughly bad way. This is with a view of stopping my getting leave. His conduct . . . has been that of a rascal, and I only wish I could get authority to walk in to him. I may possibly have to get you to give me a testimonial as to my mode of barrow opening." Next: "I have had a sad loss, some evil disposed person has stolen my best scraper

which was something like this [sketch] of the most beautiful red coloured flint. I ought to have seen Lubbock's collection before I had seen yours. You have infinitely more and finer. . . ." Then what he triumphantly reported to be the reindeer-horn handle of a flint axe—"What think you of that, Master Evans?"—turned out to be an ordinary reindeer-horn hammer; and then a lady who had tried to secure a stone mould for palstaves for him had shown too much eagerness, so that the owner refused to sell. However, his "fair friend, who is a thorough piece of feminine perfection"—Greenwell was a confirmed bachelor—had one more stratagem. The owner of the mould had just married the daughter of a York butcher, whose wife was the manager. The lady was to ask her to go out to spend the day at her home, "dine, see their magnificent gardens . . . be treated as a princess, and sent home loaded with flowers of which she is very fond, and to have their custom, which as there are 8 in the family and about 16 servants, is no trifle. I pray now that the mother-in-law may have much power and be able to manage her son."

John Evans was finding a new hunting-ground in Ireland, where collectors were still comparatively few. Greenwell, who visited it in 1867, reported: "I was disappointed in the Academy, the place is disorderly, and a *very large number* of the things not arranged, in fact it is like everything else. . . . A great deal might be done by systematic investigation, but they pay far more attention to the so-called historical rubbish, the Four Masters *et hoc genus omne*, than to facts, and like some blessed Christians they try to accommodate a true revelation to a dubious if not a false one. And when you get to talk to any of them about the country, its past or present state, they at once become mad."

John Evans's regular visits to Dickinsons' branch at Belfast made possible no less regular visits to prehistoric sites. In the spring of 1859 Evans had gone to Antrim, to see the Round Tower. The path to the tower had been lately gravelled, and among the gravel he had found a small rudely chipped implement. Finding that the gravel had come from the shores of Lough Neagh, he hurriedly visited them, but without success. In 1861, however, he made a stay at Lurgan, examined the shores carefully, and found some implements. Subsequent visits in 1864 and 1865 greatly increased his hoard. He read a paper to the Antiquaries on his finds in January 1867; for the first time

the fifteen-year-old Arthur was considered old enough to come to hear it.

Even when away from Ireland John Evans contrived to keep in touch with discoveries there through his faithful correspondent Robert Day of Cork: a silversmith who was an ardent collector of most things. The great excitement in 1865 was the discovery of innumerable flints on Toome Bar, where they could only be got at the right moment of tide and weather. "I did not get regularly to work there," Mr. Day writes in June, "'till 4 o'clock on Monday morning when there was a cloudless sky and not a breath of wind to ripple the surface of the water through which I could see the flints. . . . I brought away *forty* stone celts and over 300 worked Flints. . . ." Two years later his letter hints at splendid finds. "I met Mr. Hackett, who had those two collars, for a moment on the steam boat pier this evening. He told me the Woman who found them called into Him to-day and said she found with them a 'number of gold Ornaments', that these two were in fact Nothing to those in her keeping, and He promised on getting them to communicate with me *first*. Now this Story looks fabulous and I am rather dubious on the subject. But if true I will at once write to you." No more is heard of that particular gold, but in 1868 Mr. Day writes: "I got home yesterday. . . . While away a man from Cloyne brought into our place of business a gold Fibula with cup shaped ends. It was dug up by a Countryman who broke it in halves and worked a thread on one end and arranged it in such a way that he could insert it in his Cabin as a hook to hang his hat on! A neighbour gave him two ounces of tobacco for it and brought it to me to find its value. . . . The man was permitted to go away without getting his name, address, or any other Clue which would enable me to follow it up. . . . Our stupid Country People always mistake bronze when found for gold and when they do happen on the purer metal think it to be brass, in both cases the object is safe to be either mutilated or destroyed altogether. . . ."

Mr. Day's rival in Cork in the matter of collecting was a certain Dr. Neligan, who was always selling his collection and then making a new one.

"The enclosed tracing is from a sketch of what I think is a unique spearhead. Dr. Neligan who has the happy faculty of *winding* anything in the antique way afar off, paid a chance visit to Lough Barton and stumbled on this which was knocked

down to him at 7/-!!! He told me he expected 'a long price for it', and would not be in a hurry to sell. Indeed he appears to be getting a number of Irish things together again which will doubtless find their way to Wellington Street, Strand, before long. . . . The old butler at Lough Barton assured him it was found in the Rushes close to an artificial island in the Lough and brought up to the 'Ould Baron' who gave a couple of shillings to the finder, and that it remained ever since in the hall and was never meddled with except to get an occasional rub of 'ile'."

"It is really surprising," another letter continues, "the number of flint arrow heads and stone celts that are found North of the Boyne. I stumbled on a rag and bone dealer in Ballymena from whom I got an early copper celt, 35 stone celts and 30 arrow points. And I obtained almost as many from Arthurs and Canon Greenwell tells me that He got 60 arrow heads last month from the same Source. I have to take them from Arthurs in order to get other things so that now I suppose I have more than 1000 of each. Some day or other they will be useful in making an exchange."

William Arthurs of Ballymena was the great provider of them all. Mr. Day wrote in answer to a query about him: "Indeed it would not be worth His while to attempt Forgeries as I have frequently got over one Hundred objects in Stone and Flint from Him at 6d. each all round and His supply has been and generally is in excess of the demand." From 1867 onwards Arthurs became one of John Evans's most assiduous correspondents, with a style all his own.

"I have not many things at present only I have a few Choice Arrow heads 3 of them very large sise and one very Good flint Celt for those four large flint weapons I would Charge you only 12/6 the others in the same row 1/- each and the small ones 6d. that Curios stone with hole perced through I put in for 2/6 the Bronse Celt is small Groved at each side for handle it is very Good and perfect rather a pecqueler shape 5/-. . . . I consider all these Cheap as the are first Class. I intend if well if the weather lets me travel as we have a tremendus fall of snow some places it is as high as the hedges drifted up the Train is stoped Saturday knight was the most severe I ever seen or ever heard of. I hear of three men was perished in the snow going home from Ballymena market and I am shure the are a Great many that we have not heard of yet so if I Can I will go and get some more

things before I send you those. I expect some Good things if I Can get to the place. . . . This is any thing I mind at present Sir I wish you a happy new year with long life and Good health and may God bless you." Six weeks later another parcel is despatched "in the halph past 7 train" with the assurance "You may depend Sir on all being genuen and realy entiquey all Got in varis plases en Country districts breaking up new Ground. . . ."

By May the Age of Gold has set in. "I write you to let you know that the have ben a Drewads Colar of Gold dug up in the Parish of Glenrevel some eight miles from Ballymena and it appears to be hammered out. I send you a pece of paper similar in shape it Comes in to points and woud sit in prety well on a mans neck only it is far too wide for my neck it is fully 19 inches. . . . I think it might be fuly what he says he said he woud take between seven and eight pounds for it I rember Sir of you speaking to me in Belfast of Gold ornaments and the moment I heard of this I sat down and wrote you so if you think of having it Sir you will require to write at once before any one hears of it to pick it up and also as I told you before you will require to forward me the Cash as I have not it by me." John Evans unluckily was away from home, and though he sent £7 the moment the letter reached him, Mr. Day had already bought the collar. Arthurs made little of "the talk of forgers. I do not believe ony one in my district of County Can do such a thing. The things I get is principly from hard working farmers of my own Colecting. The neither can do such things nor have the time I have seen flint arrowheads that Came out of Bogs from a great depth you woud a said if you had not new that the were forgers the were so fresh looking and others very old looking this I do not underston some of them must have ben made at a very remote period if some of my Customares that I send passels to and Colecting for woud make me a present of a Book of entquetys to let me see drawings of things that has ben found from time to time I would Count it a great favour and it woud be very usefull to me please Sir write soon."

The hint does not seem to have been taken; possibly Evans liked Arthurs best with no more learning than he already possessed.

Competition was as strong between Greenwell and Evans as between Evans and Day, and Arthurs was well aware of it. "When you wrote me some time ago you seen [Canon Green-

well's] Colection ane that you shoud a had a part I then set to work for you with might and main to raise some thing for you tracked on foot from 20 to 30 miles a day through mountains and Glens, often Got out of Bed at 3 o'clock in the morning Got Breakfast and went out at 4 tracked all day to 6 at Knight not taking food or drink all the time so by this you can Judge how I earn my living. . . . I have stood a Good deal of fitugae and Cold lately. . . . I am for starting tomorrow to my work again I hope to get some Good things as I am Going to take a new district of Country almost Mountainy Cushendall and Newetown Crumlon that is about the best place for things in Ireland. . . ." The weather proved too bad that Christmas for the "new ground" so there was a dearth of "strange specements" but ere long Arthurs wrote in triumph from Newtown "I have got a splended Bronse swoard in fine order only the little pece of the Handle end a very small Corner it is about the largest I have ever seen. . . . I have some other little afairs it is very good. . . . Please sir write and let me know if I may send them as no other will hear of them til I hear from you. Id know of several things I Can get one is eight small Bronse Bells to wear on the rist as amulets and one very Curis one he Calls a toe Bell he wants £3 for them the are verry Curis and rare I never seen any before and as my Cash was run out I coud not specelate. . . ."

It was from such sources, rather than from London dealers, that John Evans gradually acquired a considerable number of late neolithic and bronze age weapons to supplement the palæolithic collection, which was already remarkable. He had drawn, and had engraved, a large plate of the most typical forms of flint implements, and had distributed copies among labourers in gravel pits, roadmen, and others in France and England who were likely to come across implements in the course of their work. Whenever he could he visited these men, looked through the stones they had set aside for him, bought the good specimens, and in any case presented the man with a few packets of the best Redditch needles for his wife. Such "*aiguilles anglaises*" were particularly prized in France, and no tidy housewife grudged house-room to a few old stones until the next visit of the Englishman, quite mad, yet *distingué* and polite, since she would thus receive rent in kind for their housing.

Nor were these all; the collections were spreading in every direction. Anything which was found within a twelve-mile

radius tended to be brought to Nash Mills. A typical entry in Fanny's diary is for November 18, 1868: "J. went shooting to Shendish and while he was away a Berkhamsted farmer brought by Mr. Allen the Quaker's desire a Gold Torque and some bronze things, all found together, to shew J. They were beautiful things but they wouldn't wait, nor leave them nor say what they wanted for them so J. had to write and appoint a meeting with them. Turned out to be found at Falaise and he managed to buy it."

The time was past when a curiosity need have no history. In 1872 Charles Roach Smith—an old friend and an original member of the Numismatic Society—wrote: "You must have a large museum of antiquities; and will not be content, I know, as some are, to get things without their having title deeds and history. Coins can stand well by themselves, but how deplorable 'tis to see, as we do see, disintegrated works of art, severed from their birthplaces, to perplex the intelligent in the jumbled collection of some rich indiscriminating gatherer!"

Roach Smith was another man who, like Prestwich and Tylor and Evans, pursued learning as a background to trade. He was a chemist, and hated it; but at his works in Liverpool Street he had a private Museum of London antiquities which all the antiquaries visited. He was a less cultivated man than the others; a self-educated egotist with as strong a propensity for reciting Shakespeare in public as for collecting: but his simplicity of character and his true passion for the past made him and Evans lifelong friends.

He had lately visited St. Albans and had a great project: John Evans was to excavate Verulamium. "It is one of the inconsistencies of the age," he writes, "that Verulam should remain almost entirely unexplored and neglected. It was an awful exposition of the Age of Shams with archæological societies covering the land; and a Theatre discovered and covered in again! We walked the entire circuit of the walls, which in places must stand, I suppose, ten feet high; but covered with wood and earth. On the South side we were lucky in seeing a section of the wall owing to a drain made from the high road. This drain had touched upon two walls of a building which had its hypocaust and tessellated floorings; and painted walls." Lord Verulam, however, was only willing to have the site excavated if all the objects found remained his personal property,

and so the excavation of Verulam was postponed for another sixty years.

Evans travelled always with a little pocket book full of the tradecards of jewellers and watchmakers in the provinces,¹ who might have coins or jewels for him. William Allen, a Quaker of Hitchin origin, was a great ally in sending him coins, especially finds from Braughing and Croydon; Robert Sadd, of Cambridge, sent him an endless series of flints, bronzes and coins, with occasional oddments such as "a nice young mammoth tooth to fill up." Sometimes he would buy a whole collection, like that of Mr. Warren of Ixworth which he was finally able to purchase in 1866; sometimes he would partly buy and partly exchange. In March 1868, for instance, Fanny writes: "J. at Reculver, found nothing, slept at Canterbury, got the Dubnovellaunus of which he had heard from Mr. Pollexfen from a shoemaker, together with a lovely gold Bracteate, in exchange for £10 and some coins. . . ."

He made Dickinsons' Manchester Branch a base for exploring sights and shops in Northern England, and Edinburgh and Glasgow for Scotland; and explored south western, southern and eastern England from holiday bases at Weymouth, Seaford and Aldborough. The last was visited and revisited; Anne Evans and her daughter used to join the party, and all used to hunt for cornelians and odd pebbles on the beach.

The boys were getting old enough to share in the family interests. Arthur was now in Mr. Rendall's house at Harrow, and Lewis and Norman were at Callipers. None of them was doing particularly well; Mr. Johns wrote at intervals to complain of the boys' unruliness, and finally expelled Lewis who went to another school at Sidmouth. Though Arthur brought back a prize from Harrow, his house master strongly complained of his "dirt and untidiness". When the Rendalls came to lunch, Fanny wrote: "I like her extremely but not him so much and I am afraid he doesn't like Arthur. He doesn't think him so *very* clever." Yet it was impossible to believe that the root of the matter was not in the boy when they saw him cataloguing his little collection of miscellaneous antiquities, or squinting at a coin "like a jackdaw down a marrow bone".

¹ Hutchinson, Keswick; Gatward, Saffron Walden; Burditt, and Burlingham, Peterborough; Haskell, Salisbury; Andrews, Diss; Davy, Yarmouth; Gerard, Norwich; Bracher, and Sellar, Reading; Whitmore, Northampton; Lister, Newcastle on Tyne; Saunders, Dorchester; and several in Birmingham.

Lewis could not spell, but liked blowing himself up with chemicals; Norman would not work, but found a good arrow-head at Maiden Bower at the end of 1863. A year later Arthur was old enough to go alone with his father on an expedition to Reculvers, and in January 1866 they had a glorious ten days together in Northern France. They began at Bethune and Vaudricourt. "It was raining all the time," Evans wrote to Fanny, "and I hardly ever saw anything equal to the mud. . . . After a time we came across a native—the pits being mostly full of water were not being much worked—and he directed us to a house where we got two good haches as like Saint Acheul and Reculver as they could stare. . . . We went to call on the Comte de Beulincourt who, we were informed, had been collecting haches. . . . On going up to the Château we saw a party in a green velveteen coat with large buttons bearing sporting devices, whom I at first imagined was a species of gamekeeper. I saw however in time that this was the count and introduced myself. . . . After getting our boots scraped a little in the kitchen we went into the Salon to see his collection which consisted of some 14 or 15 of the Drift implements, a few very good, and one which made our mouths water.—I hardly ever saw such a symmetrical beauty—it is 26 centimetres, just 10 inches long! Quite perfect except a little damage to the point. The Comte most liberally and properly presented us with a specimen apiece. . . . I distributed some of my Plates at Vaudricourt and also bestowed some of my needles which seemed highly acceptable. Arthur has enjoyed the day very much and is now lying asleep in an armchair."

They saw the pits at St. Acheul, bought Merovingian glass and brooches from Potentier, interviewed rag merchants and M. Fomberteaux in Paris, went to Rollin's and bought Danish Bracteates, saw a performance at the Vaudeville, visited Monthehan and Pressigny, and returned by Abbeville. In spite of this magnificently grown-up holiday Arthur started for Harrow as usual in tears.

Changes were beginning in the older generation. Old John Dickinson first horrified his family by publishing a novel¹ which to modern eyes is remarkable only for its stilted dullness. In 1861, however, it was regarded as positively shocking. Charles

¹ *Maidenthorpe; or, Interesting Events about the year 1825*. By John Dickinson, Esq., F.R.S., two vols. Longman, Green, Longman & Roberts, 1861.

Longman called at Upper Brook Street to beg him to suppress it; Fanny Evans had the courage to tell him that it was "too free and hardly adapted to modern taste"; and the family would have gone on talking about it indefinitely had not a fire at Upper Brook Street—which did little harm—given them something else to talk about. These excitements were not good for the old man, who was now nearly 80. His health progressively failed. Early in January 1864 John Evans was sent for because Dr. Bence Jones had "given over the Uncle"; when he got to Upper Brook Street he found him not, as he had expected, *in articulo mortis*, but eating dressed lobster for his tea.

John Dickinson continued to have energy enough to be extremely angry with John Evans for buying land at Boggy Bottom, to insist on his signing a bond for his indebtedness for money that the Uncle had put into the Mills, and generally to keep the family on its best behaviour, until he died in London on January 11, 1869, just before his eighty-seventh birthday.

His death caused little regret but made every one extremely busy. Fanny was so much occupied in buying the servants' bonnets that she missed the train; John had to write an obituary for *The Times* under considerable difficulties. He dashed up to London with it to find that Fanny Barlow "had begged Fred to see that her father was not called a stationer in the notice, so he had to change it a little". Even so the finished product did not please the widow. Fanny Evans received "a very rude letter . . . saying that the Aunt was 'thoroughly disgusted' by the notice in the Times; the 'mere man of business' ought to have been merged in I don't know what. I was very indignant and answered her I hope not too sharply."

Old John Dickinson was well known to "have a weakness for other people's wills though perhaps not for their feelings." His own was of the kind that tries to regulate things for generations after the testator's death. Fanny Evans writes: "Everything is left to John [Dickinson] and his sons after him. . . . A codicil provides that of the £80,000 he leaves in the business £50,000 is to be paid to Trustees for John D. in the course of 10 years, and during the following ten years 5 of the Barlow children and our 5, are to have £4,000—in an order that he has arranged, one at a time—and they are all to have 4 per cent. upon their money until it is paid them. Lewis and Norman are the last on the list so they won't get theirs for 19 and 20 years. So Fred and J.

have to pay out about £100,000 and tho' no money is actually left to them they get off paying a certain amount of Interest and have a very gradually diminishing use of the money for twenty years."

John Dickinson, indeed, treated his nephew and son-in-law with no great generosity. It was perhaps in tacit acknowledgment of this that the entail stipulated that if his eldest son's family came to an end, the settled property should go to Arthur Evans. But John and Alicia Dickinson had three healthy young sons, and the provision seemed meaningless. It must have been rather ruefully that Fanny wrote: "J. and I drove on to St. Albans and drank tea with the Aunts and tried to disabuse them of the idea that the dear Uncle had left us £6,000 a year."

X
NASH MILLS

1870 - 1881

JOHN EVANS had now been studying flint implements for more than ten years. He had published the classic examples from St. Acheul which established their immense antiquity; he had followed this up with accounts of various corroborative finds; he had visited the other prehistoric sites in France, Denmark, Austria, Germany, Scotland and Ireland, that the researches of his friends and colleagues had revealed; and he had accumulated a collection that was not only large but also representative of the types found in Europe, and of the cognate implements still in use among savage tribes.

For years he had been working over his notes and his collections: feeling the edges with his curved sensitive fingers, balancing the weight carefully in his palm, noting how well they fitted the hand, or where they were meant to be bound into a shaft. He had sat in the square garden with a leathern pad tied to his thigh, and laboriously learned to make them for himself, that he might share in the craftsman's lore of palæolithic man, breaking the white nodule of flint into quarters with a rounded pebble and striking at the lesser block with his hammer of reindeer horn until a black sliver flaked off and he could scent the ancient sulphurous smell of newly broken flint.

Now he was busy creating a synthesis of his knowledge. Every evening that he could, when work was done, he sat in the library bright with the sunset behind the mills or golden in the quiet lamplight, and with his notebooks of travel and his trays of flints strove to recreate the history of crafts of the Stone Age in Britain. The book appeared in 1872.¹ Like his earlier work on *Ancient British Coins*, it begins with a chapter on the history of men's views on the subject, from Homer and Hesiod to Bishop Lyttelton and Dugdale; and then proceeds to an account of the various processes of manufacture, with a chronological classification of flints according to the technique employed as a

¹ *The Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons and Ornaments of Great Britain*. By John Evans, F.R.S., F.S.A., Honorary Secretary of the Geological and Numismatic Societies of London. London: Longmans, Green, Reader and Dyer, 1872.

corollary. The general description of flints that follows is thus both topological and chronological, and concludes with a description of the main types still in use in savage lands. Evans's first-hand knowledge of the things he was talking about made his categories understandable even by a layman; a schoolboy could remember that Palæolithic weapons had their bigger end fitted to the striker's hand, whilst the Neolithic had their bigger end fitted to the stricken man's head. The book continues with an account of other prehistoric tools—bracers and needles of bone, hammers of stagshorn, spindlewhorls and slickstones—and of the cups and beakers, buttons and necklaces, of neolithic man.

The first part of the book establishes the sequence of flint implements; the second establishes the place of this sequence in time. Naturally its chief theme was the then-thorny subject of the date of palæoliths, and of the men who made them. "The investigators into the early history of mankind," he writes, "are like explorers in search of the source of one of those mighty rivers which traverse whole continents: we have departed from the homes of modern civilization in ascending the stream, and arrived at a spot where traces of human existence are but few, and animal life has assumed strange and unknown forms; but further progress is at the moment denied, and though we may plainly perceive that we are nearer the source of which we are in search, yet we know not at what distance it may still be from us. . . . Judging from all analogy, there can be but little doubt that the human race will eventually be proved to date back to an earlier period than the Pleistocene or Quaternary, though it will probably not be in Europe that the evidence on this point will be forthcoming."

The consideration of implements found in caves and in the drift—a consideration in which the English finds are brought into relation with the classic discoveries on the Continent—culminates in a discussion of their antiquity. The book ends with a vision of the past that still catches some of the amazement that followed the first discovery. "We must judge of the antiquity of [the River Drift] rather . . . by the vastness of the changes which have taken place, both in the external configuration of the country and its extent seaward, since the time of their formation, than by any actual admeasurement of years or of centuries. To realize the full meaning of these changes almost transcends the powers of the imagination. Who, for instance, standing on

the edge of the lofty cliff at Bournemouth, and gazing over the wide expanse of waters between the present shore and a line connecting the Needles on the one hand, and the Ballard Down Foreland on the other, can fully comprehend how immensely remote was the epoch when what is now that vast bay was high and dry land, and a long range of chalk downs, six hundred feet above the sea, bounded the horizon on the South? And yet this must have been the sight that met the eyes of those primeval men who frequented the banks of that ancient river, which buried their handiworks in gravels that now cap the cliffs, and of the course of which so strange but indubitable a memorial subsists in what has now become the Solent Sea."

When he had finished, he was proud of his work. He sent it¹ not only to the obvious friends and relations—Prestwich and Lubbock and Emma and Bassy—but also to the few old people who remained as links with the past. Henry Atwood at Ashelworth came in for a copy: perhaps he would circulate it in the Cathedral world of Gloucester, if there were any left there that remembered the writer's father; the Copes at Osbastone, and old Aspasia Evans at Burnham represented the Market Bosworth world; and Eugenia Hawkins—a very old lady now, living in rooms at Malvern—received a copy that she was too blind to read: but she was the daughter of Dr. Anthony Hawkins and so a link with his grandfather and even with the unknown world of Caerleon.

Nearer home the links with the past were growing fewer. Pussy's health, never strong, had broken down altogether in 1867. For months she had led an invalid's life, and now the end was in sight. In February 1870 she died as she had lived, quietly, slowly and gracefully.

Dr. Hubbard had long talked (much to Emma's regret) of leaving Bosworth and setting up in practice as a surgeon in London. It was now decided that they and their family should come to occupy 16 Kensington Square, and that old Mrs. Evans should live with them there. She was very punctilious that it should be their house, not hers, and sent the heirlooms to John at Nash Mills. The Ferdinand Bol hung now over his sideboard; Anne Norman's punch-bowl, painted with Chinese versions of English hunting scenes, crowned the Madeira cabinet;

¹ It sold nearly five hundred copies up to December 1872, and was translated into French in 1874. A second English edition was published in 1897.

the old cardtable stood in his hall; and he entertained his friends round the enormous dining table his father had bought in Windsor forty years before to hold all the pupils whom he had expected at Britwell Court.

Already, however, John Waddington Hubbard's health was beginning to fail. Soon he had to be sent to the hospitable cousins in Madeira, to seek health in that kindly climate; and soon he lay beside his brother-in-law, George Evans, in the cemetery of Funchal. Anne Evans, with Emma and her four remaining children and her mother, moved to a smaller house, a neat classical stuccoed box of a place, newly built in Ladbroke Terrace, Notting Hill. There the indomitable old lady—though lame now, from a hip broken in 1868, in getting out of an underground train—contrived that the house should still be a home to which all her children and grandchildren came joyfully and of right whenever they were in London.

Among the Dickinsons, too, death was busy. John and Alicia's youngest son died in 1872, when he was five; Alicia died in 1875, and John Dickinson himself, that charming and curiously futile dilettante, a year later. Their two sons, now sixteen and fourteen, were left to be a continual anxiety to Tom Cope, their guardian, and indeed to all the family, for they grew up with their father's charm and futility, but without his fine taste in amusement. Old Aunt Fanny, the only one of the Dickinson sisters who had not married, died in January 1870; Sebastian Dickinson, who had been Member for Gloucestershire, and had played a considerable part in the life of the County, died at Brown's Hill in 1878.

Sebastian Evans continued impecunious, versatile and happy. His pretty wife had borne him two sons, but the weight of family responsibility sat lightly on his shoulders. He grew tired of designing stained-glass saints, became Secretary to a Metal Works, and published an elegant thin volume of verse entitled *Brother Fabian's Manuscript*. He tried, and failed, to be appointed to a librarianship; and then, in 1867, he suddenly became editor of a Conservative newspaper, the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*. In the following year he wrote: "My proprietors express their appreciation rather oddly. They want me to stand for Birmingham at the next election, and will put down £1000 towards my expenses. . . . What think you? I hold all the wires of all the organizations on our side, which, indeed, I made." In the

summer he spent £50 on taking his LL.D. at Cambridge, to make himself a more impressive candidate; and in August he was writing to his brother to ask for his help with a guarantee fund for the rest of his expenses. "I come out as the 'working-man's candidate'," he writes, "and the Rads don't like it a bit, inasmuch as their three are Bright and Dixon, wealthy merchant, and Muntz, wealthy manufacturer. There's no knowing how a constituency of 45,000 may go, but if I *do* run, I shan't be ignominiously beaten at the worst. I've got an accursed libel case on at Gloucester to-morrow, I believe—the libel being that a report, admittedly a fair report, of proceedings in Bankruptcy was headed 'Extraordinary conduct of a Hereford solicitor'—drat him, an infernal swindler."

The "working-man's candidate" was not elected, and Sebastian continued a journalist. In 1873 he was called to the Bar and joined the Oxford circuit. He spent the first guineas he received as a fee on a handsome umbrella for John. His first brief was followed by few if any others; but he busied himself in helping to form the National Union of Conservative Associations.

Then, in 1878, a new journalistic future opened before him. He joined with Lord Percy and John Evans's friend W. H. Smith in founding *The People*, moved to a house at Dulwich, and for three years edited it. Then its financial proprietors grew bored with it, and wished to sell it or amalgamate, and Bassy wrote in lower spirits than usual, having written sixteen columns in a week, and "don't seem to care about doing anything." Then, in October 1883, he writes, "I am leaving *The People* at the end of the month. Lord Percy has at last found capitalists to the extent of £15,000 willing to take it up, so he is handing it over to them—whoever they may be, I don't know—and they have a cut and dried Editor of their own. Under the circs. I am very glad, for neither the pay nor the position is worth half the bother and work. So I don't think of looking out for anything till I am in the new house; then I have very vague notions of what to go for."

His wife was now better off, and he took to pure literature, to his own great satisfaction; wrote plays, which were usually on the point of being produced by Mr. Hare, but never quite appeared; and gradually became more and more absorbed in the fruitful field of mediæval literature.

In spite of changes life at Nash House went on as steadily as

the old beam-engine in the Mills. Fanny's drawing-room, with its long narrow windows looking down the lawn, past the laburnum and the cedar to the waterfall, was the only living-room in the house not invaded by stone or bronze. It was a typically Victorian room, with warm red curtains to keep out the cold and frilled muslin ones to keep out the sun. The Madeira cabinet and a fine William and Mary walnut one stood on either side of the pretty old mantelpiece; and the alcove in the long wall was filled by a plain walnut case that housed Fanny's Venetian glass above and the obsolete banknotes she collected below. The rosewood chairs old John Dickinson had bought for Harriet were supplemented by others with bright cross-stitch covers; and there was a sofa with a carved rosewood frame, meant for conversation rather than repose, to match Fanny's enormous rosewood grand piano. A glass-topped show table was full of charming oddments that John Evans had picked up—horn-books and pouncet boxes and seals, and Elizabethan thimbles and what not—and the mantel was crowned by a modern Dresden china clock with a shepherd and shepherdess, in a glass case, and was flanked by fire screens embroidered with beads.

The rival centre of the house was John's library, where the shelves grew ever more congested with books in many tongues, and the drawers grew fuller of stone and bronze implements; the cabinets above of iridescent Roman glass, and the safes of gold and silver coins. Evans had long planned a book on English gold coins, when in the spring of 1879 Kenyon announced that he had almost completed a book on the subject. There was some talk of collaboration, but it fell through. Evans had to renounce the project, though it did not diminish his ardour in collecting.

Evans was becoming interested in early brooches and their distribution, as one of the surest indications of the territory covered by the various tribes of the Great Migrations. As a starting point for this series, he collected Roman fibulæ. His family took special delight in one drawer—called the Menagerie—which held every Roman and Gallo-Roman fibula he could find that represented an animal. The collection spread to include Saxon and Jutish ornaments, especially from Kentish graves. The acquisition of the collection of old Mr. Warren of Ixworth had given him the nucleus of a series in mediæval metal work; and John Evans once he possessed one type in a series of objects

felt it a moral duty to complete the series as occasion offered. So finger-rings of all kinds—mediæval circlets of massy gold set with pale sapphires, Renaissance rings bright with enamel and table cut diamonds, seventeenth-century ones with skulls and cherubs and all sorts of devices; wedding rings engraved with posies, memorial rings with names and dates and mottoes of mortality; signets and serjeant's rings—were added to the collection; and with them mediæval brooches of gold and bronze, seals of all sorts and kinds, Royalist badges, and a hundred other precious trifles.

Collecting was, however, rather less personal a business than it had been. Joseph Warren had died in 1875, leaving his notebooks to John Evans, and William Allen was already dead. William Arthurs of Ballymena was growing older and frailer; his "parsels" were becoming less frequent and less satisfactory, though he generally wrote with news of "something very Curios" in the offing. Prices, too, were going up, and Canon Greenwell was very indignant about it, and Arthurs apologetic. "If you knew the toil and hard work I had in Getting them," he writes, "you would not ask to Cut me down in price. I walked on foot over a hilly country seventy miles in three days. I send you a fine Carved stone varis marks cut on it I put it in for five shillings the other stones I put in for 1/- each. One of them is very Curios Polished was got in a Bog very deep." The next letter is full of excitement. "Sir strange to say I for the first time in my life have got a stone mold but only the one stone. I suppose the shoud be tow the other may be Got the next time the feild be laboured . . . please sir do not write or tell any one about the mold." The second half was never found, and Arthurs' strength began to flag. "I have put you in a stone amulet with one hole each end . . . a Curis bronse affair and I never had more trouble in my life gathren up this parsel as I have not ben strong this some time past and the long hard walks sets very sore on me." He recovered, however, and sent a "Gold affair and you may depend I had to pay high if you please sir you will send me the three pounds I want to purchase my winter firing." He was proud that he had "lifted more entequetes than any one man in the three Kingdoms," but the end of his collecting was drawing near. His letters grow more plaintive: "I will leave the profit to you please sir send me as much as you Can as I was scolded by my wife for spending the Cash as I have been Ill for

some time." Greenwell, Franks and Evans helped him with timely gifts and kept him from the workhouse; then he wrote that the doctor said he had "four doars of my hart and tow of them is closed", and shortly after died. One of his last letters to John Evans contains a fitting epitaph. "I travled hard and sore to raise any thing old and many a week for nothing, still there will be things of my Colecting in England and Ireland in your Colection and others will keep me in remberance when I am in the dust."

No one quite succeeded him as a general provider of antiquities. James Morris of Faversham, after 1871, began to produce a certain number of ornaments from Kentish graves, though even at the beginning he complained that "the Brick-makers have got extravagant notions of the value of antiquities since Mr. Gibbs left his collection to the South Kensington Museum": still, he produced some weapons and beads, a ring and a glass, and some pottery from King's field for a total of £7 13s. od., including expenses.

Brandon in Suffolk had long been a happy hunting ground for Evans, and now one Simeon Fenton of Mildenhall turned up, who, like Joseph Warren, was half collector and half dealer. "The Fact is", he writes in 1873, "there's so little to do here that I find it queer work to Fight the Battle of Life. If I could get into some occupation where my slight knowledge and experience in antiquities could be available I think Perhaps it would be advantageous to my Rising Family that I should sell off the Lot." Then in 1875 he found an interment, "and Direct on the Face was a fine bronze Fibulæ . . . and with it was a bronze circular ornament. . . . Both the metals were wrapt up in Cloth the Fibre of course very tender. . . . The teeth that remain are Quite as green as the Bronze they were so long together. . . . I think it likely there are other graves near it. I should like to take the Top Earth away to find them if Possible. Would you like to come and help to do so?"

Canon Greenwell remained Evans's chief competitor for stone and bronze, and Franks for gold: with both it was a very amicable rivalry. Greenwell was at once the most constant and the most vehement of Evans's correspondents. His diggings were (by his account) generally ill-starred in weather, finds, or the necessity of returning to Durham to take duty just at the critical moment. In 1870 he undertook some excavations at Brandon, and writes:

"Here I am with that accursed pit, which is doubtless the original bottomless one. . . ."

The next excitement was a letter to the *Durham Advertiser* by the Rev. John Dingle, who stated there was little evidence for the antiquity of the Stone Age in Evans's book: a letter written (as the writer admitted) before he had read the book in question. He proudly sent a copy of the letter to Nash Mills, and was astonished when it was not very warmly received. Evans wrote to Greenwell to ask if he knew the man, and got the reply, "Do I know the Rev. J. Dingle in the flesh? I do, for as dirty, shabby looking and penurious a beast as you might dread to meet in a lifetime. . . . I can only say, Damn the fellow's impudence."

Next he writes "I wish you and Dingle were put into a locked up room together and allowed there to finish each other. You have brought the brute on to my back with a vengeance, his last proposal is that I should help him to bring out his book and provide the funds by which he is to expose the follies of all geologists and give the key to the true solution of the earth's formation. I declined this modest proposal."

Next the Durham elections went wrong, and in March 1873 Greenwell again explodes. "Oh, damn the bronzes, excuse me, but if you had a petition presented against your return, when you are pure compared with the party presenting it, who have for years past been demoralizing the place, you would have contracted such a habit of swearing that it could scarcely be avoided even when writing to a President of the Geological Society. . . ."

Next, the Tories won a general election, and Greenwell wrote that "not even an English bronze sword with an ornamented bronze handle" would in the least cheer him. "I wish you joy of your party, though I never can believe that J.E. can ever truly belong to the party which would stand still."

Prestwich came to the house a little less often than he had used to do. For years Falconer and John Evans had conspired to make Joseph marry some not-impossible Josephine; at last at the end of 1869 he wrote in triumph to announce his engagement to "the most charming and gentle Josephine in the world"—Grace McCall, Dr. Falconer's widowed niece. The happy marriage served only to strengthen the family friendship; but he built a house at Darenth Hulme near Shoreham, and retired from business in 1872, and came down less often for a flying

visit. In 1874 the chair of Geology at Oxford fell vacant, and Lubbock and Evans succeeded in persuading Dr. Rolleston to advise the Vice-Chancellor to offer it to Prestwich. He accepted it, and so became at last a member of a University. There was as yet no Final School in the subject, so comparatively little teaching was required, but he took his work very seriously and it naturally absorbed much of his interests and energies.

Of all Evans's friends, Augustus Wollaston Franks was the most constant visitor through the 'seventies. He collected as widely as Evans, though in later fields; through his unconscious influences the collections at Nash Mills became yet more omnivorous. He was three years younger than Evans: a grey, dreamy person, with an unexpected dry humour and an incurable habit of addressing himself to his top waistcoat button. These buttons, indeed, served as a barometer of enthusiasm. If he were looking at an antiquity which he liked very much indeed, he fingered the top one; if very much, the next; if moderately, the next, and so down the scale. There were few objects of antiquity which failed to evoke a response of some sort, for his knowledge was incredibly wide. He had spent his time at Cambridge not (as he was supposed to) on mathematics, but on the study of mediæval sepulchral brasses. When he left Cambridge, he had thrown his energies into the establishment of the Royal Archaeological Institute as a focus of mediæval studies, and in 1851 had joined the staff of the British Museum in order to create a collection there to illustrate all the phases of British archaeology. Now a new department had been created of British and mediæval antiquities and ethnography, of which he was head. He had long known Evans at the Antiquaries and had lately become a close friend over the prehistoric collections of Mr. Christy, who had died in 1865 and left him one of the trustees. In 1877 he writes: "I am just in the midst of transporting the Prehistoric Section of the Christy here (to the British Museum). I half thought of inviting Sally¹ to help us, knowing how fond she is of doing up flints in paper. How can people collect such odious things? They are almost as bad as Oriental china, which is now giving me no end of trouble."

Franks infected Evans with an enthusiasm for Roman glass, and encouraged him in the purchase of Hispano-Moresque and Rhodian plates to hang as a frieze round his library, and in

¹ Alice Evans.

backing his own taste in the purchase of pictures. John Evans's microscopic short sight and respect for fine craftsmanship gave him a keen enjoyment of the landscapes and still life of the Dutch school; and he enjoyed, too, the serene beauty of seventeenth-century portraits and of Wilson landscapes. Insensibly Nash Mills became full of beautiful things as well as of interesting antiquities. There was no conscious scheme of decoration to set them off; they formed part of a whole, eclectic, overcrowded, and extremely characteristic of the owner. The house in those days had even a scent that was all its own: a scent compounded of the spiciness of leather bindings, the sour smell of flints, the slight acridness of rusted bronze, the faint aromatic incense of carpets and hangings from the East; with newer and more transitory whiffs of drying glue and burnt sealing wax. The perfume of jasmine might blow in at the window, and rose petals might drift through the open door: but the essential scent was the dry smell of Time itself. In such an antiquary's house the present always retained its true proportion: an infinitesimal, a non-existent moment between an infinite past and a hurrying future.

The children who grew up at Nash Mills were all strongly influenced by its atmosphere. To Arthur the study of the relics of the past came as naturally as ever it had to his father. He had not as a boy the same concentrated industry that John Evans had shown in his short school life: his masters at Harrow probably spent less time and sympathy in understanding him than Arthur Benoni Evans had so spent with John. He was small and rather insignificant; his short sight, for which he refused to wear proper glasses, made him carry his head in a rather peering way. Moreover, he suffered from an extreme degree of night blindness, so that in the winter terms at Harrow he needed a friendly guide to steer him to or from afternoon school. He had not eyesight enough for cricket, but rather surprisingly enjoyed the rough and tumble of football, though he was never anything but a poor player.

He was neither noticeable nor widely popular, but he had a few close friends of his own, whom he had won by his disarming simplicity and complete sincerity. In his last year at Harrow he suddenly blossomed out as a school character. He helped to found *The Harrovian* and acted as joint editor. He insisted on including poetry within its pages; he wrote a violent opening

leader on "Prussian Honour", and a sketch almost in the manner of his grandfather on "Harrow Animals"—*Aper domesticus*, the bore, *Canis ignavus*, the lazy dog, and *Rana parasiticus*, the toady. His next venture in the satiric vein was a two-page quarto sheet, published at the end of the winter term in 1869, entitled *The Pen-Viper*: it enjoyed a brisk sale but a strictly ephemeral success, for the authorities at once "proclaimed" it and called it in. There was, indeed, nothing about it to endear it to authority. It opened with a witty indictment of the Philathletic Club, it continued with an account of the apathetic attitude of the School towards the Scientific Society, poems in praise of the school beer and in criticism of the school's tolerance of cribbing; and it ended with "Sketches of Harrow Life" and a letter of advice to a cousin about to come to Harrow, that might have been written by Arthur Benoni Evans in his unregenerate days. "The first great thing you should do is to be as noisy as you can. That pays more than anything; and if you carry it out well, you are sure to be popular. Then you shouldn't be squeamish about telling a few lies to masters, if you have occasion. . . . Then you should talk as much slang as possible, and perhaps the best way of getting that up is to read through as many two-shilling novels as possible, but don't get any of Thackeray's, or Dickens', or Scott's, or that style of book. . . . Besides you should get books where lots of Dukes and Marquises and that sort of people are brought in—it looks swell you know. Of course I needn't tell you that to work at all in school, or get a remove your first quarter, would be very much against you. There is one more piece of advice I would give you, and that is, if you don't mind stretching a point, to try and what we call "suck up" to fellows good at games. Perhaps you'll find them not exactly the sort of fellows you've been used to at first, but you'll soon get over that. . . ."

In his last year Arthur Evans began to speak in Debate, where his shy and halting address seemed to enhance the novelty and daring of his views. He opposed compulsory education, and tried—vainly—to convince his peers "that the present system of classical education is carried to excess." His own studies were of course chiefly classical; he excelled only in the composition of Greek epigrams. He won the prize in 1869 by a composition on "*Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος*", though he risked his chances by sending in his verses written in unaccented uncials

as a protest against the tyranny of Greek accents, by which his Composition master set great store. Outside school hours his interest lay chiefly in the Scientific Society, of which he became Secretary in 1869. He exhibited Roman coins from St. Albans and Roman glass bottles from Cologne; he read a paper on the Antiquity of Man; he kept a pet grass-snake that used in course of a mathematics lesson to crawl in at his shirt cuff and emerge into a delighted world at the collar; and he tied with his friend Francis Balfour for a Natural History prize, for which Huxley was the assessor. He loved poetry, as a boy should, and was unusual in his day in setting the Elizabethans above all later poets. When he wrote verse himself he imitated them. He did not get the Verse prize in 1869 for a poem on William Tyndale: the subject was not particularly congenial. But in 1870 he startled everyone by a poem in the Spenserian stanza on Sir Walter Raleigh: a sustained effort not without nobility. He did not get the first award, partly no doubt because the school tradition prescribed that a prize poem should be in heroic couplets: but in the end, after the Headmaster had got used to the novelty, he was bracketed for the prize. At the same time he won the English Essay prize for a not very original study of the life and character of John Howard; and again won the Greek epigram. At Harrow he and his particular friends Willink and Clinton and Frank Balfour celebrated in lighthearted fashion; and at Nash Mills John Evans and Fanny put off the start of a journey to Sweden to go to Speeches. Even Bassy, the family laureate, came down from London to hear; and Arthur read the prescribed selections from his compositions more audibly than they expected.

He had grown up not tall, but strongly made; he could walk for miles, and climb any hill with hardly an effort. His bad sight made one eye seem more deeply set than the other, but otherwise he was not ill-looking, for he had his father's fine skull. He resented adequate spectacles, and used a walking stick—known to the family as Prodder—as a kind of antenna. He rarely walked with it, but swung it briskly and dangerously, and used it to prod any object he could not quite make out. It rarely left him out of doors; Alice declared that he took it with him even when he went into the kitchen garden to raid the raspberry canes.

Arthur had indignantly refused his Father's offer of a post, and

eventually a partnership, in the Mills, and it had been determined that he should go to Oxford. As early as March 1868 Fanny records: "Arthur's name is to be put down for New College, but as that requires hard work, it being a competitive examination for entrance, his name is also to be put down for Brasenose in case he should fail at both Balliol and New College." History does not relate if he ever sat for New College; by February 1870 it was agreed that he was to go up to Brasenose in October, subject to his sitting for a Balliol scholarship in November. In June he wrote to his grandmother: "I have matriculated at Brasenose but as that is *the* philathletic college I think I shall be better suited to a quieter one, and at present it is my plan to go up to Brasenose and work for a scholarship at Corpus, which from all accounts is the nicest now if you want to read at all."

These good resolutions, however, evaporated, and in Michaelmas Term 1870 Arthur settled down as a commoner at Brasenose and wrote home that he didn't like his lecturers. His career was undistinguished: he kept his Harrow friends and made new ones, especially Falconer Madan, a kinsman of his grandfather's old neighbours at Ibstock; he passed his Mods in December 1871, and published his first numismatic paper in the same year.¹ He failed to get the Stanhope Prize in 1873 and the Newdigate in 1874. He was reading for the new History school, which had lately been split off from the old school of Law and History, and liked neither the syllabus nor the teaching. Finally he and Willink retired to Broadway Tower for part of the Long Vacation of 1874 to put in a few weeks of real work, and lived very happily in the top storey with the shepherd and his wife who lived below to look after them. When Schools came, in December, Arthur proved that he was no ideal candidate; he answered no question in English History later than the reign of Elizabeth, and in one paper, when he should have answered five questions, wrote a treatise on the Mamelukes instead. He got his first by the skin of his teeth, after a battle between his examiners. Green wished to award him a first, and Stubbs did not: but Green won.

Arthur naturally turned his thoughts to an All Souls' Fellowship; but that College, always conservative, decided to award

¹ "On a Hoard of Coins found at Oxford, with some remarks on the coinage of the first three Edwards." *Numismatic Chronicle*, XI, 1871, p. 264.

its Fellowship on History and Jurisprudence combined and to ignore the existence of a School of History alone. Arthur duly sat for the examination, but two out of the seven papers were entirely legal and outside his competence. He did not get the Fellowship, and Brasenose had nothing to offer him.

Lewis had refused to go to Oxford almost as indignantly as Arthur had refused to enter the Mills. He was a gentle, loveable creature, with a shrewd wit, a surprising capacity for being led into mischief by Norman or the Dickinsons, and occasional overwhelming fits of melancholy. His father thought that the regular routine of the Mills might not suit him badly, and took him in 1868, before he was sixteen, to be bound apprentice to Fred Barlow at Stationers' Hall. This was only a formal matter, but it marked out his career. He did not distinguish himself at Harrow, except by getting a second prize for mathematics; in the spring of 1873 he attended Chemistry lectures at University College, and then he entered the Mills at twenty. Four years later he and a young Barlow completed their education by going to America to see the new world and its paper mills. Lewis departed with so copious and elegant a *trousseau* as to shock Fanny, and Mr. Barnum as a fellow passenger.

For all these modern travels and interests, Nash Mills left its mark upon him. His chief interest lay not in modern problems but in the collection of the mathematical instruments of the past: sundials and astrolabes and Napiers' bones and the delightful eighteenth-century cases of rulers and dividers and compasses, and all manner of instruments.

Norman reacted against the atmosphere of antiquity: the perpetual reminder of the weight of the past seemed to drive him into heedless enjoyment of the passing minute. He was gay and vital, and given to tremendous enthusiasms for skating, for shooting or swimming, that did not last long and led to nothing. He was a curiously irresponsible member of a family, all the rest of whom admitted and fulfilled their responsibilities. It was Norman who in 1867, when all three boys were at Westward Ho for a holiday, threw a stone at Arthur and Lewis as they geologized on the cliff edge and sent them both hurtling down to the beach below. It was Norman who came home for an Easter holiday in 1869, as Fanny records in her diary, "full of his electro-biological powers which he tried on Annie (the kitchen-maid) who went off alternately cataleptic and hysterical,

but unconscious, all the evening, and frightened all the servants horribly." The next day: "she was very odd and stayed in bed almost all day. I made her take some Castor oil which did her good."

There was no question of his going to a University; he had narrowly escaped superannuation from Harrow, and though he was a brilliant talker when in the vein, he remained an almost illiterate writer. He lived at home and wasted a great deal of time with the Dickinsons, until his father insisted on his entering the office of the Mills; then in October 1883 he succeeded in quarrelling definitely with his father and departed a month later for America, "to go out to California and make his fortune by breeding horses."

The girls were educated at home by a French governess; then, in 1872, they went to school at Cedar Lodge, Blackheath. Alice—warm-hearted, impulsive and vital, in spite of delicate health—spent half her time with her father in the library, mounting objects for him to label, keeping tally of the books, and learning all he could teach her. She could never find much time for conventional elegancies and accomplishments, but was always busy. A letter of hers written to Arthur in June 1877 records the taste of the younger generation in art. "Uncle Bassy and I went to see the Grosvenor Gallery where there are some of the worst paintings ever perpetrated, those by Whystler bearing off the palm for badness. There are two slanders on poor old Carlyle there, exhibited as portraits. In one he appears as a grey unsubstantial ghost, in the other as a red-faced squire who probably drinks. If his face is often taken in vain in this way, his sad expression is no wonder. Burne Jones comes out strong there, he has one large picture called the Six Days of Creation: Angels, all with precisely the same colourless face, holding globes, one with fishes, another plants, etc. in them. The gradual progression in the six divisions suggested 'this is the House that Jack built' forcibly to Uncle B., and we had to stop and laugh before going on. Some of the productions are bad imitations of unnatural early Italian paintings, but there are some exquisite Alma Tademas. . . . I have visited several charming old musty shops this spring and got various books I wanted; one however I have searched for high and low in vain—Hobbes' *Leviathan*—but I hope to come across it some day." Her literary judgment in 1880 is no less critical, "I have been reading Miss Yonge and

swearing at her inwardly most of the time for being confused, addicted to pronouns, and generally irritating."

Harriet, a charming girl with a delicate oval face, and an exquisite neatness in all she did, lived more in the present: she sang and danced and dressed with enthusiasm and elegance. Yet even she developed her taste and unconsciously acquired a knowledge and judgment of works of art that was no part of a young lady's accomplishments.

During the 'seventies the family travelled much. They were indomitable sightseers, sitting up all night in second-class carriages to have more time by day, and going everywhere in the rain. The burden of his debts under the Uncle's will weighed upon John Evans; when they were really comfortably lodged he feared they must be spending too much, and when a lovely bronze sword was offered him for £10 he sadly decided he could not afford it. Yet such economies neither damped the spirits of the party nor seriously limited their travels.

John and Fanny visited Denmark and Sweden in 1870, and Austria, Hungary, Moravia and Galicia in 1872. Thereafter the girls were old enough to accompany them to a Prehistoric Congress at Stockholm, and to another at Buda Pesth, returning by way of North Italy. Wherever they went they had an antiquary, known or unknown, to call on and give them welcome; and wherever they went there was a dealer to be interviewed, though usually earning his living at a different profession. At Canterbury in 1871, "J. got a coin of Æthelred with Runes on it and some Saxon things from Pool the shoemaker" and at Beauvais in 1872, "they found a *pharmacien* . . . who directed them to a *ferblantier* named Sagné who had lots of flint implements for sale."

John Evans could not undertake long or adventurous voyages. He was working harder than ever. The provisions of John Dickinson's Will had laid a heavy burden on the business, and he would never feel a free man until all its obligations were met. So he continued the grinding work in Mills and office, and the recurring journeys to see customers and agents in the Midlands, Scotland and Ireland. Apsley had become a great centre of envelope manufacture, and by 1876 was turning out three million a week. A new fire-proof building of three storeys, a hundred and sixty feet long, was built to house still more machines, and opened in May 1877 by a dinner to the six hundred people

who now worked in the Mill. At Home Park the first colouring machine was installed in 1878; as a consequence the amount of coloured board produced by the Mill enormously increased. Esparto was coming into use in paper manufacture, and since the early methods of pulping it caused a much polluted effluent from the Mill, which could not be permitted into the Gade or the Colne, a new Mill was started near Sunderland where the Esparto half-stuff was prepared. In 1877, however, Frogmore (Fourdrinier's old Mill) and Two Waters Mill, above Apsley, were leased for seven years, and paper was made at Two Waters from Esparto half-stuff prepared at Frogmore. John Evans thus was responsible for seven mills, containing fourteen paper-machines, in Hertfordshire, a half-stuff mill at Manchester, a box-making house in Belfast, a stationery factory at 65 Old Bailey, and a part share in the Esparto Mills at Sunderland. Of his two partners, Charles Longman had retired from any active work and died suddenly in 1873; Frederick Pratt Barlow, technically the senior partner and still responsible for the London offices of the firm, died suddenly ten years later. It was not he, but John Evans, who in 1871 organized trade opposition against the new halfpenny postcards that the Post Offices were now selling without making any charge for the card itself.

John Evans was beginning to take a part in the County business of Hertfordshire. In 1870 he was elected Chairman of a Committee to establish a drainage system at Hemel Hempstead; at the beginning of 1871 he was sworn in as a magistrate for the County, and in 1876 he became a Deputy Lieutenant for the County, and for the Liberty of St. Albans. Then, from March 1881 to March 1882, he held the honourable and expensive office ¹ of High Sheriff, and feasted the magistrates of Hertfordshire very handsomely. By 1884 he was Chairman of the Finance Committee of the St. Albans division of the County; Chairman of the Constabulary Committee; Chairman of the Licensing Committee for the Liberty of St. Albans; Chairman of the Justices' Clerks' Salaries Committee, and a member of the Highways Committee and the Parliamentary Committee. In 1889 he was appointed Chairman of Quarter Sessions.

His chief personal concern was with the proposed restoration of St. Alban's Abbey. As early as 1856 a meeting had been held to consider its repair, and a scheme for making it the seat of a

¹ It cost him nearly £500.

bishopric, and over £4,000 had been collected. In 1871, after the tower had been pronounced to be in a dangerous condition, a further meeting had produced another £3,000. The early restorations had seemed most fortunate, for in February 1872 workmen excavating the floor near Abbot Wheathampstead's Chantry had found considerable fragments of St. Alban's shrine, the stone still bearing traces of its mediæval colouring. The search was continued among the rubble that blocked the arches, and enough was found for the shrine to be pieced together.

Now a benefactor had come forward in the person of Sir Edmund Beckett, who so dazzled most people by his munificent promises that they were prepared to give him *carte blanche*. John Evans was not of their number: he had too great a knowledge of the amount of destruction that might be wrought under the name of restoration. The first fight became known in archaeological history as the Battle of the Roofs. St. Alban's had a fine low-pitched wooden roof that still bore much of its mediæval painting; admittedly it was in need of repair, but such repair could have been effected without making any change in its aspect. Sir Edmund Beckett, however, desired completely to remove the old roof and to substitute a high-pitched one; and the vandal bishop accepted the offer. Battle raged, with John Evans in the forefront of the opponents; but money won, and the fifteenth-century roof was destroyed, and old oak replaced by deal.

Nor was this all. In November 1879 Fanny writes to Arthur: "We are again in a tremendous state of excitement about the Abbey. There have been several letters from the archdeacon this week almost wild at a new outrage. Sir Edmund Beckett has applied to the Bishop for a Faculty to be granted to *himself alone* to restore the West Front as he may choose! It is said that he can't get an architect to make the plans for him, so I suppose they are to be entirely original. He is going to do away with the great window and put in three lancets instead. He says he will pay for it all himself, and perhaps he may if he is allowed his own way as he desires; but he promised to make good any deficiencies in the funds for completing the contracts entered into by the Committee to whom the first Faculty was granted (only in 1877) and he now repudiates that promise and says he will only pay his 1/11th share (reckoning on the Archdeacon and your father as two of the elevenths) but I fancy he reckons without

his host there! The Archdeacon sent word that the Citation to any who might wish to oppose Sir Edmund's monstrous sole Faculty was to have been stuck up at the Church doors on Saturday, but Harriet and I went over there and stared at all the Abbey doors and couldn't find it: whether it was hidden behind some internal door I don't know. It must be legally opposed within a fortnight of its appearance, so that we are anxious to know as soon as it does appear. Papa has written to Lord Cowper to beg him to get up a row, and to the Ancient Monuments to see if they can help. But they have something else in hand now. Have you seen the last idea? to pull down and 'restore' the façade of St. Mark's at Venice?—The Ancient Monument people are busy fighting for that just now. I suppose they have as little chance of bringing barbarians to reason in England as in Italy. . . . I wish Henry II lived now and had such obedient knights! The Bishop is almost as bad as Sir E. B. He admires the high roof immensely! . . . It is curious how it has the effect of shortening the look of the nave. I am sure no one now would believe that it is the longest church in England."

Once more Beckett won, and Hertfordshire had to endure what Lord Verulam called "the disappearance of St. Alban's Abbey and the elevation in its place of St. Beckett's shrine." Eventually ¹ Arthur had to write: "Beckett is enough to drive anyone wild! What he has done with our old Abbey passes endurance. I was at St. Albans the other day and found some of Beckett's apparitors picking out the Roman tiles and substituting modern bricks. A sloping roof along the aisles is shutting out John of Whethamsted's windows and new buttresses are cutting through the arcading of the cloisters. The new West Front looks like a 'Pro-Cathedral'—a reflection which occurred independently to my father and myself. Do you know the lines on the subject?"

'The Church of Canterbury town
Upon its head bears Becket's crown;
St. Albans to our wondering gaze
A Beckett's hinder end displays.' "

Besides his work in Hertfordshire, Evans was undertaking more and more work in London. It is, indeed, appalling to consider how many meetings, committees and councils he regularly attended. Yet it was perhaps at them, as in more

¹ In a letter to Professor Freeman, January 5, 1885.

informal intercourse, that his whole personality was most fully expressed. A rare intellectual unselfishness made him as willing to aid other people's interests as to prosecute his own. He had the rather unusual combination of a fine and incisive mind, a gentle and courteous heart, and a strong and balanced judgment. He might be obstinate, but he was never rude; he brought to the deliberations of an age of science the gracious ways of an earlier time, that he had learned as a boy from his Father. From old John Dickinson he had learned not only to be exact and businesslike, but also by much practice to keep his temper. From his own struggles as a younger man he had learned the duty of encouragement. Did a young man read his prentice paper at a meeting, he would ere long find at his elbow an impressive figure—bearded now, moving a little more wearily, with the bones of the head more marked—asking in a gentle voice after his work and his interests and his hopes; and the student would go back to his researches feeling that he was indeed a citizen of the Republic of Learning.

It was not without reason that an academic orator¹ applied to him the lines of Ennius:

. . . "doctus, fidelis,
suavis homo, facundus, suo contentus, beatus,
scitus, secunda loquens in tempore . . .
multa tenens antiqua."

Some of Evans's London appointments were short term: in 1872, for example, he served as Chairman of the jury of Paper-making at the International Exhibition. For the most part, however, they involved years of steady work. After 1874 he served as President of the Numismatic Society. Besides the ordinary business of the society, in which first as Editor and then as Secretary he had long taken part, this office brought him into touch with the authorities of the Royal Mint over the question of new issues: the relative merits of florins and half-crowns, for example, and the more delicate question of how the Queen's head should appear on the Indian coins after her assumption of the title of Empress. She was strongly opposed to any fresh representation of herself, that should necessarily make her look older than the current effigy; at the same time, in deference to Oriental custom, it was felt that a veiled head

¹ Sir John Sandys, at Cambridge, June 10, 1890.

would be suitable. For the reverse the Numismatic Society suggested a device based on one of the coins of Leontini: a lion in front of a palm tree. The suggestion was not adopted.

Almost every year some fresh problem of the kind arose, and almost every year the Committee's suggestions were vetoed by the Queen. Her comments stand out among the formal documents of the Royal Mint and the Treasury.

"The Queen has examined the Designs for the new Coinage.

She strongly objected to Mr. Brock's design No. 1 of Her Majesty's Head, and does not like the way the Crown is put on, nor the arrangement of the head-dress.

But She likes No. 2, and approves of it, though She thinks the nose too pointed and would prefer its being slightly rounded.

Her Majesty asked why the Committee required a different Head on the Florin. No one will look at the Head on the Florin to distinguish it from the Half-crown.

Is it likely that the Coat-of-Arms smothered in vegetables on the Half-crown will be preferred to the very pretty Coat-of-Arms on the Half-crown last adopted?

The nosegay of Mr. Poynter's design for the reverse of the Shilling is like a Beef-eater's breastplate, whereas the present Coat-of-Arms on the Shilling is very pretty."

It was as Secretary of the Numismatic Society that in 1871 Evans helped to draw up and circulate a memorial to the Treasury on the subject of the law of treasure-trove, which by its ambiguities, its clumsy procedure by inquest, and its insufficient and belated reward to finders who reported their discoveries, led to the destruction of historically valuable antiquities and to the suppression of any record of their *provenance*.

From 1866 to 1874, and from 1874 to 1876 he was Secretary and President of the Geological Society. One of the chief agenda of his term of office was to endeavour to make the Government include a geologist in the Polar Expedition under Captain G. S. Nares, after Disraeli had decided that a botanist was all that was needed.

Evans was always interested in the exploration of caves in which implements might be found in conjunction with animal remains. Much time was spent in these years in distributing the specimens found by Mr. Pengelly in excavating Kent's Cavern, a process familiarly known as "picking Pengelly's bones", and much in dealing with letters from enthusiastic amateurs who had

other caverns to explore, and needed money to pay for it. In 1878 Evans became Secretary to a Committee for financing the exploration of certain caves in Borneo, but the results were disappointing.

In 1876 Evans became a Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries.¹ Sir John Lubbock was bringing forward a Bill for the Protection of Ancient Monuments, and the amendments proved a thorny matter, especially when it was proposed to make the Trustees of the British Museum the body responsible for the conservation of the ancient monuments of Great Britain. Evans, mindful of the harm done at St. Albans, worked hard to secure some control over the restoration of churches, especially by prescribing that no faculty for restoration should be granted unless the application were accompanied by a schedule of the monuments, painted glass and furnishings of the church, and that at the end of the restoration the proper office, should certify that these had been preserved, unless a special faculty for their alteration had exceptionally been granted. Ultimately, a Philistine House of Commons cut the Gordian knot by throwing out the Bill.

In the same year, 1876, Evans was elected a Vice-President of the Royal Society. The position was no sinecure, for Huxley, Secretary until 1880 and then President, was very much overworked and not able to attend many meetings. One of the tasks that John Evans enjoyed was the designing of the Davy Medal in 1874, in cooperation with George Rolleston. It was thanks to them that Davy's safety lamp appears upon the reverse. Another was the erection of a memorial to Darwin in Westminster Abbey; for years Boehm's plaster maquette of the great man loomed over the dining-room door at Nash Mills. After 1878 Evans held the office of Treasurer of the Society, and redrafted the Statutes, and had to act during Huxley's prolonged absences in search of health abroad. There are endless letters from the President with a refrain: "I leave it to you to decide." Huxley's comments on Italy are largely concerned with the weather, which he found deplorable. Ravenna he thought "the most interesting deadly lively sepulchre of a place I was ever in in my life. The evolution of modern from ancient art is all there in a nutshell." "I have got a great deal of enjoyment out of

¹ Up to 1880 he made twenty communications to the Society, of which twelve were published in *Archæologia*.

ancient Rome", he writes, "papal Rome is too brutally pagan (and in the worst possible taste) for me." Finally: "I begin to look forward with great satisfaction to the equability of English weather, to that dear little island where doors and windows shut close, where fires warm without suffocating . . . and where I shall never see fowl with salad again."

The black-haired Huxley was a melancholic, subject to black fits of depression, when he could not work at all; he liked to fancy that the black-haired Evans was of like temperament with himself, and wished he could find the secret of his driving power of work and his apparent equanimity. He enjoyed, too, having a man to work with who, in his own phrase, "knows the wickedness of the world and does not practise it." His preoccupation with pure science and his view of archæology as a pastime prevented his being so close an intimate as Franks, yet the friendship between President and Treasurer was real and sincere, and his appreciation of Evans's organizing capacity was high.

In 1870 Huxley had written: "Lane Fox is going to write to you about a plan for uniting the Societies which occupy themselves with man (that excludes 'Society' which occupies itself chiefly with woman) which seems to me to have possibilities of working about it. If you and he would lay your heads together I think that something might be evolved which we could all work for."

As a result, the Anthropological Institute was founded, with Lubbock as President. In 1872 he wrote suggesting that Evans should succeed him: "The old heartburnings have very much cooled down, and with your tact in managing a meeting, I doubt not that things will go smoothly", and Evans accepted. Lubbock, however, had over-estimated the peaceableness of the Society. Colonel Lane Fox wrote on December 18: "At the Council Meeting of the Anthropological yesterday your name was suggested by Sir John Lubbock, as our future President, and the Anthropophagi or non-scientific party, as it is my feeling we best may call them, voted against you to a man and elected Charnock instead. . . . Huxley resigned the Vice-Presidency of the Society immediately after the vote had been taken."

The Institute had been formed by a fusion between the old Anthropological Society and the old Ethnological Society, and the split between the two elements was long in healing. In November 1875 Lane Fox wrote to suggest that the Psycho-

logical Society should be included in the Institute. Perhaps its members might have brought a spirit of mutual understanding with them; but this further fusion was not agreed to, and Evans only became President of the Institute for the statutory two years in 1877, after Franks and Galton had both refused it.

He had regularly attended such meetings of the British Association as he had been able to get away for, since 1861. In 1870, at Liverpool, he was chosen to preside over the Anthropological section, which was a new division and well attended. "I tried in vain", writes Prestwich, "to get at you this morning, but your section is so popular that the approaches are almost inaccessible and the outcurrent impassable. The geological platform is accessible from all points."

In 1878, at Dublin, Evans presided over the geological section, and in 1886 over the anthropological section at Birmingham. Yet it is fair to say that he was never wholly at home in the British Association, for all the things he cared for were on the margin of its interests. Charles Roach Smith wrote truly enough to Evans in 1870: "The great error of the British Association was their dissociating history, and, in history, archæology, from their aims and objects. They consequently have a dreary, cheerless aspect, for what is man until he becomes civilized?"

Between Hertfordshire and London, trade and learning, geology and anthropology, antiquities and numismatics, Evans was for ever upon the road. The coachman in the long fawn-coloured coat, that represented the argent of old Lewis Evans's shield, the neat footman and the shining bay horses took him in all directions; along the main road to Watford and Berkhamsted, by Chambersbury to St. Albans, by Bedmond or the Provident Booksellers' Retreat to Abbot's Langley, and endlessly to and from the stations at King's Langley and Boxmoor. The drives gave him time to think, in a life full of business and bustle; he could lean back against the dark green leather of the carriage and watch the flint walls and hawthorn hedges, the spreading oaks and shining hollies, as the carriage swung along the Hertfordshire lanes, and turn over in his mind the problems of mill and home, administration and government, science and learning, that Time and Chance had made his concern.

There is little doubt that during the seventies Evans consistently overworked. Even his remarkably vigorous constitution began to feel the effects of prolonged strain. In 1871 he had sciatica

so badly that he was in bed for nearly three weeks; and though at first he spent the time dictating a translation of a Danish numismatic paper, a little later Fanny records with anxiety that he was so ill that he could only read *Pickwick*. Then she writes: "Dr. Gull prescribes for J. a Bark tonic, a little brandy and cream 4 times a day, to keep himself very warm . . . and to sup instead of dining," and the patient recovered enough to take up his wonted round. On New Year's Eve Fanny writes: ". . . So ends another year, during which my dear husband's health has been a great anxiety—and tho' he is perhaps better than he was at this time last year he has perceptibly aged in this twelvemonth and shews the effects of overwork."

His work was beginning to receive public recognition. In 1880 the Geological Society awarded Evans the high honour of the Lyell medal, "in recognition of his distinguished services to Geological Science, especially in the Departments of Post-Tertiary Geology." Two Universities bestowed their honorary doctorates upon him. At the end of May 1877 Dr. Rolleston wrote from Oxford to announce that the University Council had determined to offer him a D.C.L. Such a distinction, bestowed by the University of which he had once hoped in vain to be an undergraduate, could not fail to give him peculiar pleasure. All the available family went up to Oxford, and stayed at the Prestwiches and the Rollestons and enjoyed themselves vastly. John Evans wore Dr. Rolleston's gown, and Fanny and the girls were agreeably shocked to find that the doctor appeared habitually to use the sleeve as a penwiper. Evans's second Doctorate was the LL.D. of Dublin, bestowed when the British Association met there in 1878: another honour enjoyed as the recognition of good work well done.

John Evans's reputation stood even higher abroad than it did in his own country. A letter written to him by his daughter Alice in 1879 runs:

"We saw a remark about you in such an unexpected place the other day. . . . An article in the July number [of the *Nineteenth Century*] on the *Comédie Française* ends thus: 'I think you will forgive a Frenchman for this panegyric. You have enough of other superiorities to admit with a good grace the glory of an institution which is wanting in your country. The people which is to-day at the head of contemporaneous philosophy, which has revolutionized the world of thought and

science with the writings of such men as Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Lubbock and Evans has nothing to envy in anybody.' (Francisque Sarcey.)

"So we have been chuckling ever since at the thought of Darwin, Spencer, Sir J. Lubbock and you constituting 'la Comédie anglaise', as Arthur suggested. Can't you imagine yourselves doing it? Darwin would take the 'heavy father' parts, Spencer and Lubbock would either of them do for the heroines with a little shaving, especially the last as he is small-featured and slight, and you—you would do admirably as the Scapin or Sganarelle of the piece, or as the hero unless he was a milksop. Only don't attempt tragedy, in spite of your being able to talk so poetically about your 'cœur' on a pinch. I don't think it would be your forte—you never would bring down the house by looking sentimental. Four is rather a small troupe, but I suppose they only mention the stars, and that you have a host of less distinguished actors. Huxley must be splendid as a villain in a long cloak or as a manly hero. Mr. Prestwich would do for any part that required 'sweet simplicity' and his eyes and expression would make his fortune even if he got confused and forgot what he was expected to say" . . .

His successes did not make Evans work any less hard. His collections of prehistoric bronzes were beginning to rival his collections of stone implements, and he was making their study the basis of a book.¹ It could not have quite the exciting quality of the Stone Age volume, for it added no great vistas to human history; yet it had the real, if more limited, appeal of a description of the dawn of a relatively advanced civilization in these islands. Its classification of celts, palstaves, sickles, daggers and swords is remarkably thorough; and its 540 illustrations are remarkably complete. Such illustrations were still a great difficulty; no means of reproducing photographs was yet in use, and the engravers preferred to work from a drawing. "These sun pictures", writes Canon Greenwell, "are by no means satisfactory for engraving from, for the blessed luminary only gives what he sees, and more than one view is needed to give a just idea of most things, even of that very transparent man Gladstone."

Mr. Fairholt, the engraver, was dead; Mr. Swain now engraved

¹ *The Ancient Bronze Implements, Weapons and Ornaments, of Great Britain and Ireland.* Longmans Green & Co., 1881.

the blocks. It was no longer such a personal business as it had been; the engraver did not come to stay at Nash Mills, but the bronzes had to be sent up to his workshop in London. He no longer did all the work himself, but employed a staff of young men, some of whom had no feeling for antiquity. One of them, indeed, broke the tip of Greenwell's best bronze spearhead, and provoked a very unclerical letter, beginning "Damn Swain."

The bronze book was work against the collar, but it was well done. Fanny and Alice helped with the proofs, and Emma produced an admirable index. The whole family was thankful when it was all finished, and set off in high spirits for what proved to be a delightful trip. The Prehistoric Congress was meeting in Lisbon, and John, Fanny and Alice went there by way of Spain. Alice wrote an account of it,¹ that in its truth links it with all other congresses before or since.

"There was an impressive inauguration of the Congress by the King himself. The hall provided for the séances is the library of a suppressed monastery, where all the old calf and vellum bound books lining the walls seemed quite in harmony with the dryness of some of the discussions. . . . At one end of the hall a great throne was erected, with ermine and the Braganza arms all complete. . . .

"Precisely at one o'clock, the band struck up the national hymn, and their majesties entered: Dom Fernando, the tall Dowager Prince Consort (if that is his official title) and Dom Luis, the dumpy reigning King, his son. Everyone, it is to be hoped, knows Thackeray's 'Rose and the Ring', . . . so it is needless to describe their royal highnesses further than by saying that the courteous Dom Fernando is the image of the old King in that charming tale, and the accomplished Dom Luis its hero Prince Bulbo in person. There was no mistaking the fact, the immortal Bulbo stood before us—on tiptoe mostly, to add height to his august presence—and we were duly impressed accordingly. With royal patience he and his father sat under their ermine awning, listening to inaudible speeches, with *homme miocène* as their refrain . . . and then with royal courtesy they descended from their eminence to be introduced to the leading members present. That over . . . the archæologists and anthropologists escaped to examine the bony and stony treasures of a museum illustrating these sciences. . . . In this arid region many warm

¹ Published anonymously in *Fraser's Magazine*, January 1881, p. 67.

discussions as to the antiquity of man took place, and as to how far some undetermined flakes of flint, with dubious bulbs of percussion, found in a questionable stratum, went to prove his existence in Tertiary times. This was the main question of the Lisbon session.

“Two days afterwards an excursion was made to Otta, the above-mentioned haunt of this doubtful Tertiary being, to test the value of the evidence. By 6 a.m. all on science or amusement bent were steaming out of Lisbon. An hour later all had left the special train, and were distributed among twenty-two carriages and omnibuses, drawn, as a rule, by four fine mules, the manners and customs of which were curious and unexpected. The leaders would suddenly bolt round and stare at their scientific load with superhuman curiosity. It required many of these wayward beasts to drag the carriages through the four or five inches of dust underfoot. After three hours of such wading, a little sheltered from the blazing sun by the clouds of dust the mules raised, Otta was reached. Otta, or rather a sandy wild with a thin growth of foot-high dwarf oaks, some miles farther on, is the spot our Tertiary phantom is supposed to have selected for his dwelling. There was a lake there in those days. No one would be predisposed to acknowledge as an ancestor either man or ape capable of displaying such bad taste in his choice of a home. . . . All dutifully hunted for this creature’s remains; but only one flake, near the surface, was found by an Italian . . . and that caused hardly less excitement than the discovery of a new gold mine.

“But the dryness of the day and subject were exhausting, even to those most affected by the *fièvre tertiaire*, and all readily abandoned the dust of ages and flocked into a tent. . . . Due justice was done to the sumptuous breakfast provided . . . and then followed endless toasts. The health of the foreign members having been proposed, a representative of each nation, French, German, English, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish and Slav, returned thanks in widely varying accents for their hospitable reception in Portugal. . . . After much time, wine and breath had been expended, a practical Englishman, who meant work”—John Evans—“proposed as a final toast, ‘*Au silence et au travail.*’ ”

XI

ARTHUR JOHN EVANS

1871 - 1875

IN 1875 J. R. Green the historian wrote to a friend ¹: "Little Evans—son of John Evans the Great—has just come back from the Herzegovina by way of Lapland . . . and has brought back a lot of odd gems, very Greek and very small, with Orphic symbols on them, too wee for the naked eye to perceive." Arthur Evans never saw that letter, but he was perfectly aware of the estimate of himself which it implied. He was "little Evans, son of John Evans the Great"; the things which most interested him were too small to interest other people; and his only claims to fame were the odd places he had travelled in. Arthur Evans at twenty-four was a fantastically conceited young man who knew better than anyone how great were his especial gifts; and he had to set about using them, and making the world value them, as best he could.

"Son of John Evans the great": there lay the difficulty. Real love existed between father and son, though the father could never get used to the son's caprices, nor the son ever learn to value the father's good sense. There were immense advantages for Arthur in belonging of right to the world of learning and the lesser world of archæology; in having an instinctive judgment of date and style and use, acquired by living among the collections at Nash Mills; in possessing a knowledge of pre-history and numismatics learned so gradually and so easily that it had become unconscious. There were solid advantages, too—though these Arthur took very much for granted—in being the son of a man who provided a comfortable home and an allowance of £250 a year without question or condition, and would always help in a financial emergency; for Arthur had inherited his grandfather's innocent extravagance, and had infinitely more opportunities for exercising it.

Arthur Evans never indulged in psychological speculation, or he might have understood that he owed to his father those very gifts of vision and of reasoning, that very itch to make a synthesis,

¹ *Letters of J. R. Green*. Ed. Leslie Stephen, 1901, p. 422.

which he felt he had to realize and to use to make himself an individual; for different though they might be in character they were in many ways alike in intellect. Yet somehow Arthur had to differentiate himself from his father, or he would be nothing more than *le fils de son père*.

That differentiation could not be effected in intellectual things; their minds were too similar. It could be achieved in opinion, it could be exploited in travel, and it could be expressed in literary form. Arthur set about the triple task.

For John Evans politics were a simple and practical matter. He had inherited his father's natural bent towards conservatism, and for the rest his political creed might have been summed up in the trade toast of "Peace, Prosperity and Papermaking". For Arthur, politics were a matter of ideas and ideals; if they bore any reference to real life, it was to some isolated and individual case. He never saw the state as an economic unit or unity; questions of finance and trade never obtruded into his political thinking. It was therefore easy for him to break away from the family conservatism and become an ardent Liberal. John Evans distrusted all politicians, and most especially that Grand Old Man who kept him uncertain whether he were more fool or more knave; Arthur Evans sat devoutly at the feet of Gladstone and saw in him the only hope of salvation for the oppressed minorities of Europe.

It was the oppressed minorities of Europe that linked Arthur's political opinions with his opportunities of travel. For John Evans politics began in the Mills, went on to include Hertfordshire and England, and so spread in lesser intensity over a European zone of which the centre was London. For Arthur Evans, local politics held no interest; English politics were insipid; but the political welfare of the marches of Europe was a matter of burning concern.

Arthur Evans, who had begun his travels exploring prehistoric sites in his father's company, had early set out on travels of his own. In June 1871 he had adventured with Lewis to France, where the fires of war were still smoking. A romantic traveller could still wear a cloak, and he had purchased one with a fine scarlet lining to grace the occasion; but a friendly *douanier* informed him that it made him look like a spy, and that if he wore it he would be "*fusillé comme un chien*". He reluctantly folded it into his valise. From Paris he wrote home: "At



ARTHUR JOHN EVANS
c. 1867



ARTHUR JOHN EVANS
1878

Amiens we at once found ourselves among the Prussians, who kept guard at every avenue of the station. . . . There were large bodies of Prussians parading the streets: such fine soldiers and such excellent precision. Only 2,000 however are now billeted on the town; though quite lately there were 100,000 and even the miserable Potentier had to support four! Over the Cathedral door was put up in German: 'Smoking in the Cathedral is strictly forbidden', but I half suspect that the notice was merely intended to be offensive." They visited the battlefield at Pontenoyelle and the damaged Saint Pierre quarter of the city, before going to the familiar gravel-pits. "The Prussians have not taken to flint collecting yet, but they go about buying up all coins found and are seen everywhere after butterflies and insects. . . . We travelled third class and so had a most interesting journey to Paris, for the carriage was filled with French soldiers and there was a very amiable Prussian soldier who talked to me a little. Many French soldiers when they saw him would not get in but shouted 'Voleur' and rushed away. . . . We got to Paris and the Hôtel du Berri all right, getting on the way through the Louvre a moonlight view of the burnt Tuileries." The National Assembly was sitting at Versailles under the Presidency of Thiers, and a deputy from the Puy de Dôme offered Arthur his ticket of admission, *moyennant dix francs*. He accepted the offer, and endured a sitting. It left him with a lifelong distrust of the political capacities of the French nation.

One of Arthur Benoni Evans's favourite books of travel had been Walsh's *Overland Tour from Constantinople to Vienna*, which he had bought in 1835. This had survived to inspire his grandson as a boy with an interest in Turkey in Europe. In the Long Vacation of 1871, when Arthur was just twenty, he went with Lewis and his friend Flower by Nuremberg, which enchanted him, and Ratisbon to the Salzkammergut, and thence by Hallstadt, which his father had already visited, through Carinthia to the Wendish country about Idria, where they had pleasant adventures and got about by talking Latin to the priests. Then from Carniola they made their way into Croatia to Agram and Sziszek, and thence drove for seven hours along an appalling road to reach Turkish Costainiça.

Here they found themselves in another world. The houses had no glass in their windows, but brilliantly painted shutters; the roofs were of wooden shingles; and each dwelling had a kind

of atrium before it, where the Turkish ladies might take the air. The men wore baggy trousers of dark blue, tied in with scarlet garters, waistcoats of many-coloured stripes and a blue sleeveless jacket richly embroidered with black and gold and lined with scarlet. Crimson scarves five yards long were wound round their waists; fezzes surmounted their heads; and over their backs were slung splendid satchels embroidered in orange and scarlet. The veiled women were less gorgeous in their colouring, but made up in mystery what they lacked in brilliance. The visitors saw one such veiled lady emerge from her courtyard, escorted by a gay company and accompanied by a cart piled with brightly coloured furniture and carpets and shining brass ware: a bride with her dowry going to her new home.

The romance of the distant and the unfamiliar had always a peculiar charm for Arthur Evans; and in the curiously primitive town of Costainiça he for the first time encountered the enchanting contrast and blend of east and west, Turkey and Europe: an enchantment that was to hold him for the rest of his life. He bought a complete Turkish outfit and donned it in triumph, and spent all his remaining money in a bazaar where the shops held hardly anything he had ever seen before. It was a visit of a single day, and a case of love at first sight. Thereafter Arthur Evans set the Balkans before any country in the world.

In the next year he and Norman travelled once more in Balkan lands, this time in the direction of Roumania. His letters home show Arthur deliberately writing up his travels, in no unskilful fashion.¹ Their journey as far as Pesth was conventional enough; thenceforward their adventures begin. From Pesth they went to Petroseny: "a most weird journey in a dark third class beside people in sheepskin mantles and hats like Don Cossacks." They reached Petroseny after a thirty-hour journey, and found it to consist of two parallel streets of one-story huts. "The inhabitants are Wallachians with a few Germans and Magyars. These Wallachs are the wildest looking people I have ever seen, with coal black eyes and long, lank, flowing locks to match. The women may be readily distinguished from the men by showing more of their legs and less of their hair. They have on coarse mantles and enormous hats, both of shaggy skin; and when it

¹ An account of the journey was eventually published in *Frazer's Magazine*, VII, May 1873, p. 578, under the title "Over the Marches of civilized Europe." I have quoted the letters to Fanny at Nash Mills as far as Hermannstadt, and have then availed myself of the article as the subsequent letters appear to be lost.

rains they cover their heads with a hood of similar material. . . . Others have broad brimmed hats of straw or dark felt, and some three cornered ones. For the rest they have exactly the same flowing white coats and trousers and broad dagger belts as the Croatians we saw last year. . . . Add to this that the chief pitcher of ordinary use is in both countries the same—and a very peculiar same—and that the Croats too rejoiced in long hair: so that perhaps these people were Slavonic before they became Roman. Don't they smell of garlic! . . . On Monday we started for our mountain journey to Hermannstadt. There is no pass but we intended to strike right across as best we could, trusting to a map and compass. The first day's journey was over mountains which in form resembled gigantic downs, but with here and there splendid bits of rocky precipice. Gradually habitations got more and more rare. At last towards nightfall we came upon some Wallach peasants—all the peasants are Wallachs here—and asked whether there was any place to lodge for the night. They could not understand a word of German, but by speaking a kind of Italian Latin they understood, and I could make out a good deal of what they said. They took us up the valley and we went on with one to a rude wigwam made of planks and sticks piled round a common centre. It was, however, too full to admit of our being taken in, but the people brought us out a lot of hay "a dormiere", made a good log fire, and gave us "lapte dulce" to drink, and the Wallach who had guided us slept out with us. His supper was a bit of black bread, and a fungus which he roasted by the simple process of throwing it among the hot cinders after sprinkling it with rough salt crystals. A tiny piece we tasted was wonderfully good. All went well till about ten when it began to pour with rain and went on all night. Every now and then we got up to dry ourselves over the fire, but by the time we were nearly dry our beds were soaked through, so then we had to dry them; and by that time we were wet through again. At last, after cooking our breakfast still in drizzling rain, we went on our way about five. . . .

"This morning we began ascending a mountain called Mount Tartareu, and had very difficult work owing to the rain having made everything slippery and converted the shepherds' tracks into streams. . . . In vain we gazed down into valley after valley for any sign of man. The mountains are clothed in endless

forest, mostly of firs, which grow to an incredible height. This is the forest primeval, and we found forcing our way through it next to impossible, as at nearly every step, you are confronted with barricades of trees torn up by hurricanes. It was while struggling at this work that we came upon a rough track with unmistakable footprints of a bear. All around was spread a most delicious feast of strawberries and raspberries. Guiding ourselves as well as we could North-east we came upon a shepherd's track which we followed, hoping to find some shelter for the night. It was lucky we had some such clue, as soon after we were involved in a thick cloud which obscured everything from view. At last we came upon a Wallach who took us to his hut and told us we might sleep there. The "Casa" was a strangely primitive wooden shed, without any chimney or window, but with a hole under the eaves at each end to let the smoke out, and to secure ventilation the rough wooden planks that composed it had a quarter of an inch of daylight between each. . . . All round the room was a raised wooden dais serving as chairs by day and bed by night, partitioned off into berths, into one of which, four foot long by three broad, Norman and I were shown as our bed, after they had feasted us on sheep's milk and curds and black bread. . . . They gave us two little bits of felt, which covered neither of us, as sheets. As one part of the wooden mattress was 3 inches above the other, a sharp edge ran into my back all night, the cold wind streamed in through the broad chinks I have spoken of, and insects of sanguinary voracity literally swarmed. . . .

"These mountain folk live in a world of their own. They have neither meat, wine, beer nor coffee, but live on the milk of their flocks and a little maize or black bread. They spin their own clothes or else skin them. Every woman has her distaff and spindle, and for a spindle whorl a broken piece of a pot, or even a green walnut. Their vessels are all of pottery, sometimes barbarically painted, and looking as if they had been dug up from some barrow. A gourd supplies them with a bottle, and they make cups out of bark. They plough their tiny maize fields with wooden ploughs, and grind their corn in stone hand mills. . . . There is a peculiar politeness about this people. Though dying to see our things and taste our food they would not come prying as most country people would have done, but whispered their queries to one another. . . . Even then they

thought it rude to taste our food and would not do so. Our host insisted on guiding us several miles to put us in the right direction for La Sibie as they call Hermannstadt, and would not take anything. We had by now quite lost our bearings and were soon as much adrift as ever. . . .

"We wandered in all for some eight hours without seeing any villages but met two or three Wallachs who directed us. But often thick clouds made it impossible to see where we were going. The firs when superannuated are clothed in a silvery charity-suit of lichen, which hangs from the top to the bottom of the tree, wreathing and festooning their dead branches, apparently in unbroken threads from branch to branch. At last we found our way into a valley by a steep descent and here came on a stream. Here, there being a convenient rock shelter, we resolved to encamp the remainder of the day and sleep at night. We lit a fire in our shelter and were beginning to make ourselves at home . . . when we had an alarm. Norman's sharp eyes saw two men with guns watching us through the bushes, who hid themselves when we looked their way. They did not apparently know that they had been observed, but crept round through the brushwood to the other side of us where they could hide *nearer*. We accordingly put a lot of damp wood on our fire to make it smoke well and long, quietly collected our effects, and getting round a shoulder of rock out of their sight walked on quietly and soon hit on another broad stream and the best approach to a path we had seen for days. Along this we ran a bit and kept on till we passed some woodmen's huts when we felt secure. . . .

"Luckily about ten we hit on an old shed where we soon made ourselves very jolly and where we got for the first time some real sleep, after three days of almost incessant walk and clamber. Next day we followed the river as our best guide to the open country to the North, and walked on, still amidst this magnificent scenery. As to flowers you would think it was a garden! Here grow wild sunflowers, sweet peas like those at home, two fine kinds of sweet william, pink and crimson, a kind of zinnia with flowers of a lovely gold orange, a lovely bell-shaped flower in foliage and stem exactly like the Solomon's seal, but larger and the colour of lapis-lazuli, a fine Phlox, blue geraniums with scented leaves . . . a small cactus on the rocks, and any number of others equally beautiful. About one we came to some houses

and a German Förster who gave us some bread and cheese. . . . As we got lower in the valley it became full of orchards and we could get from the inhabitants, who are still Wallachs, any amount of pears and figs for a few kreutzers. About 8 p.m. we found ourselves, after another whole day's walking, at the German town of Mühlenbach where we emerged from the mountains and got a good inn. . . .

"Next day . . . by a wonderful piece of luck it was to be a great annual fair here, where about 30,000 peasants assemble from the country and mountains far and wide. On Saturday morning the sight was something worth going thousands of miles to see. Every open space in the town was filled with quickly erected booths and a living mass of peasants dressed in every variety of the gayest dresses . . . chiefly Wallachs, others Saxon, and some few Hungarian, with just a sprinkling of Zingari. Many of the Wallach women had their heads enveloped in lace, their men had converted themselves into walking flower-pots, with huge nosegays in their hats. Both Saxon and Wallach women wore a broad straw toadstool hat over their gay head-dresses. The mountain folk brought all their produce, fruit, cheese, vegetables, honey in the comb and in little caskets, coarse woollen clothes homespun, and bought every kind of queer clothing, belts like those the Bronze Age people wore, hats three feet broad, barbaric jewelry, mediæval knives and Roman pots, brilliant scarlet bands to put on their hats, and such like things. . . . The pottery was irresistible! I have got a lot to add to my collection of modern crocks, if it only gets safe home."

The journey by Hermannstadt and Kronstadt into Roumania was made more difficult by their want of passports. After Törzburg they took to the hills. "We tried to get guides over the mountain, who might also show us how to get unobserved into Wallachia. They all hung back; none of them would take the risk; there were sentries, they said, posted all about the mountains. So we had to start alone.

"But, alone, to surmount the topmost precipices of Buschetch was, we thought, beyond our power; we therefore kept along the forest-covered heights below them, to discover some shoulder of the mountain which we could manage. On we clambered from one rocky gorge to another—on through woods of firs and beeches, some of which were so copper coloured that we took one at a distance for a red flag—through open glades, brilliant with

large wild geraniums of red and whitish blue, and pinks, and lilac leafless crocuses, amongst which flitted butterflies of every hue . . . and giant grasshoppers, with wings of red, black or grey. At last we began the ascent of the great shoulder which we must surmount. The beech woods already lay below us, and we climbed up a steep covered with firs of the usual immense size, up rocky watercourses, over forest barricades, till the pines grew smaller and finally ceased, and nothing but heath and rock remained. . . . We found ourselves at the summit of the mountain ridge which forms the barrier between Transylvania and Wallachia. We were at a height of between seven and eight thousand feet, but the higher precipices of Buschetch, to which the snows can scarcely cling, still towered above us. . . . Peak after peak, lit up by the setting sun, . . . faded away in the purple mists of evening; while far away in one direction lay the pass for which we were to make, and in the other the long plains of Transylvania exactly like a distant sea. And nowhere any sign of man.

“Not knowing where the most advanced outposts of Roumanian sentries might be, we resolved to take every precaution, and accordingly waited till it was very nearly dark before we descended to the zone of fir forest on the Wallachian side, cautiously gliding down as much under the shelter of the rocks and stunted herbage as possible till the cover grew larger. By the time we got once more among the high fir trees, it was quite dark, and it was so steep that the only way to descend was by digging the alpenstock as far as possible into the ground and letting oneself gradually down with its support. But at last we came to a place too steep even for this, and as either to retreat or advance in the dark was now impossible, thought ourselves lucky in discovering a small hollow . . . just large enough to prevent us rolling down. Here we lit a fire and lay down to pass the night. . . . What a strange scene it was—the great trunks, lurid in the firelight, standing out against the darkness, the silence that might almost be felt, and above all the marvellously brilliant stars peeping down through the dark fir branches overhead, with such lustre that it really seemed that one must be a bit nearer heaven.

“Next morning we descended to a rocky stream, along whose gorge we had literally to fight our way, through the almost impervious thickets . . . till we came to more open glades and

bits of mountain pasture. At last, on surmounting a height, we beheld the Wallachian high road, for which we were making, lying below us. . . . Almost straight before me, its great shadow thrown against the green meadow-land, at the base of the cliff, was one of the brown vultures of these mountains circling about in mid-air, which, as I gazed, rose towering overhead, and floated about the sky, apparently without a motion of its wings, upwards, ever upwards, till it dwindled to a speck and finally vanished from sight in the vast azure. . . .”

The journey by carriage from Kimpina to Ploesti was something of an anticlimax, though they found the corpse of a murdered man lying unheeded by the roadside. Ploesti and Bucharest gave them but little pleasure; an unpicturesque veneer of Europeanism had spoilt them and made them “caricatures of a French town”. Bucharest, however, produced a newspaper editor of archæological tastes, with a collection of local coins and antiquities that provided parallels with the pre-Roman antiquities of Britain.

Rustchuk, and indeed Bulgaria, so far as they saw it, disappointed them, in spite of its Turkish character; they recaptured the old enchantment only at Belgrade. “Nowhere else between the Black Sea and the Adriatic are the colours so brilliant—they literally take you by storm! With the Turks it is the men that wear the bright clothes, but here it is the women. . . . What is apparently a comb rises majestically at the back of the head, and the bright scarlet drapery that partly confines her hair is drawn over this, and thence radiates in graceful falls down the back; she wears a low sleeveless body richly embroidered and half open at the front, below which is a light tunic of white, whose loose sleeves are contracted just below the elbow and then expand again, falling about the arm in gauzy undulations; round the waist a rich sash; and before and behind, over the rest of the white dress, two elaborate aprons, worked in diamond patterns with every colour of the rainbow. . . . She is selling cabbages.”

Arthur Evans did not yet realize how irrevocably his heart was given to the Balkans. In August of the next year—1873—he headed north, in company with Flower and Frank Balfour; and since he judged Sweden and her cities by the standards of the Salzkammergut and Venice, and Scandinavian peasant dresses by those of Croatia and Roumania, he was at first con-

siderably disappointed in them. They reached Finland at Torneå and found it more exciting, though much was "provokingly Swedish"; but more or less uninhabited land lay before them to the North. They journeyed safely to Ruokanen, in the Arctic Circle, in a series of springless and uncushioned carts, of which the essentials seemed all to be tied together with string. They did not reach really remote country until after they had left Alanambra. There enchantment began. At Wuojärvi they were taken in to sleep in a small farm house, and Arthur was delighted to find everything home-made and unfamiliar: bone spoons and wooden vessels, birch bark boxes and garments of leather and homespun. He was a romantic who needed escape from the present; here as at Costainiça, he found himself in another world. Yet it was too primitive and empty a world for him to visit it as more than a chance traveller; to feel at home in strangeness he needed to find there a complex civilization and a sense of the historic past. In Lapland no ghosts walked; the horizons were empty; there was no world of which he could feel himself a citizen.

None the less it offered beauty and adventure to fill a summer holiday. The travellers made their way over bogs to Torvinen and by a river of boiling rapids to Sodankyla, where no Englishman had been seen in the memory of man, and up more rapids to Kaant Koski and beyond through uninhabited land up the Kittininjoki to Rovanen. This reached Arthur Evans's ideal of primitive life; even the dogs were so unsuspicious that they fawned upon strangers. Thence they proceeded on foot, going North along uncertain forest paths for six days to comparative civilization at Ivalo. From there, still going North, they reached the first of the Lapp stations they had come to see, on the shores of Lake Flammasjärvi. "We had to walk a long way," he writes, "through the forests and swamps that line the edge of this large lake before we saw the Lapp huts and were finally ferried across a creek by a real Lapp, a little woman with a cap shaped like a Doge's, brown with stripes of red and orange; a dress in the same style, and blue trousers; dark brown eyes and hair, snub and globular nose, large cheek bones and eye-hollows. . . . She can't be very old for she has a little girl of two or thereabouts, but her face is prematurely wrinkled. . . . Her husband is away and the only other inhabitant of the place besides the child is an old woman, her mother, like her daughter

but more wrinkled still and with greyish blue eyes. The place consists of a tiny hut of the ordinary Finnish style in which the younger woman lives, and a real Lapp wigwam which shelters the old crone. It is square at bottom and tapers to a round hole at the top which lets out the smoke. It is constructed partly of rough planks, partly of turf, partly of hide and partly of thatch. In one of the sloping sides is a door of the rudest construction. . . . In the centre some rude stones, utterly unhewn, support the embers, and above from a cross pole swings a hooked stick into the end of which is stuck the smallest piece of bent iron to hang pots over the fire. The floor is partitioned into berths by poles laid on it. . . . All about are reindeer skins, dried fish, a strange leather bag . . . made of hide with fur outside and elaborately carved lips of bone. . . . Our hostess was prevailed on to dress up in her go-to-meeting clothes . . . it was positively overwhelming! . . . A scarlet the prevailing hue; orange, blue, green, purple, in bands, crosses, tartans, elaborate embroidery. Her cap no longer a doge's crown but Minerva's helmet, exquisitely graceful, but far too bright for Pallas. . . . The people here are evidently very poor in spite of the brilliant dresses. They were once nomadic but have now settled down. . . . They support themselves here by fishing and we have been trying their dried fish, which though it does not taste high is abominable: leathery, and filling the whole place with a subtle sickly odour for which I would almost exchange a good honest stink. . . ."

Thence they made their way to Lake Enare, first in a very leaky boat, and then through great forests with an undergrowth of cranberry. At Enare the pastor told them that there was a sacrificial grotto on an island in the lake still held in veneration by the wild Fell Lapps of the district. The next day the three Englishmen explored the grotto, where they found traces of recent burnings above deep strata formed of the ash of former offerings. Grubbing among these Arthur found part of a silver pendant, of bronze age type. Further digging yielded nothing more: but the cave and the silver ornament had provided the charm of antiquity which the northern forests and lakes had hitherto seemed to lack. They went on to spend the night at a Fisher-Lapp's hut with their historic sense once more at work. "What cuneiform inscriptions are to roundhand writing, so are their patterns to all other patterns", Arthur wrote that night. "The embroidery on their dresses looks as if it had been cut on

a pinetree or scratched on a reindeer horn. . . . It is pleasant to see home-made things all about . . . even wooden compasses for making bowls and spoons, and agricultural implements of wood—to hear spinning wheels humming and carding combs clapping. . . . You have, if you live here, to make the wood part of your gun, to be tailor, butcher, baker, farrier, net-maker, and anything else, to building boats, sledges and houses; and think yourself lucky if your next door neighbour lives within a day's journey. . . .”

Their way lay for three days through the country of the Ivalo river, through forests of extreme autumnal beauty, by rapids that made their progress by boat very difficult and slow. From Kultala they set out to walk to Muonioniska through the wildest and emptiest country they had yet explored. They travelled for six days along the Ivalo valley, sleeping out, and finding the days growing wetter and the nights colder and colder though it was only the second week in September. Eventually they turned from the river to cross the mountains to Muonioniska: mountains brilliant with yellow birch and scrub that the autumn had turned gold and amber, scarlet and crimson; with expanses of white reindeer moss studded with bushes that had turned vermilion. Muonioniska proved (according to the travellers) to cover the area of Oxford and to contain nearly three hundred inhabitants. Once across its river, they were in Sweden and in a civilized country; and as they went down the river to Torneå they found themselves looking at houses with the same interest and pleasure with which a month before they had looked at trees.

On October 12, 1873, Fanny wrote to the girls at school: “I humbly own myself to have been a most undutiful mother, not to have written to tell you of Arthur's safe arrival last Tuesday night,—but we have been in such a ‘Barrafunda’ ever since his arrival and up to his departure again yesterday for Oxford that I have had no time to think. . . . He did not appear until the last train on Tuesday night. He had brought home such quantities of things with him that he had to pay for extra luggage at every station, and by the time he reached Ghent he had not any money left. Luckily he had his through ticket but nothing to pay for food and lodging—but he fell in with a benevolent Burgomaster, who kindly lent him 10 francs—which brought him to London—and there he had to borrow again! However he and his belongings all reached home at last, and the house

smells uncommonly strong of the Reindeer and other skins he brought home, which I am going to walk off to Lillicrapps one day this week to have properly cured. I can't think how he could bear himself in the great coat of reindeer skin he travelled in—which is very handsome to look at—but *not* quite so good as Russia leather in scent! I am getting on with copying the journal and letters but have not nearly done yet—and he has been too busy to keep a journal since he reached Stockholm on his way back, so we shall never know much about the last part of his travels, as usual."

The next year, 1874, was devoted to real work for the History School, and even the long vacation took Arthur Evans no farther afield than Broadway Tower. Early in 1875, with his first class safely behind him, Arthur Evans had to begin to think of the future. With his grandfather's legacy and his father's allowance he had enough to live on; the question was not how to earn his living, but how to spend his time in an interesting and honourable fashion. Dr. Montagu Butler wrote from Harrow as soon as the Schools result was out, suggesting that Evans should try for a Fellowship. "I wonder", he wrote, "if you do ever contemplate some serious historical work? You are one of the few Harrow men of the last fifteen years who might do so without presumption."

Evans returned to his rooms at 53 Broad Street, but only got one pupil for one half-term. He planned a historical work on the origin of knighthood, but found little material to his hand. The subject for the Arnold Essay—*The Rise of the Republic of Venice*—attracted him much more; yet even for this the sources did not seem to lie in Oxford.

Germany was then regarded in England as the chief fount of historical studies, and in April Evans decided to put in a summer term at Göttingen. He went out by way of Trier, and began by a small and highly unofficial excavation in the Roman cemetery just outside the city. "I found a fit and proper place to dig," he writes home, "just outside a garden whence a housefull of things we had seen the day before had been exhumed. I secured three men, one of them extremely intelligent, and we altogether opened out about twenty square yards of ground in our day's work. We had to dig about three feet before we came to the sandy layer where the Roman interments were, but once down there the number of things we dug out was astonishing. When

we came to anything by digging I cut it out of the sand with a knife, and it was most exciting work." The finds were more numerous than important: lamps, much pottery, a corroded fibula, and a number of coins; but Evans had not the heart to leave them behind him. He packed them all into a vast case and sent them off to his father at 65 Old Bailey.

On April 6 he arrived at Göttingen and found the little city more pleasant than he expected: "a compact round place enclosed in its old ramparts, with old churches, a quaint Market-house, and picturesque streets with here and there a house which would do honour to Nuremberg." He had little to do and no one to talk to, and kept a journal assiduously; but it was a chronicle of small beer. It would have been hard to find a place of learning less romantic than Göttingen. After Oxford its buildings seemed commonplace and its traditions grotesque.

The next day when he called on Professor Pauli, he was struck by the un-Oxfordlike simplicity of his abode. He found the Professor young, kind and genial, and liked him. He was writing a critical review of J. R. Green's book of which the inaccuracy shocked him, and proved to be, to Evans's regret, a great admirer of Stubbs. Pauli introduced Arthur to the Museum, the Göttingen equivalent of the Union, where he was much impressed by the abundance of foreign periodicals. He still had nothing to do, and spent much time wandering through the countryside. There he was struck by the great size of the peasants' houses, the indescribable filth of the villages, and the fact that their fever-stricken inhabitants lived within a few miles of a University with seventeen professors of medicine. He found many of these things a reflection of the Squirelessness of the countryside, and was induced to unwonted reflections on the benefits of the English system. "Wherever small holdings exist, as here and in France, so surely are trees and half the pleasures of life destroyed."

Ere long he settled in to the University routine. He discovered that the requirement of a dissertation, on any subject a student chose, left him greater freedom than the very limited "special subjects" of Oxford; and found with joy that he could take home seventeen books from the University library at once. As a consequence he found the prim stuffy library immeasurably better than the Bodleian, "because it had in every part the air of being made for use." Another Englishman, Francis Turner,

studying mathematics there, helped to reveal to him how everything in German learning (as in all else) depended on Government promotion: no one was free to discuss anything which might prove to have political bearings.

Intellectually the term at Göttingen was not particularly profitable, though it taught him that the learned standards of Germany were no less bookish and academic than those of Oxford. He attended Wilken's lectures on Anglo-Saxon, but his confidence in the lecturer was shaken when he found that he did not speak English and had never been in England. He hated the hot and unventilated lecture rooms, and soon departed for an agreeable walking tour with Turner in the Harz.

At the end of July Arthur Evans left for Agram,¹ where Lewis joined him, for further travel in the region beyond Sziszek that had enchanted him four years before. This was to be no casual holiday, but Travel: Arthur planned to write a book about it. He armed himself with a camera (which was broken on the first stage of the journey and not replaced), and with a tiny notebook, gaily painted outside with the arms of Bosnia, containing in his microscopic writing a Bosnian vocabulary, a table of money, an epitomized history of Eastern Europe, a list of ethnological types, notes on religions, government, markets and costumes. Their journey was made much more exciting by the outbreak of revolt in Herzegovina against the oppressions of her Turkish rulers. Arthur Evans was one of those travellers who enjoy the spice of revolution in the lands they visit, and appear like stormy petrels over troubled waters, in time for the storm. He had already smelt battle in France in 1871, and now he was again to enjoy the rumours and counter-rumours, the intrigues and events, of a country on the brink of war.

They travelled down the Save to Brood, enjoying the difference of civilization between its right and left bank: on the Croatian side were men in white tunics and breeches, short-skirted women with rose-red headgear, white houses and churches with bulbous spires; on the Turkish bank men in oriental fezzes and red Bosnian turbans, veiled women, mosques and minarets. They made friends with an English fellow-passenger, a Miss Irby, who was on her way to Serajevo where she had a Christian school;

¹ I have throughout given places the names they bore at the time Arthur Evans visited them. Cross-references to modern names, where these differ in more than transliteration, will be found in the Index.

and found her anxious about the effect of the insurrection on her friends.

At Brood their adventures began: they were arrested by the Austrian police as Russian spies. As usual, Arthur's native pugnacity and assertion of the rights of an English gentleman travelling (for once) with a passport, did nothing to mend matters, but after half an hour in the cells the Stadthauptmann came in person to release them and apologize.

The next day they crossed the Save into Turkish territory, a little subdued and chastened by the knowledge that Dervish Pasha, the Governor General of Bosnia, had just put the whole country under martial law. They had a pass signed by him, and with that hoped to get through Bosnia and the Herzegovina unmolested. They travelled light, slept hard, and had various minor adventures; but Turks and Christians alike were kind to them. At Comušina they came in for a great pilgrimage of Roman Catholic Bosnians to a mountain top in honour of Our Lady and St. Catherine: a pilgrimage that even the innocent travellers realized might have political as well as religious significance. They stayed at the new Franciscan monastery of Gučiagora, where they found the Christians of the neighbourhood gathered in fear of a massacre. Yet what impressed them most was the influence of Mohammedan dress and Mohammedan custom upon the Christian population; long subjection was bringing about a fusion of civilization though not of religion. Turkish fashions in dress, Turkish customs of seclusion for women, all seemed to link the peoples whom religion and politics, persecution and oppression, were bringing to the verge of war.

On August 23 the brothers reached Serajevo, to hear that there was rebellion all along the Save, at Banjaluka, and towards Montenegro at Višegrad, so that they were more or less shut in. Serajevo was dangerously near panic; the Christians had grown fat, and, relying on the protection of the foreign consuls resident in the city, had built an enormous church, which had roused the ire of the fanatical Moslem population. The night before the travellers arrived there had been a great fire in the Christian quarter, and arson was suspected. The travellers stayed at the Consulate, where there was calm; but their friend Miss Irby was already evacuating her school for Christian girls to Belgrade. Arthur Evans, for ever asking questions and for ever exploring the more primitive quarters of the city, was soon identified by

the Austrian Consul as a paid agitator sent from England to stir up trouble; and the British Consul cannot have been altogether sorry when the travellers decided to proceed on their road, insurrection or no insurrection, by way of Mostar. They amused themselves before they started by buying all the amulets they could find in the silversmiths' bazaar: engraved cornelians and bloodstones, periapts with verses from the Koran, necklaces of cornelian arrowheads, and leaden hares, fishes, snakes and tortoises. Thus armed, they set off on foot, walking for eleven hours a day, on a schoolboy diet of bread, Bologna sausage, marmalade and Turkish delight. However, they successfully crossed the watershed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, and descended into the Herzegovina. They went down the valley of the Narenta to Jabloniča, where they found that a Christian had been murdered in broad daylight, and that those who could leave the place were finding excuses for retreat.

The Herzegovina, with the wild rock scenery and emerald rivers of its countryside, and the stone-built houses and many mosques of its cities, altogether enchanted them. Mostar, the first town they stayed in, pleased them most of all the places they had seen; once more they felt that they were on the fringes of Roman civilization. Here they found the Turcophile British Consul from Serajevo, Mr. Holmes, who in his turn told them of Christian outrages against the Turks. They set out thence in a caravan of sixty horsemen, travelling through the night to Metković. Thence they took a flat-bottomed boat down the Narenta for Stagno and thence to Ragusa.

Here was another world. A walled city of grey stone and friendly red-brown roofs rose from an azure sea. Everything about it, from the architecture of its houses to the bluish aloes that grew from the orange rocks outside, was sculptured in form and jewel-like in colour. It was a world of fantastic beauty, remote, romantic, and stamped with the hall-marks of an ancient civilization. It seemed a paradise to Arthur Evans; flowers and fruit, sea and mountain, architecture and landscape, remoteness and beauty, all for him were fused into the authentic city of Romance. He had already fallen in love with the Balkan countries as a whole; and now he gave his heart more especially to Ragusa. From the first time he walked in by the Porta Pille he knew that this corner of the earth was his own. The houses of fine stone, the paved streets, the carved well heads, the Venetian

churches, the arcaded custom house and the splendid Palazzo Rettorale, were not only beautiful and interesting but seemed to make a peculiar appeal to him, as of things loved and remembered. It was a world brilliant as some mediæval blazon; it was a world in which he felt at home.

XII

RAGUSA

1875 - 1878

THOUGH Arthur Evans was already in heart a citizen of Ragusa, the affinity was one he could as yet neither recognize nor acknowledge. He had to return to Nash Mills, and Oxford; never had September in Hertfordshire looked less picturesque or Michaelmas Term in Oxford more grey. In neither place did there seem a niche for him; at Nash Mills Lewis was now working in the Mills, the girls were in the school-room, and John Evans was incredibly busy: no one was prepared to make Arthur the centre of their lives. At Oxford, when he returned to his rooms at 53 Broad Street, things were not much better. He tried for, and did not get, a Fellowship at Magdalen; he tried for, and did not get, a Fellowship at All Souls'; he tried for, and did not get, some pupils.

He sent some of the sketches he had made in Bosnia and Herzegovina, with short articles, to the *Graphic*, which duly published them, and he settled down to write the book which had been the real purpose of his journey. With the abundant notes he had made it did not take long. William Longman, whose brother was a partner in Dickinson's, was perfectly willing to publish it at the author's expense, and John Evans produced a subsidy of £100 towards the publication. Arthur had a great fight to have his little pencil sketches reproduced as woodcuts. This secured, he went off once more on his travels. Poor Fanny was left to see the book through the final stages of publication, while the author joined Francis Balfour on a trip from Christiania to Trondjhem, and across through Lapland to Helsingfors. For no evident reason the journey was not a great success; perhaps the charms of Illyrian archæology dimmed those of anthropological researches in the far North. By the end of June the book ¹ was out, and in August Fanny could write to him in Lapland that it was enjoying a great success. It was very much

¹ *Through Bosnia and the Herzegovina on foot, during the Insurrection, August and September 1875, with an historical review of Bosnia and a glimpse at the Croats, Slavonians, and the Ancient Republic of Ragusa.* London, Longmans Green & Co., 1876.

a young man's book, fresh and lively, a little pretentious, a little affected, a good deal over-written: yet Time and Chance had brought Arthur Evans to the Balkans at the moment when the age-long animosities of their inhabitants were boiling over, and the book had a real topical interest for an England which took Balkan politics seriously, since on them the balance of the European powers might depend. Mr. Gladstone wrote to acknowledge a presentation copy in benign terms, the reviewers received it kindly, and the public bought it handsomely.

Arthur Evans, indeed, found himself on the strength of a certain amount of systematic reading and a month's walking tour, established as an authority on the Balkans. He became Secretary to a relief fund organized by Miss Irby to aid the refugees from the provinces in revolt; he reviewed other people's books on the Balkans in the *Academy* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*; his own book was quoted in the House of Commons; and Gladstone used his evidence for Turkish atrocities in a speech to the National Conference on the Eastern Question held in St. James's Hall: the meeting at which he emerged from retirement to become "the scourge of Turkey".

The three Emperors—German, Austrian and Russian—produced a scheme of reforms for Turkey at the end of 1875, and the Sultan promised relief to his Christian subjects. Miss Irby and others who knew the country well were, however, convinced that the troubles were by no means at an end; their cause, in their opinion, lay less in any particular or especial oppression by the Turkish overlords than in a general determination of the Slavonic peoples to free themselves. The situation grew more and more strained; there were massacres in the spring. In June 1876 Serbia and Montenegro formally declared war on Turkey, and were severely mauled. In October, Russia compelled Turkey to offer Serbia a two months' armistice. A Conference of the Powers held at Constantinople in November led chiefly to a declaration by Beaconsfield that if Russia occupied Bulgaria, Great Britain would occupy Constantinople. In January 1877 Russia and Austria concluded their negotiations by a treaty which allowed Austria to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina "for protection", on condition that Austria remained neutral in the war against Turkey that Russia was planning for the spring.

Time and Chance brought Arthur Evans the opportunity to

make use of his knowledge of Bosnia and Herzegovina and of his Pan-Slav enthusiasms in the political crisis. He was fond of the Prestwiches—it was inevitable—but was a little condescending to them as non-academic newcomers to Oxford. Prestwich, however, was happily aware of the affection and impervious to the condescension, and felt that as John Evans's oldest friend, he must help Arthur to find a career. His efforts in Oxford had failed; now he looked farther afield. It so happened that his nephew, C. P. Scott, had lately become Editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. The paper was strongly pro-Gladstone and anti-Turk: what could be better than that Arthur Evans should go to the Balkans as their special correspondent? Evans asked for nothing better than an excuse to wander in the Balkans with his chosen city of Ragusa as his chief abode, and Scott was perfectly agreeable, provided that the *Manchester Guardian's* financial responsibility consisted only in leaving a small sum for telegrams in Evans's hands. So Evans interviewed the Balkan correspondent of *The Times* at Clapham, and was agreeably thrilled to find that Mr. Stillman was sure that there would be war, and that Russia and Germany had planned to form a South Slavonic confederation.

On January 20, 1877, he started off for Trieste, Sebenico, and Knin, where Miss Irby was trying to mitigate the hardships of a crowd of Bosnian refugees. He was taking out aid in money and in kind from the English committee, and hoped both to help in her work among ten or twelve thousand refugees in the district, and to get into touch with the insurgent leaders.

All went well. On February 23 he was able to write home from Ragusa: "I have reached my 'long home' at last, as you will see by this, my address till further notice. At Sebenico I landed and next day went by diligence six hours inland to Knin where Miss Irby and Miss Johnston are established. . . . Here I was singularly fortunate in meeting the ex-commander of the Bosnian Insurgents, Uzélatz, who has been working hard for the English ladies, and besides being a thorough gentleman is better informed about all that goes on out here, and takes more liberal views of things in general, than anybody else. . . . After a day or two spent at Knin in learning Miss Irby's way of managing relief I started on a week's expedition into the Insurgent district of Bosnia, partly to report on the refugees in districts not visitable by ladies, and partly to see the present state of the Insurrec-

tion. . . .” The horrors that he saw at Stermnitz, where nearly six thousand refugees were crowded, were chronicled in the *Manchester Guardian*.¹ “I had never come in contact with so much human misery before. They crowded round us, these pinched haggard faces, these lean bony frames, scarred by disease and bowed down with hunger; they followed till it seemed a dreadful dance of death. There was one lad of twelve, as pale as a spectre, who could not live many hours; and by him another younger child, whose only clothing was a few rags held together and eked out by the long tresses of a woman’s hair. . . . We now crossed the Bosnian frontier, and followed a path which Uzélatz himself had constructed along a precipitous mountain steep . . . and presently found an old Bosnian, who guided us by more difficult mountain paths to a lonely glen, where a torrent divides the Austrian from the Bosnian territory, and where, on the Christian side, we descried a series of caves in the rocky mountain side, to which we now made our way. Then indeed broke upon my sight such a depth of human misery as it has perhaps fallen to the lot of few living men to witness. We crossed a small frozen cataract, and passed the mouths of two lesser caverns, toothed with icicles three feet long and over, and then we came to the mouth of a large cave, a great black opening in the rock, from which as we climbed up to it, crawled forth a squalid and half-naked swarm of women, children and old men with faces literally eaten away with hunger and disease. A little way off was another smaller hole outside which leant what had once been a beautiful girl, and inside, amidst filth and squalor which I cannot describe, dimly seen through smoke and darkness, lay a woman dying of typhus. Others crowded out of black holes and nooks, and I found that there were about thirty in this den. . . . Another with about a dozen, and then another more horrible than any. A black hole, sloping downwards at so steep an angle as made climbing up or down a task of some difficulty, descended thus abruptly about thirty feet, and then seemed to disappear into the bowels of the earth. The usual haggard crowd swarmed out of the dark and foetid recesses below and climbed up to seek for alms. . . . Then, slowly tottering and crawling from an underground lurking place at the bottom of the pit, there stumbled into the light an old man, so lean, so wasted, with such hollow sunken eyes, that he seemed nothing but a walking

¹ February 28, 1877.

skeleton; it was the realization of some ghastly mediæval picture of the resurrection of the dead. He seemed to have lost his reason, from below he stretched out his bony hands towards us as if to grasp our alms, and made a convulsive effort to climb the rocky walls of his den. He raised himself with difficulty a few feet, and then fell back exhausted. . . .”

Having distributed the food they had brought, they made their way towards the headquarters of the commander of the insurgents, Colonel Despotovich. Uzélatz, however, would not venture into his power, and Evans and the old guide proceeded alone to the bare and lofty gorge where the camp was pitched. The colonel—a nominee of the Servian government—did not at all appeal to his visitor: “a man of spruce but bovine appearance, who swaggered up clinking his spurs and welcomed me in a loud voice in French. He took me a small stroll along the mountain edge, and after venting his spleen against Uzélatz . . . launched forth on his own prowess against the Turks.”

Evans was far more attracted by the Mohammedan prisoner who in return for his freedom had consented to act as Despotovich's secretary for Turkish correspondence. “His manners were distinguished from those of the more rugged warriors around by the peculiar Oriental polish which in Bosnia marks off the Mohametan Slavs so decisively from their oppressed Christian kinsmen. He was endowed, moreover, with a peculiar address in conversation with his captors and employers, and supported rather a difficult position with an easy grace that excited my admiration. Not less strange was the origin of our interview. I had been trying to find what traditions of the mediæval Kingdom of Bosnia might linger on among the natives of this district, the scene of the final overthrow of the Bosnian kingdom. The insurgents knew little. They had historic traditions indeed, but they all belonged, not to ancient Bosnia, but to ancient Servia. . . . At last one of them suggested that they should call in the Mahometan Effendi, for the Mahometans know something of Bosnian history; and sure enough the Effendi was ready with strange local legends which the Christians had lost. . . .

“The insurgents . . . are scattered at present over a wide area of country, forming an irregular mountainous triangle between the Austrian frontier and the Turkish fortresses of Kulen Vakuf, Kliuch and Glamosh. . . . It was to exploring

the whole of this difficult country and to visiting the other principal insurgent camps that I had resolved to devote the following days."

Accompanied by an insurgent leader, Golub Balich, and a young warrior who spoke German, they set off; the two Bosnians walking armed to the teeth, and Evans riding a pony and dangerously encumbered with his inseparable walking stick. The insurgents told him tales of horror and the villages they passed through were burned out, but they passed a convivial evening at the camp. The next day they passed through more ravaged country, and he heard fresh stories of horrors, investigated them and found them true. The valley of the Unnatz, by nature fertile and prosperous, they found laid waste. At Ermania Evans attended a kind of debate in the insurgent camp there, and heard much of hopes and wrongs. In the latter stages of his journey he was in country of a more ancient civilization, and was able to write home: "I came upon and explored two grand old mediæval castles¹ which probably no one outside Bosnia ever heard of; found two old Bosnian inscriptions, the remains of some large Roman building, and a most beautiful bas relief of Mercury, which would alone be enough to reward one for much greater pains and toils. Insurgent diet even was not nearly so insurrectionary as some of the oleaginous Dalmatian and Ragusan messes. . . . My visit . . . nearly cost Uzélatz his life and has been indirectly productive of an internal revolution (wheels within wheels) in the Insurgent camp. I returned from 'Free Bosnia' by way of Serbian Croatia to Knin, and thence went to Spalato by way of Linz, where I arranged about the purchase of Indian corn etc. for the refugees there, acting for Miss Irby. From Spalato I arrived here. . . . Tell Pa that I have got him a nice flat celt from Topolje on the Dalmatian-Bosnian frontier. I have also picked up some very pretty gems and Roman cameos. . . . Ragusa itself is as delightful as ever, in spite of continued rain. . . . The rocks are covered with yellow wallflower in full bloom and I see roses in some of the gardens".

Ragusa, indeed, continued to be a city of enchantment. It was, to begin with, quite small. All the city but a few suburban houses lay within the massive mediæval walls, in which the Northern and Southern gates, the Porta Pille and the Porta Plocce, were the only openings. The Stradone or Corso, paved

¹ Aleksia and Vissovića Grad.

with stone and lined with fine stone houses and churches, joined the two, and it took only five minutes to walk from one gate to the other. Alternatively one might walk round the walls and count the images of St. Blaise that were set at intervals in the masonry to ensure his protection. There were Venetian-looking churches in Gothic, Renaissance, and Baroque style; there were Franciscan and Dominican cloisters; there were palaces whose massive doors gave snatched visions of courtyards and stairs of sculptured stone within; there was a square as beautiful as a Piazza San Marco and an eighth of the size. Even the side streets with their carved doorways and fretted balconies had something aristocratic about them. A sufficiency of Italianate shops existed for convenience and of oriental silversmiths for pleasure; and all sorts of odd people were apt to turn up with classical intaglios from the Roman sites of the neighbourhood. Evans soon made a few acquaintances, aired his German and his Italian and began to learn a little more Slav. Soon he was a familiar figure about the place, swinging his stick as he strode rapidly along, stopping suddenly to study a flower or a shop, and prepared to talk to anyone that offered. "The mad Englishman with the walking stick" was harmless and friendly; and though everyone felt certain he was Gladstone's agent and gave bags of gold to insurgent leaders who visited him at night, this was no reason for thinking ill of him.

He stayed at first in a picturesque and comfortable inn, the Albergo al Boschetto by the Porta Pille, but he liked to eat his meals at a restaurant on the piazza and to watch the passers-by moving against the background of mediæval buildings: peasants in brilliant dresses from Canali and Breno, the merchants of the city and the dignified representatives of its impoverished aristocratic families. The restaurant, too, was a good place for picking up acquaintances. On March 4 he noted down: "At lunch meet at same table quite accidentally a man of very unprepossessing appearance. However he said something in German and so we advanced till he let out he was the Bosnian insurgent leader Hubmaier. . . . He took a rather pessimist view of the situation. What can be done without money? and none comes. . . . Said that Bosnians were bad soldiers. Once after beating the Turks near Costainiça his Ceta disappeared in the night except for nineteen men, fearing the return of the Turk to avenge the disaster! The Bosnians were lying and dishonest. The Bosniac

Mahometans far more honourable. . . . An honest Turk, he said, was worth ten Christians." The only hope was to ally both Moslem and Christian Bosnians; and so long as the rebels carried on a mere guerilla warfare, this was impossible, for their leaders had not control enough to be able to offer guarantees to the Mahomedans against Christian brigandage. Could these be offered, they might unite; but if Montenegro and Servia soon made peace with Turkey, the insurgents would lay down their arms.

Meanwhile Evans was busy writing. He had sent the *Manchester Guardian* a succession of letters from Knin and the insurgent camps which had altogether exceeded Mr. Scott's expectations; they were lively, well written and well documented, and infused with a dramatic sense that he had hardly expected from the myopic archæologist, looking like an undergraduate, whom his uncle had produced for his inspection. He wrote warmly to his correspondent to thank him for his "admirable" letters and to ask for more and more; he sent marked copies of the papers containing them to eminent members of parliament; and though Mr. Joseph Chamberlain refused to consider Evans's stories of atrocities grounds for a question in the House, public opinion in general was interested and sympathetic.

Meanwhile Arthur Evans had begun a feud with the Turcophile British Consul at Serajevo, Mr. W. R. Holmes. As early as March 14, 1877, in answer to a telegram from the Foreign Office, the Consul had replied that he had heard nothing of murders and outrages in North Bosnia, and on the 16th he had written again to disparage Evans's "Slavophile" reports on the hardships of "the brigands under Despotovich". Battle was soon joined; but Evans's interest in it waned for a time before the renewal of fighting in Bosnia on March 20, and his reports of a reign of terror became too precise for them to be disregarded at home. On April 25 it was announced that the Foreign Office had ordered the Vice Consul to investigate the outrages on the spot. Evans, of course, could not understand the politician's point of view that looked to the preservation of peace in Europe rather than to the avenging of the wrongs of a few insurgents, and continued to bombard the *Manchester Guardian*—which asked nothing better than to annoy the government—with indignant telegrams.

E. A. Freeman, the historian, had happened to visit Cattaro

and Ragusa in 1875 at the time the refugees from Bosnia were beginning to pour into the cities of the coast, and had taken a leading part in the organization of a relief fund in England. Arthur Evans as yet hardly knew him; he had barely seen him at a meeting held by the Humphry Wards in Oxford in February 1876 on behalf of the Bosnian refugees, at which Freeman had offended everyone by delivering a long and furious invective against Lord Derby, which had signally failed to produce gifts to the fund. They were, however, already in friendly correspondence over relief and politics, and the historian had become one of Evans's most fervent supporters in England. Freeman was generous in appreciation and approval, and his letters warmed the young man's heart. He wrote from his home at Somerleaze:

"I am reading your book more carefully than I did before. How you notice everything: things about fiddles and pots, which I should never think of, and things about noses and eyes which I always wish to notice, but don't know how. The more things that are noticed the better."

On March 29, 1877, Evans wrote in his turn to Freeman: ". . . I am off by the next steamer to Zara, thence to rush inland on a mission of my own. And as I *may* not turn up again—or in other words may be Bashibazouked—it is as well to discharge arrears of correspondence at once. To explain this somewhat enigmatic language: the Turk has fallen on a village whither a few miserable refugees had returned, and has massacred all he could lay hands on. . . . It is so necessary that such horrors should be personally vouched for that though my authorities are good I have resolved to penetrate myself to the spot. It will be a hard four days' journey, but if fortune favours and I am able to do it, I think it will be worth doing, as it will prove to the world how hopeless the situation in Bosnia really is, and what mockery it is to call on the refugees to return—like dillydilly ducks! The Austrian Government has seized this moment to cut down by one half the pittance hitherto doled out to the Bosniacs. . . . The government are so ashamed of their own policy, that my telegrams stating this diminution of official relief and the horrible consequences that must in many parts ensue *have been suppressed by the authorities here*. . . . The attitude of the Austrian as well as the Hungarian government seems to me to be cynically wicked: they sin against light. The Austrian official papers speak of the Bosnian and Herzegovinian insurgents simply as

brigands, and not a day passes but these organs of besotted Chauvinism cry out to the Turks to stamp out the germs of Bosnian liberty.

"Only the other day I was speaking to a foreign Consul here who ought to know something of the opinions of the Austrian Government. I was mentioning what I had seen beyond the border, and expressing a hope that the insurgents would be able to hold out, when he interrupted me by asking whether I supposed for a moment that the Austrian Government would tolerate a Bosnian Montenegro. 'If the Turks can't suppress the insurrection you may be very sure that Austria will; and if the Bosnians persist in refusing to put their necks under the yoke again, well, they will be shot down like dogs.' . . . I very much fear from what I *perceive* here that Russia has of deliberate policy resolved to sacrifice the Bosnian rayahs to Magyar neutrality. . . .

"As to peace or war, I cannot say. But I may mention that an Austrian army corps is crowded in to Dalmatia and that Ragusa is at present a military wasps' nest."

Though he was not "Bashi-Bazouked", Evans's journey from Zara into the interior was not easy. Eight hours from Zara the Hungarian customs officers at the frontier on the pass which divided Dalmatia from Hungary would not allow the waggons with Miss Irby's stores for the refugees to pass duty free, as was permitted on the Austrian frontier, but first demanded an outrageous duty, and when this was refused ripped the bales open and threw the contents about. Evans was furious, but in the end, for all his indignation, the waggons had to be repacked and sent back to Zara.

He himself proceeded to Udbina: a journey through a strange wild land, with scattered oases of fertility, chaotic rocks, underground rivers and mysterious caverns. His guides told him that every churchyard they passed was vampire-haunted, and the springs where they stopped had the power of bestowing knowledge or curing sickness. The few and scattered inhabitants were descendants of Mohametans who had consented to be baptized when the province was reconquered at the end of the seventeenth century, but now all their sympathy was with the Christian rayahs over the borders.

When Arthur Evans reached Siezitz Grad, the outpost of the insurgents, everyone tried to dissuade him from his project of proceeding to Ochievo to investigate the Turkish outrages

there. To begin with, he had to cross the Unnatz river, which everyone declared impassable now that it was swollen by the rain and melting snow. Arthur forthwith stripped, put his notebook and pencils in his hat, and swam the icy stream. Once he had got his breath again he began to explore the opposite bank, armed with a note-book and rather inadequately attired in a sun helmet of peculiar shape. He promptly lost his way among the rocks and stunted pines. A shout from below eventually revealed not, as he feared, Turks, but a Bosnian rayah who had succeeded in following him across the Unnatz. A long climb and a steep descent brought them to the site of Ochievo. All the houses but two had been burnt to the ground, and their contents scattered about, broken, torn and trampled. Their explorations were interrupted by a sudden warning from the Bosnian guide that he saw Turks. They crept back to a point higher up the river, where there was a deep ford, crossed, recovered their clothes and returned to the camp. There Evans investigated the reports of Turkish atrocities in the twice-burnt village, and found that eight people had been murdered and more than twenty women outraged. He got lists of names and witnesses in almost all cases, and sent a long letter to the *Guardian* from Lapak on the frontier,¹ feeling that he had given the Consul Holmes something to think about.

His next objective was the headquarters of the Mohametan leaders in Bosnia at Kulen Vakuf: a camp of nearly three thousand fanatics, Beys who had lost their Christian serfs, villagers who had been dispossessed by the insurgents, and political enthusiasts from the towns. Into this hornet's nest it seemed rash to penetrate. Evans, however, had already sent a written message to "The Right Hand of the Sultan in Kulen Vakuf" asking for a safe conduct, as an Englishman holding a passport issued by the Turkish Embassy in London. Now arrived a letter saying that "to him that cometh in the name of two empires let there be no fear", with the news that he was eagerly awaited in the camp. The plunge took more courage even than the icy waters of Unnatz, but Arthur Evans determined to take the Mudir at his word and go forward. A Bosnian, half Turkish and half Christian, was ready to act as Evans's guide. Evans tried to look as Oriental as possible: wound a puggaree round his too British sun helmet, and turned outwards the scarlet

¹ *Manchester Guardian*, April 21, 1877.

lining of his cloak: the cloak, famous in family annals, that he had bought to wear in Paris in 1871.

Kulen Vakuf had been cut off from the world for nearly two years, and any stranger who had the courage to appear was assured at least of a *succès de curiosité*. Evans was evidently no ordinary Giaour, and when at last they reached Kulen Vakuf, after a long walk over waste land which no man dared to till, and an encounter with a Bashi-bazouk of diabolical expression and a threatening bayonet, the whole town was astir to welcome him. A Turkish officer rode out to meet him, and insisted on his mounting a beautiful Arab. Evans rode in triumph into Kulen Vakuf, puggareed and cloaked, and bearing in his hand a bough of flowering blackthorn he had picked by the wayside, between rows of soldiers and townspeople who presented arms and salaamed as he passed.

The visit continued to have all the character of a triumph. He interviewed the Mudir, the Beys and the Mohametan merchants high and disposedly at the house of the Mudir. He said that the English people had heard that there was much misery in Bosnia, and that they wished to know whether an end could not be put to it. Yes, they said, they had suffered much. One had lost so many houses and villages, and another so many; and, worse than all, their rayah serfs had fled, and there was no one to till their fields; others had turned brigand and robbed and threatened them every day. Was that not misery enough?

Evans held up his spray of blackthorn. "You see these blossoms. I picked them on my way here amongst your untilled fields. Spring has come. Why should not the land bloom again as this spray? You have had your winter, and cold enough it has been. Surely you must be ready for the spring of peace? You are impoverished and ruined by the flight of the rayah. Why not hold out your hand to him and welcome his return?"

"They can return to-morrow," they replied with one accord, "but on the old footing." The chief speaker, Mahomed Bey Kulenovich, continued the argument. "Do not think that their lot will be the same. We will receive them back; we will not harm them or their wives or their children; but their lot will never be so favourable as before." "Property is property", added another.

This familiar statement naturally led Evans to a disquisition on England, where the Beys kept their obligations to their rayahs

and no one turned brigand. Further discussion revealed that it was outside the bounds of possibility that the Bosnian Christians should ever be in any sense on a level with true believers. "Rather than submit to that", declared the chief merchant of the place, "we will shut ourselves up in our houses, with our wives and our children, and with our own hands we will slay our wives and our children, and last of all we will cut our own throats."

Such fanaticism commanded Evans's respect; there was something grand and terrible about it. His triumphal entry had given him access not only to the stronghold but also to the thoughts of those that held it. He could understand and reverence the ideals for which they fought, though he knew that they could have no place in modern Europe, and was himself vowed to fight against them. He left Kulen Vakuf, honourably escorted, with a strong sense that nothing would ever solve the Bosnian problem but *force majeure*, and that that force must eventually be applied by Austria with or without the confirmation of Europe.

His letter to the *Guardian* recounting his investigations at Ochievo had now stirred up a general protest against Consul Holmes's bland complacency. Once back at Ragusa Evans, whose temper was not improved by an intermittent fever, sent a further despatch¹ emphasizing the authenticity of his own reports, which strikes the reader as coming dangerously near libel: the sort of libel that is worse because it is true.

Even hardened travellers thought that he was growing rather foolhardy in his adventures. Richard Burton wrote to him from his Consulate at Trieste on May 24, 1877:

"You possibly have heard that I have just returned from Egypt and Arabia after a most interesting wander amongst the gold mines of old Midian. However it is some consolation to suggest that my absence has done you no harm. . . . Mind where you travel! I don't consider myself an over-prudent man in these matters, and yet I should not think of venturing into the mountains of Yemen, held by the Turks. Of course I expect the day to come when I can go there.

"What are you supposed to be doing now? Of course you won't fail to keep the world acquainted with the state of things in Bosnia. . . ."

By the end of May Evans had recovered enough to start excavating an enormous barrow of stones on the plain of Canali.

¹ *Manchester Guardian*, May 14, 1877.

After employing fifteen men for three days he was just reaching the centre of the mound when war broke out between Turks and Montenegrins on June 4.

Montenegro adopted tactics of defence, and blockaded the Turkish fortresses of Nikšić and the Duga. Arthur Evans reluctantly left the barrow to go by Cattaro to Cetinje, which he reached on June 11, finding consolation for Canali in the flowery country about Cattaro. Once he reached the village capital of Montenegro, the prospect was less delightful. The news was bad; the Prince was away at headquarters two or three days' journey away; the Princess received no one; and time lay for once heavy on his hands. Suddenly a message came that his almost unknown friend E. A. Freeman, and two of his daughters were on their way to Ragusa from Cattaro. Arthur rode down from Cetinje for seven hours through the night, only to lose the morning steamer; hired a rowing boat across the Bocche and rode all day through Canali and the Suttorina to reach Ragusa at midnight.

Arthur Evans and Edward Freeman met on June 18, and their nascent friendship grew apace. The short-legged, long-bearded, steely-eyed little historian, full of foibles and prejudices, could not fail to appeal to Arthur Evans, for there was something noble and generous about him. His pugnacity in lost causes, his disinterested devotion to the principles of liberty, and his historic sense of the origin of things, stirred like chords in Arthur Evans. There was an instinctive harmony between them.

Margaret and Helen Freeman had been rather bored at having to wait at Ragusa for the unknown journalist who tarried at Cetinje, with no company but a formal Baron Gondola, given to compliments and hand-kissing. Once they had met Arthur Evans boredom vanished. For all his short-sight and big walking-stick, the young man had brought a certain air of romance with him from the Montenegrin highlands. A mixture of Silurian Welsh and Huguenot French had produced in him a type that looked more at home in the Balkans than anywhere; indeed his sister Alice declared that in his last photograph Arthur had "acquired a slightly insurgent expression." Now, lithe and active, with his face bronzed by the sun, his curly hair a little wild in the Ragusan wind, and his sensitive mouth smiling with friendliness and pleasure at them and their father, he was assuredly not without charm. Margaret Freeman, indeed, fell in love

with him forthwith, and he was equally attracted by her. On Midsummer Eve they were all at Spalato together, and he and she picked that evening the nine flowers which, according to local belief, would make her dream of her husband to be. On Midsummer Day he gave her a book with an inscription that made his feelings clear.

Margaret Freeman was not a beauty, but everything about her was well proportioned and harmonious; her neat features and delicate ears, her small hands and feet, her smooth hair and quiet dress, all made a consistent whole that had a very English charm. She was three years older than Arthur, and the most learned of her father's daughters: a reasonably good Latin and Greek scholar, fluent in French and German, with a little knowledge of Italian, and a considerable acquaintance with history. She acted as her Father's secretary, and his standards were high. She had been brought up, like Arthur, to strenuous foreign travel, though with a very different cicerone from John Evans. In Verona, for example, Freeman did not dash round hunting for coins in dark shops, but recited Byron's *Dying Gladiator* to his appreciative family in the Amphitheatre. She had not as strong a taste for the picturesque as Arthur; at her first visit to Rome she had thought it dirty and uncivilized. She had learned, however, to look for the historical connotation of what she saw; and she had acquired the art of going on without grumbling when she was tired. Arthur's interest and approval grew as they saw the sights of Spalato and Zara together, and he discovered that she had a genuine and unforced appreciation of natural beauty which her father did not share.

It was with a strong sense of paving the way for the future that Arthur wrote home on June 27. "They were all very pleasant and it was an indescribable comfort to talk with English and reasonable people once more. They asked me to go with them to Spalato, which I did, and after three days there we all went on together again to Zara, where the day before yesterday I took a very gloomy farewell. I never enjoyed any little trip so much. There is an amusing touch of Old Flower¹ about Freeman, at any rate when abroad. He can't or won't speak either German, French, or Italian, and his daughters have to look after him and manage everything. . . . Then too, he has

¹ William Henry Flower, President of the Zoological Society and Director of the Natural History Museum.

that happy knack of musing when he comes to anything he likes and forgetting everything around. His daughters, Margaret and Helen, were in their different ways a little like Alice and Harriet: I don't mean to look at. Margaret—Miss Freeman, I beg her pardon—I liked especially and she seems a great help to her father. . . .”

Arthur Evans went on from Zara to Sebenico, to go up to Knin to help Miss Irby who was overworked. On July 14 he was back at Ragusa, and wrote to Margaret to tell her of his adventures.

“Here I am back at Ragusa after a considerably longer absence than I had at first intended—three days was it? I started on a long expedition from Knin to see a wretched colony of Refugees just the other side of the Bosnian frontier, and to distribute relief for Miss Irby's fund. . . .

“Kamen, the name of the little gorge on the Bosnian side of the frontier where the Refugees were collected, was certainly one of the most striking sights that can well be imagined. The refugee huts—miserable little wigwams—scattered about in a beautiful beechwood, an oasis of green in the desert highlands; the trees overlooked by, and partly overgrowing, the most picturesque of castle-like rocks, with infinite tower peaks and turrets. There were about two hundred and sixty fugitives at this spot, and it was miserable to see them; one or two lying about apparently past human help; and children, but not those ideal children, those fresh rosy-faced little folk that you remember at Ragusa, but pale and yellow and fore-old (if there is such a word); poor withered blighted buds that no returning sunshine can open. This seemed to me the saddest thought of all—Yes, they will drop off; about a hundred of these unfortunates died in this wood since winter; some forty per cent. that is of the whole number. Being beyond the border Miss Irby's relief has only lately been able to get at them, and that through the help of an officer of Gendarmes, a Moravian, Homme by name, who was my companion in this expedition. He is really a fine fellow and is going to look after Miss Irby's distributions in the whole Knin district during her absence. . . .

“Miss Irby, who from what we heard at Knin had imagined that our Vice-Consul was set in the right track at last, was very much disillusioned at his report. . . . I wrote at once an antidote, to the *Guardian*, but who will hear me? And how miserable and

galling is this necessity of fighting the Turk as it were over the bodies of Englishmen! It almost makes one lose heart to see all one's efforts to expose this tyranny thwarted and neutralized by English officials, and to have questions affecting the happiness of peoples dragged down to the level of personal controversy. And it is certainly not wise to ignore the fact that a Consul, a trusted servant of the State, has a great advantage against an anonymous newspaper correspondent. . . .

"Very many thanks for your photograph. I will send you mine by a Ragusan 'master' when I get it myself. I like this one of you so much better—but will you forgive me for not sending the other back? The fact is I am quite ashamed to. It has unfortunately shared the fate of some other papers in a pocket book of mine and got so soiled and disreputable that you would not know yourself! Candidly I never liked it, and you will not think me very Bashi-Bazouk-like if under all these distressing circumstances—I execute a happy despatch. How rude I am! . . .

"What a scrawl I have sent you. On looking it over it seems something between a charity appeal and a Consular despatch. . . . I find Gondola as 'complimentitious' as ever—Tell your sister I have no *complimenti* left to send her! I hope I shall some day see you all again. . . . You probably may never know what a little oasis to my life your visit to Dalmatia has been. No, these are not *complimenti*."

He did not know that, while he wrote, a letter from Margaret was already on its way to him: a note, most properly enclosed in one from her father, to say that she had not yet found an extract from *Piers Plowman* that she promised him, but sending him a copy of *The Owl and the Pussy Cat*.

Once back in Ragusa, he turned his attention again to the barrows at Canali. His cousin Arthur Hubbard, a young medical student, had come to join him for a short time, expecting to be engaged in relief work; but for the moment, archæology was more engrossing. In the middle of August Evans wrote to Freeman:

". . . I have just returned from an expedition to the cooler regions of Mount Sniesnica (=showery not without a suggestion of sneezing). . . . At Mleina out there we have got a new school starting with eighty children. That is rather promising, but has its difficulties, as some of the children have to come a journey

of nearly two hours from across the Herzegovinian border, and the Greek priest is fonder of fighting Turks than of school-mastering. . . . In other respects my expedition among the Canalese mountains has been most interesting. Every cave-cranny there is occupied by Vilas, in whom the peasants believe most implicitly. I have collected quite a volume of folklore. One old fellow even swore to having seen the Nymphs' footprints on the rocks, and described them; 'splayed and rather like a goose's'. I have come on the track of 'the last of the Bogomiles'—a mysterious old man, known as a prophet throughout Canali, who goes about clad in a black smock, railing against priests and ritual and preaching that the earth belongs to all men in common, and other doctrines still more heretical. Further I have finished digging up my stone barrow and am sorry to have to bring a very bad report against prehistoric Canalese. There were in this barrow bones of about eighty persons and every single shaft-bone had been neatly broken at the ends and bore traces of having had its marrow very successfully extracted: in so much that as Crouner I can bring in no other verdict than 'eaten up'! Now there are about twenty such barrows about Canali, and if each contains eighty people, some 1600 must at some period have been digested thus."

The barrows were not productive of much besides bones though the excavators found enough to show that they were of Bronze Age date. From Canali they went on to the wooded island of Curzola. The town from which it took its name proved an enchanted city of half ruined houses, where the humblest citizen had the polish of Venetian aristocracy. "It looks from the sea," wrote Arthur, "like a great block of marble, with a few cracks or fissures representing the very narrow streets that run up hill, with flights of marble steps converging on a little Piazzetta flanked by a good 'Dalmatian' church: and every little alley lined with the most exquisite miniature palaces that were, many untenanted and roofless now, with the blue sky showing through their Venetian windows. . . . One with a view of the Church lantern above, narrow, dark, with old worn-away flights of steps and poor (but how friendly) people, was more picturesquely beautiful than anything I have seen. . . . Little stone props wrought with strange faces like gargoyles, but more classically fantastic, jut out at every point as if to support balconies. Many have little flower pots on them, and brilliant geraniums,

wild and unkempt; and graceful creepers hang down over old Venetian portals, creep among the marble foliage of these most superb of windows, covering this varied wall of architecture as if it were some cliff side. . . . This evening a beautiful moon lit up this marble microcosm of Venice with daylight clearness, framing each richly wrought arch and portal with ebon and ivory. Towards the Piazzetta opposite the Duomo there was a sound of singing. On approaching it I found children seated on the stone *sedilia* and singing as if they could not help themselves. This pure summer air seemed to have intoxicated them with Southern *allegrezza* and they sang on, sometimes Slav song, sometimes alien; but always with exquisite voices and perfect measure, ending up their lays with wild passionate bursts of melody; pausing exhausted, to begin again."

Renewed activity on the Montenegrin front summoned Evans thence to Cetinje. The Prince invited him to witness the siege of Nikšić, but an attack of sun-stroke prevented his going to the headquarters camp. Instead, he witnessed the rejoicings at Cetinje when news came that the island fortress had fallen after forty days' siege. The Prince announced the news in a quatrain sent by telegraph to his lovely princess at Cetinje, who summoned the inhabitants to the palace and communicated the news herself amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm.

"It was the most thrilling scene," Arthur Evans wrote to Margaret Freeman, "that I at any rate have ever seen; they were, as I have said, just like children! They danced waltzes before the princess far into the night—the most curiously savage performance, leaping about, throwing about their arms, now and again firing off pistols, and giving vent at intervals to the most inhuman guttural exclamations, as if they were imitating the yelping of hounds. Every now and then, too, one or two girl relations of the Prince, and among them the pretty young wife of brave Bozo Petrovich, came and danced about among the warriors, but in a much more graceful fashion. The lookers on who held lights in a circle round sang 'the green apple-tree' song. This is a song which always begins 'The green apple-tree' but this has no connexion with the rest of the poem. The rest is an epic about Turkish wars and varies according to occasion. Of course 'the green apple-tree' and the dance are part of some pagan ceremony, but what god they belonged to I don't know. . . . This is what I make of the song:

‘ Oh green apple tree
 And green fruit given thee:
 Two branches there are,
 And two apples they bear.
 But on the third
 Sits the falcon bird,
 And he looks to the plain,
 Where Kosut Captain
 Sits drinking all day,
 And to him doth say:
 “ Hie away! hie away! ”
 Poor Kosut! Much I fear
 The hunters are near,
 Tzernogortzi ¹ are they.
 They will bear thee away,
 They will bear thee afar,
 To the home of the Czar ’ . . .

The night ended with the national hymn that celebrates Czar Dushan sleeping in his cavern:

‘ Out there, out there, beyond the mountains,
 In some dark cave beneath the hill,
 They say my Czar is sleeping still.
 He wakes! And rising in our wrath
 We’ll hurl the proud usurper forth:
 From Déchan church to Prisrend towers
 That olden heritage is ours!
 Out there, out there, beyond the mountains. . . . ’ ”

Evans was now well enough to proceed to Nikšić, where he saw the reverse of the medal: the wholesale emigration of the Mahometan population, who preferred poverty and exile, the loss of house and land, to remaining in a place where they could no longer feel themselves the dominant caste.

It was in many ways a pity that Time and Chance had made Arthur Evans a partisan of the Turks’ enemies, for he never came into direct touch with them without responding to their romantic appeal. He loved liberty, but he disliked those who professed it. When he first visited the Herzegovina he had written:²

“ Nature’s gentlemen the Bosniacs certainly are not! . . . [They] show themselves grossly familiar when not cowed into bearish reserve; they have not even sufficient tact to perceive when their impertinence or obtrusive curiosity is annoying. . . . They never displayed gratitude. . . . But I should be guilty of

¹ Men of the Black Mountain: Montenegrins.

² *Through Bosnia and the Herzegovina*, p. 308.

passing a very shallow judgment on the sometimes too obtrusive familiarity of these people, if I did not point out that it is but an unpleasant phase of what is really one of the most valuable qualities preserved by the Bosnian people in the days of bondage. It is part and parcel of a democratic habit of mind. . . . In these Illyrian lands I have often been addressed as *brat*, or brother, and the Bosniacs are known to call the stranger *shija*, neighbour. I . . . happen individually not to appreciate this *égalitaire* spirit. I don't choose to be told by every barbarian I meet that he is a man and a brother. I believe in the existence of inferior races, and would like to see them exterminated. But these are personal mislikings, and it is easy to see how valuable such a spirit of democracy may be amongst a people whose self-respect has been degraded by centuries of oppression and who . . . are only too prone to cower beneath the despot's rod . . . and a man must be either blind or a diplomatist not to perceive that in the Slavonic provinces of Turkey the choice ultimately lies between despotism and a democracy almost socialistic."

Evans had resigned himself to the fact that liberty was better than tyranny, even when coupled with equality and fraternity; yet he rarely met a Turk without rejoicing in his aristocratic qualities. At Nikšić he saw aristocracy under a reverse.

"It has been a striking sight to watch the long cavalcades of Turkish fugitives, sometimes as many as sixty at a time, streaming out of the town. Now and then one of the little ones would look disconsolate enough, but the women were muffled in their long white sheets, so that you could hardly see so much as a nose, and the men were too proud to betray any symptom of regret, and were even dressed out in their brightest holiday costume. . . .

"I have said that the Mahometans of Nikšić refuse to betray any emotion. I was wrong. Even the stoicism of the Moslem can break down at parting with his arms. An ancient Turk who had covenanted with a friend of mine to sell his flintlock for thirty florins—it had a date upon it of three centuries back, and is destined to adorn a museum at Berlin—fairly burst into tears as he concluded the bargain, exclaiming: 'My great grandfather will rise from his grave to rebuke me!' . . .

"Yes, that old tyrannous dominant caste had its fine side too! Those turbaned greybeards sitting in their fur-bordered mantles outside the city gate, awaiting the signal for their departure, are not wanting at least in nobleness of expression. In the time it

takes me to write this, their escort has arrived, and they are quitting their homes for ever under the protection of the Serbian tricolor. The black-bordered fez, that always seems to mean business, the dull white *dolama* or tunic, the dingy brown *struka*, the plaid of these Slavonic highlanders, may seem but a poor exchange for the majestic turban, the brilliant flowing tasselled fez, the rich brocaded vest, and all those fantasies of gold and emerald. One is filled with overpowering artistic regret . . . but regret ceases as the eye wanders across that rich champaign so bare of cultivation, or lights, here and there in the suburbs of the town, on some small garden patch, where the growth of tobacco, tall stalks of Indian corn, golden figs and clustering vines attest how rich this land might become, when no longer trodden down with Turkish hoof-prints."

Arthur Evans returned to Ragusa to set his affairs and papers in order, and reported the final stages of the campaign; but the interest of the readers of the *Manchester Guardian* had shifted to Russia's war with Turkey and England's campaign against the Kaffirs. C. P. Scott no longer wrote by every mail to ask for more. Evans was free to explore the country round Ragusa. "There is no place," he wrote, "for modern ruins like the territory of the ex-Republic. I say modern, though the ruins belong to two periods—the former due to the great earthquake of 1677, the latter the handiwork of the wild mountaineers in June 1806. But the actual buildings in both cases are mostly work of the Cinque and Seicento; the stagnation and decay of the last century of the Republic produced little. These old signorial ruins have many common features: the family escutcheon over the doorway, and on the piers of the garden entrance; old cypress avenues on the gardens, once of Italian regularity; open air terraces and spacious *loggie* . . . fragments of marble stairs: windows either with flat imposts of quasi-classic style, or luxuriant Venetian exotics from the quarries of Curzola . . .; broken rows of slender stone columns, once vine-props, with ill-kempt sprays still struggling over the broken lattice-works above. . . ." He went to Malfi; three peasant girls ferried him across the strait and would only take payment in compliments. The village shop keeper gave him a shake-down, and a sea-captain who lived there asked him in to spend the evening. "I found a roomy house in the old Ragusan style, and mounting a flight of stone stairs entered the large upper hall where the whole family was

gathered. The captain, a fine old gentleman who had seen his fifty years of service in all parts of the globe . . . gave me a hearty welcome which was echoed by the rest of the circle, including two fine old ladies, one certainly over seventy. . . . The room itself was spacious, with an old ceiling of black wood, and a variety of pictures. There was a St. Sebastian, and a Madonna by a Neapolitan artist; there was a Bacchic scene and a Judith and Holofernes . . . and an old Ragusan Patrician in his robes of state. The richly emblazoned scutcheon of another departed ancestor displayed the half-moon and star of Illyrian nobility, surmounted by a cardinal's hat. The pictures were not good, certainly . . . but still they *were* pictures. . . . They harmonized with the old walls and ceiling and brought home to one in a curious way a tale of fallen fortunes as yet untold.

"Fallen!—when we came to talk of antiquities, the old lady told me a chapter of their family history. . . . She said that they were (on the female side) the only living representatives of the united families of Ochmucheitch and the Comneni: the first a family of famed Bosnian lineage and distinguished in the service of the great Servian Emperor . . . the Comneni of the imperial line of Byzantium. . . . If ever the Comneni blood reasserted itself it was surely in the form of the old lady. Her dark eyes, flashing with animation in spite of her years, were certainly not derived from the Slav side of the family, and there was withal something Imperial in her bearing as she recounted the glories of the old days and pointed with pride to Trebizond and Constantinople in the old map that accompanied the ancestral volume.¹ She remembered the old days of Ragusa and the Senators in their black togas.

"The conversation fell on the present state of Bosnia. One of the party, a neighbour, . . . said the Turkish landlords had a hard time of it now; many were well-nigh starving, as the rayahs refused to pay the old dues. But the old lady had no pity. I shall not soon forget the tone of supreme and gratified vengeance with which she pronounced their doom. 'Let them die! Neka krepaju! They have had their day; they became renegades to keep their lands; let them lose them in God's name!' There methought spoke the last of the Comneni. . . ."

¹ [*Le glorie cadute dell'Antiquissima ed Augustissima Familia Comnena, dell' abbate Don Lorenzo Maniati, Venice, 1663.*]

At the end of November Arthur Evans returned home by way of Prague, and was soon busy preparing his despatches to the *Guardian*, and additional notes, to appear in book form.¹ In the middle of December he wrote to Margaret Freeman, who was in Sicily with her father:

" . . . I have been doing and planning what I could for Bosnia since I have been back. . . . I was especially glad the other day to get a letter from Mr. W. H. Smith, our new First Lord (who is an old friend of my father's) asking me to go to him at the Admiralty and give him my reports of Bosnian matters. . . . I found him sensible and attentive, and evidently desirous that England should do what is right. He did not speak as if there was the slightest chance of our being dragged into a war on the side of Turkey. I urged very strongly to him the necessity of Austria occupying Bosnia and that right speedily, in which he likewise seemed to agree. I even ventured to suggest that the only thing *we* could do now was to throw weight on the side of Greece and see that she had a fair share in the general scramble that is coming. The state of the refugees seemed quite a new idea to him, and as on this and other matters he asked me to supply him with notes, and as he is a most honest, practical and intelligent man, it is to be hoped that all this may bear some fruit. I find public opinion rather better than I was prepared for; in the north it is still wholesome. Imagine that a Turcophile newspaper proprietor at Newcastle has had to take on Slavophile writers because he found the other tack did not pay! Isn't that delightful? "

E. A. Freeman, far away in Palermo, grew anxious when he heard of Arthur's communications with Tory statesmen. He wrote in warning at once:

" . . . I dare say W. H. Smith is an honest man, as I believe some others of them are. Only why do they keep company with the two men of Belial? They cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. And not only to have the vile Jew but the ghost of the dead Albert tied round our necks; and half the country would think it treason if one disputed any word of the meddling foreigner to whom we paid such high wages. See the tone of flunkeyism in which every paper notices his life. . . . "

¹ *Illyrian Letters, a revised selection of correspondence from the Illyrian provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Albania, Dalmatia, Croatia and Slavonia, addressed to the Manchester Guardian, during the year 1877.* London, Longmans Green & Co., 1878.

While the letter from Sicily was still in the post, another from Arthur was on its way to Palermo, recording friendly converse with yet another Conservative statesman:

"I have had a very interesting conversation with Lord Salisbury the other evening, who . . . seemed anxious to get at the truth about matters. He wanted to know how it was that the Greeks had not risen, and from his tone I judge that he personally was rather disappointed that they had not. I told him what I knew of the organization of the Greek Committees in Epirus, and that I believed that the *mot d'ordre* was to rise when the Russians had crossed the Balkans in force. He remarked that Greece had waited till it was too late.

"I especially urged upon him the iniquity of not allowing Montenegro a seaport: you have heard I suppose that diplomacy is busy scheming how to snatch Antivari out of the Montenegrin grasp, and to obviate such a 'deplorable event' as the capture of Skodra. I fervently hope that we shall not be a party to such deeds. I think that all the members of the Cabinet with whom I have spoken have a certain admiration for the little Principality, but the thing may be done as a 'concession' to Austria and Italy. . . . Why are the Italians said to be so hostile to Montenegrin pretensions to a little seaboard: I suppose the idea is that what is a Montenegrin port would be practically a Russian port. . . ."

By February Margaret Freeman was home again, and the courtship quickly culminated in an engagement. She received the kindest of welcomes from Arthur Evans's family, and her father wrote no less warmly from Palermo to rejoice at the news.

"My dear Arthur,

I am right well pleased to receive the piece of news which came to-day in two letters, yours and Margaret's. I do think my Gretchen rather a precious thing to give away, but I can give her to you with a hearty good will, as I am sure you will know what to do with her. It is not everybody that pleases me: but some people do: and I am delighted that Margaret is the choice of one whom I can really take to myself as I should wish to do to my daughter's husband, but which I might not be able to do to everybody, even of very decent people. (That is a rather lumbering sentence: don't show it to any of the enemy.) Some might cavil at

your being younger than Margaret; but seeing that her mother is older than I am, that my mother was older than my father, that my daughter-in-law is older than my son . . . I at least have no right to say anything on that score. So go and prosper both of you with all the good wishes and blessings that I can bestow on you."

Everyone was happy and hopeful, and Arthur and Margaret were able to go up to London together to see the exhibition of Schliemann's discoveries at Troy, in very good spirits.

The projected marriage seemed to both families an admirable reason for Arthur to settle down in England; he did not see it in that light. He not only proposed to go back to Dalmatia at the end of March, and to return to England for his marriage in the autumn, but also planned for them to set up house at Ragusa. Even Freeman did not altogether approve.

"Doubtless you do right to go out on your work which you have undertaken, but I trust that it will not be very long. But do I infer that, when married, you will go live at Ragusa for a while? It sounds funny: but I have a great regard for those seas and islands, and I might come and see you. Don't take her to the old-Servian place; that, I should think, would be barbarous. . . ."

Arthur replied from Freeman's own house at Somerleaze, to which he had taken his sisters for a gay and pleasant visit:

". . . I cannot doubt that I *ought* to go out to Illyria again at once. I know I can only do a little, but every day seems to prove it more and more necessary that events should be watched out there jealously and persistently, and with what might I have I will do it. Yesterday's news was more disheartening than ever: new massacres, Turks concentrating troops near Mostar as if to prevent Austrian *peaceable* occupation, Russia opposing Greece's participation in the Congress . . . and these persistent rumours of an understanding between Russ and Ottoman. . . . Again and again a doleful prediction of Miss Irby's returns to me: 'that Bosnia will be the last province in Europe where Turkish oppression will survive.'

"Whither exactly I shall go will of course greatly depend on events, and I rather trust to Miss Irby to put me on some right track. . . ."

It came as a certain shock to Margaret that her *fiancé* was proposing, six weeks after their engagement, to depart to an indefinite

address in the Balkans on indefinite business for an indefinite time. Alice Evans and she had conceived a great liking for each other, and the sister very delicately suggested the existence of an inner core of reserve in her brother which Margaret could not hope to break through at once. On March 25 she wrote: 'I read A. J. E. a little of your letter to me hoping he would speak about you and he did not. I wish so much he and I knew each other more, I care so much for him and never can shew it. Well, never mind; perhaps it is all the pleasanter to see you and him together. . . . I wish I could tell you more about Arthur but he is so reserved that I know hardly anything of him. . . . I am very glad you yourself are better and that you are going on with the Index; work is a grand thing when you have strength of mind to do it.'

Arthur had already bidden Margaret farewell, and the next day started from Nash Mills. Margaret, who liked precision, hoped in vain for any indication when she might expect him home again. Alice wrote on the day of his departure: "There is always a certain vagueness about his plans. I don't think he could be happy if he fixed anything quite definitely beforehand. Mama tried to get him to fix a time approximately for his return. 'We should expect him on the 30th of May'. "30th of May, why it is nearly that now." Papa gave him a week's law and suggested the 7th of June, but I think the conclusion was, as usual, that 'Everything depends on political events.'"

He travelled back by way of Ravenna, of which the desolate poetry had a peculiar charm for him. He raged over San Francisco: "a basilica built in 450 by St. Peter Chrysologus on the ruins of a temple of Neptune, but so utterly destroyed within by Popish man-milliners of this or the last century that except for the old capitals absolutely nothing has been left. Nothing astounds one more at Ravenna than the ruthless way in which Churches which had survived almost intact from the fifth century to the eighteenth have been gutted by these modern Romans. It puts one beside oneself to see San Vitale half effaced internally and daubed over with Cupids; to see mosaic of Justinian's day hacked away for the insertion of gewgaws! . . . If in the very home of tradition, in an image worshipping country, the earliest monuments of Christianity are not safe from the hands of ecclesiastics themselves: what in the world is safe from anybody? . . ."

"The modern Ravennates . . . feel in an incoherent way

that they have been ill-used by fate, and therefore they belong to secret societies, they are social democrats, and when they cannot assassinate other people they assassinate one another. . . . The wine here is eminently Ravennate: it is of a picturesque rose-colour, tastes very slightly of decay, and plays the brigand inside you!"

Once he was back at Ragusa Arthur Evans felt that he had come home.

"I love these eternal Islands," he wrote; "these seas that should be valleys, and vales that should be seas. These hills on hills: monotonous, almost awful in their monotony, and yet how changeful! Blue to-day, to-morrow evanescent lilac, in the sunlight almost white; or robed at dawn and setting in crimson and amethyst. . . . Where else is Earth wedded like this in eternal sympathy to the heaven above? And this omnipresent inexorable rock: I love it too, though sometimes I wonder at my love. I gaze on widening steppes furrowed with strata-lines of boulders, bare as the long sea-beach: the work methinks of a most cruel demiurge: and yet it pleases me. This world-cœval defiance of mankind, and all his skill and all his industry—for they are baffled to the end of time—it pleases me: this limitation of human power, this mocking self-assertiveness of Old Chaos!"

He could not linger as long as he would have liked to watch the colours change over the mountains and sea of Zara; the war had brought a fresh spate of refugees to Knin, and he had to go there to see how Miss Irby was getting on.

His months in England seemed to have given a new sharpness to his eye for colour, and to his taste for foreign things; never had the white stone huts with their brown Roman tiles, the grey olives and rosy almond blossom, looked brighter than on the road from Zara to Kistanje; never had cockles and dandelion tops made a better luncheon; never had Roman inscriptions seemed more interesting than those on the site of Asseria. Even when he reached the more prosaic world of Knin and its schools for refugee children, a boy of nine brought enchantment to the dreary schoolroom by singing a traditional song to him, playing on the guzla the while. It was a song of the old wars against the Turks, and to hear it come from the heart of the small child stirred Arthur, and roused in him afresh that sense of the sacredness of a national language which always lies dormant in a Welshman.

He decided to turn his steps towards Servia, and to explore

the parts of Old Serbia near Novipazar that were once again in Servian occupation. Here he found himself in an atmosphere of political intrigue, complex, difficult and uncongenial. He was glad to get back among the spring flowers in Ragusa, and was soon busy planning for the future. He had already set his heart on renting a little house called Casa San Lazzaro in the Borgo Plocce—a house small, old and curious, reached by a hundred and three steps from its gate above on the high coast road. It stood only twenty-five feet above the sea; from its terrace there was a view on the one hand of the walled peninsula on which Ragusa stood, and on the other of the jewel island of Lacroma. By the end of April Evans was writing to Margaret from his lodgings outside the Porta Pille:

“ . . . There is nothing doing here just now. All wait with feverish anxiety the issue of peace and war. . . . I have discovered in the meantime two—three—additional charms about my cottage by the sea. First, that it will be possible to get one of the basement rooms. Next, that there is a tame cavern below which is splendid for bathing in summer . . . ; next, that there is a little chapel concealed under one of the terraces—very serviceable as a woodshed! It has no architectural features of interest so do not be shocked. . . . ”

It was soon clear that Austria was planning an occupation of Bosnia, and it was uncertain how far the occupation would extend. Early in May Arthur set out for Albania to discover what he could for himself. On May 18 he wrote to Margaret from Skutari:

“ Here I am at last, again within the range at any rate of a Consular post; so you and all kind friends may be glad to learn that I am still in the land of the living. I have had really a very prosperous journey, almost every inch on foot from Cattaro here, and have seen and heard a great deal as you may gather from the letters I am now sending to the *Guardian*. Antivari was a wonderful though in many ways a ghastly experience. You will imagine the pleasure I took in deciphering the old Venetian and other inscriptions that I found in the ruins of the Turkish houses. I am carrying off two iron helmets and a club which may have belonged to the last Christian defenders of the place against the Turk, which the conqueror had religiously stored up in an old Venetian chapel, amidst whose ruins I found them, with hundreds of others in more or less fragmentary condition. . . . You will

be glad to hear of the determination of the brave [Montenegrin] mountaineers to defend their hard-earned conquests even against the Austrian if necessary. They have twenty five cannon on the coast, near Antivari ready to give the K.K.'s ¹ a warm reception if they do come, and twenty five at other spots. But we know nothing out here of what is going on in the diplomatic world. . . . The Turks here (in Skutari) hate the Austrians much more than they do the Montenegrins and Hakki Pasha whom I met yesterday at the Consulate says that if Austria tried to take the Bojana district from the Montenegrins many Turks would volunteer on the Montenegrin side! Isn't that delicious? "

By the end of the month he was back at Ragusa, fulminating against the Russian parcelling-out of the Balkans, which was a consequence of her victory over Turkey. He writes to Margaret: " . . . You will perhaps be surprised at the energy of my language as to the Russian settlement of these regions. Knowing as I do that they were well acquainted with the facts of the case I can not believe that they acted in good faith in proposing to subject the free Albanian tribes—for they are virtually free—to a hated yoke. Every atom of *amour propre* in the Albanian's nature—and he has enough—has been aroused by this proposal to hand them over to Montenegro, and Bulgaria to Pravoslavs and Slavs. No one can accuse me of being anti-slav but I wish to be just, and as I have spoken my mind strongly on the other side, I wish to speak it as stongly on this side, when justice lies with the Albanians. The frightful anarchy which would have followed the Treaty of San Stefano so far as Albania is concerned is only too evident."

Meanwhile the families at Somerleaze and Nash Mills were rather anxiously awaiting a visit to the Evanses from the parent Freemans. Freeman was almost exactly the same age as John Evans, though gout and bronchitis, which he insisted on calling toe-woe and throat-woe, made him seem a good deal older. It would be difficult to conceive two learned and honourable men of the same generation who were more completely different. Evans was a strong Protestant, Freeman had High Church leanings; Evans was a Conservative, Freeman a Gladstonian Liberal, who had several times tried to enter Parliament; Evans loved France, Freeman disliked "the Gal-Welsh" and loathed Paris; Evans derived all the matter and inspiration of his writings

¹ Kaiser König people: a favourite phrase of Freeman's.

from objects, Freeman from books and ideas. Both were in their different ways prepared to uphold their considered opinions; and it is difficult to imagine any subjects that it would have been safe for them to discuss, except the excellences of their betrothed children and the misdoings of Sir Edmund Beckett in the restoration of St. Alban's Abbey. No record survives to show what they talked about or what they thought of each other. Rumour declares that Freeman, when asked what John Evans did, said that he made the paper on which his son wrote books; and it is certain that Evans kept Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, which Arthur dutifully presented to him, on a high shelf of a bookcase in a bedroom at Nash Mills that used to be occupied by the waiter hired to help at large dinner parties.

Margaret had a difficult summer. Her lover was abroad, with no certain address, and her father, for whom she was working on an index for six hours a day, was very conscious of how much he was going to miss her. Arthur wrote irregularly to her, and his letters were full of Balkan politics. Margaret was only human, and her own future interested her at least as much as that of the Albanians. She wrote asking various pertinent and housewifely questions, but must have got little satisfaction from the reply that was sent her from Ragusa on June 1.

"Now that I have had a little time to look about me I will answer some of your questions. First and foremost I don't like the idea of the fact—even if it be a fact—of 'We've no abiding city here' being continually forced on us when we settle at Ragusa. Do you? Therefore let us not make such preparations as for an encampment, and let kind friends be impressed with the idea that we take all our properties with us to Ragusa. I have learnt already what a vexation it is to have one's things in three different places at place—to wit Oxford, Nash Mills and here. There is absolutely no furniture, which on the whole is a good thing. Now about my immediate plans. I shall leave Ragusa next Wednesday or Friday . . . for Belgrade. . . . Beyond Belgrade all is still a blank. How can it be otherwise at the present moment? . . . I still think I shall get as far as Old Serbia before returning and I am so anxious about things that I simply could not leave 'these parts' till something more definite has been settled. My Albanian trip has brought home to me very clearly the delicacy of the problem to be settled, and the fact that diplomatists are quite capable of prolonging anarchy

if only it suits their private ends. I have ceased to believe in the honesty of Russia so far as non-Slavonic districts are concerned. Her Ignatieffs have not the excuse which British ministers may have, of sheer ignorance! I am busy translating a short Herzegovinian Epic which the parrocco of Mrceni took down from the lips of a rhapsodizing bard when I was at Mrceni, and intend to send it to the *Manchester Guardian*. It relates to the late war, and is very quaint. . . .”

News came to distract him, that Austria was about to occupy Bosnia. On July 3 he wrote to Margaret from a steamer on the Save: “Your letter arrived at Belgrade just in time to catch me before starting this morning up the Save on a kind of wild goose chase of imminent Austrian occupants of Bosnia. All kinds of reports that the entry of Austrian troops was already commencing on the Croatian side reached Belgrade yesterday and the reported beginning of the *fait accompli* created a most painful sensation among the Serbs, who believe it means annihilation of all their national aims. But the event has not yet taken place, so I may yet witness the passage. Unluckily, however, the Serbian steamer goes only as far as Strabatz and I don’t know how I shall proceed after that: go to Mitrovitza—Sirmium—perhaps: how I should like to explore that site! . . .

“So I leave Belgrade. I had wished to go and explore the new conquests in Old Serbia, but was detained by the wish to keep within the radius of Congress news, and by the knowledge that the present corrupt and despotic government of the Principality was resolved if possible to keep all foreigners out of the interior of the country. I was virtually prohibited from going to Kragujevatz to see the Skupshina opened, or to go anywhere else. . . . I didn’t wish to quarrel with any Serbs, and yet I must say . . . that for meanness, petty tyranny, duplicity and corruption the *official* Serbia, under the Ristić administration can hardly have a parallel. By means of the prolongation of martial law the Government, which was always arbitrary, has become an unmitigated tyranny of the worst kind, and every country village swarms with official spies. Yet I still have faith in the fine old Serbian yeoman and hope to revisit Serbia in happier times, when this tyranny is overpast. . . .”

By July 23 he was at the headquarters of the Austrian army of occupation at Brood. “I have left Agram after a few days’ impatient waiting on events, and have reached here, where I

hope to make arrangements to accompany headquarters into Bosnia, though I have no introduction to Field Marshal Philippovich and as he has the reputation of being a great bear, I cannot yet tell how my interview to-morrow morning will end. . . .

"By the bye, the police of the neighbouring town of Essek have also distinguished themselves by caging a foreigner. There lately arrived there a negro who for no other reason than the colour of his skin, incurred the suspicion of an active and intelligent gendarme, who pounced upon the unfortunate blackamoor and with the aid of a Commissais who quite endorsed his sub's views, locked him up, saying that he knew his little game, but it wouldn't go down at Essek! So after a short period of solitary confinement a tub, and presently a pail and a scrubbing brush, were introduced into the cell, and two minions of the law tried to wash poor blacky white! As they did not succeed he was set free and is still at large, but the Essek police have not covered themselves with glory. . . ." The heat grew worse, and the authorities more obstructive, until Evans gave up the campaign and returned to Ragusa.

Thence he came home, and on September 19, 1878, he and Margaret were married from her home at Somerleaze near Wells. The photograph of the wedding group shows the bridegroom and his brothers looking extremely irresponsible and greatly pleased with themselves; Arthur holds a presentation Prodder of great size and knobiness, decorated with a large bow. Alice looks, as usual, vital and friendly, and Harriet very pretty and for once distinctly mischievous. The Freeman bridesmaids are extremely proper. Fanny appears as a handsome matriarch, a fit companion for Mrs. Freeman in an impressive bonnet. John Evans stands with the air of one prepared to maintain his views on any subject; and Freeman sits, a shapeless hulk, demanding respect for any opinion he utters. The bride—the only person who has been too busy to put on wedding garments—sits by her father looking worn out.

After the wedding the bridal pair set out for Oxford. The next day they spent in a quiet normal fashion, going to the Press about a paper in the *Numismatic Chronicle*, visiting a print shop and lunching with the Prestwiches. Thence they proceeded to Aldeburgh by way of Cambridge. During the inevitable wait at Bletchley Margaret diverted herself by sorting the incredible accumulation of papers in Arthur's bag, and rejoiced to find

among them two unexpected fifty-gulden notes. All the Evanses always considered Aldeburgh a paradise; she found it cold and bleak in the equinoctial winds, and had not Arthur's memories to lend it enchantment. Even the Circus he took her to, on their first night there, did not excite her. But he was happy there, and she learned to be happy too.

At the end of October they started at last for Ragusa. Alice came to the station to see them off, and wrote to Margaret afterwards:

"I have sometimes thought that there were some good points about you, but I never admired you so much as at Charing Cross the other night—when I saw how unworried and unflurried and unhurried you could be under the trying circumstances of no luggage ticket and no spare time. I said in my heart: 'that pair will hunt in couples very well.'"

XIII

CASA SAN LAZZARO

1878 - 1881

EDWARD FREEMAN in a letter to his daughter writes of her "kindly instinct of order". As the wife of Arthur Evans Margaret had plenty of scope for it. He was naturally untidy, and his blurred short sight increased the disorder round him: he did not see it clearly enough for it to worry him, and he was always increasing it in the effort to find something which he had mislaid. He was naturally honest, and always paid his bills; but he only paid them when they arrived, or came under his notice, when he had an unoccupied mind, a pen in his hand and a cheque book in front of him. If they were delivered when he was talking or writing or thinking they would be thrown upon the floor or stuffed into the nearest drawer, half of them unopened. Even before they reached Ragusa Margaret had begun to bring order into his papers, and to discover a number of small accounts of which Arthur declared he had not the faintest recollection. Anxiously she used to send them off to Fanny; and anxiously Fanny would answer "*Surely* he must have paid them". But he never had, and Margaret's first task was to get him out of debt. Her own settlement from her father was very small, but Arthur was not badly off. His father now allowed him £400 a year; he received a certain amount from the rent of property left him by his mother, and £160 a year from his grandfather's legacy; and in the preceding year he had earned nearly £150 from the *Manchester Guardian*. Faced with the total of the bills she had found, he adopted the simple expedient of writing home for some money; but John Evans replied that it was a bad year in the paper trade, and only sent £100. To crown all, Longmans chose this moment to send in a bill for £143 odd for the first edition of *Illyrian Letters*, and another for £122 for a second edition of *Through Bosnia and Herzegovina*, which Arthur had rashly ordered on the strength of its good reviews. John Evans, who was horrified to find that Arthur had taken the Casa San Lazzaro on a twenty years' lease and was doing it up handsomely, advised his son to remainder the lot. Arthur (pressed by Margaret)

economized by selling the horse he kept at Ragusa, and met his debts by selling some stock. His father never had much confidence in his financial judgment again.

When Arthur and Margaret reached Ragusa in November they settled into his bachelor lodgings outside the Porta Pille. Their Casa San Lazzaro was still full of workpeople, putting down a new floor in the hall and the dining-room, and painting the three upstairs rooms dove-colour. But even in the middle of November the weather was still warm, and the woods were full of cyclamen. Then the weather broke, and Margaret's domestic troubles began. The roof leaked; none of the furniture had arrived except a kitchen stove, Arthur's writing table, a set of Venetian glass, and her expensive English saucepans, already rusted by sea-water. It rained and rained, and floods swept through the little garden.

Margaret was never strong; and early in December, with a strange climate, bad weather and accumulated fatigue, she fell ill. After a month's fight against illness she managed to move into Casa San Lazzaro, but she felt worn out. Arthur's inner fortress of reserve was still unpenetrated, and he was still at heart a solitary. Now he threatened to go off into the mountains to take relief stores to refugees, leaving her at home alone with her Italian maid. She felt she could not face it, and in a mood of depression telegraphed to Nash Mills to ask if Alice could come out to her. The parents decided that Alice was not strong enough to travel alone; no doubt they knew that Margaret must fight her own way through her troubles.

By the third week in January Margaret was alone at Ragusa and Arthur had reached Knin, where Miss Irby and Miss Johnston were still looking after refugees. He found an appalling amount of distress among the "repatriated" Bosnian refugees whom the Austrian government had driven over the frontier in the depth of winter to reoccupy their old homes about Unnatz. He saw children die of starvation, he visited families trying to keep up a semblance of family life in caves; he found men and women living in huts, and never stirring except to make up the fire, which was the only alleviation of their misery till they were past stirring at all.

Margaret's solitude restored her; when he came back in the middle of February she was well and cheerful, and the house looked like home. She had hired a piano, made friends with a

violinist, and acquired a second maid. Since Marietta only spoke Slav, Margaret was taking lessons in the language. For the first time Arthur enjoyed a house of his own; and he was of a temperament to enjoy it thoroughly. He bought a bright yellow boat with red cushions, and christened her the *Argosy*. The bulbs were beginning to show in the garden, and he was soon busy planting for the late spring and summer, and planning all kinds of small improvements. He enjoyed his well-ordered house, filled with the bright colours he loved; he even liked to have his papers tidy, if it were Margaret who kept them so. She, too, was happy in her first essays in housekeeping. The grocer, she found, headed her account "*Alla signora Milord Inglese*", and charged accordingly, but she made great experiments in translating English dishes into Dalmatian equivalents. She sewed and she mended, and wrote home to Somerleaze that one of her daily jobs was "taking out sundry candle grease spots from Arthur's coat and tablecloth: N.B. he carries candles like my father!"

She had paid the due calls in Ragusa, and already knew most of Arthur's friends and acquaintances; they enjoyed the carnival together and danced all night. Ragusa, indeed, was blossoming socially because of an influx of Austrian officers and officials, for it had become the administrative centre for a large occupied area. Margaret wrote home after the last ball of the carnival: "The most prominent person at the last one was H. E. General Iovanovich, who is to be Governor of Dalmatia. He is a great fat man, very simple and kindly looking. His arrival here was the cause of some excitement for there were rumours of a conspiracy discovered and arms seized at Trebinje. . . ."

Spring that year was cold, wet and windy; and a new political crisis at the end of March took Arthur off to Kulen Vakuf again. The peasants had thought that when they came back to their own lands under the new Austrian administration, the old taxes—the *decetina*, or tithe, paid to the government, and the *tretina*, or third, paid to the land owner—would be reassessed or abolished; instead, the Austrians levied them as before. The result was a complete deadlock: the rayahs might accept the *decetina*, especially under another name, but the *tretina*, which put them once more in servitude to the Mohametan landowners, was not what they expected when a Christian power occupied the country to protect them from the Turk. Till they paid it, they were not



EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN
c. 1878



MARGARET FREEMAN
1877



THE PRISON OF RAGUSA

allowed to till the soil; so Arthur found himself in the now familiar setting of waste lands and starving people.

In the country near Ragusa things were better. The Serb Jovanovich was more in sympathy with the people set under him, official relief was better administered, and in consequence there was less opposition to the new regime. Arthur returned to Ragusa very unhappy about Bosnia, but a little more hopeful about the Herzegovina.

Even Ragusa had not yet revealed all to him. On May-day he writes: "I had a little revelation of the inner life of old Ragusa. A man came into our garden with some antichità; they turned out to be buckles of the last century: evidently some old family hard up. As the man said there were some old Ragusan books for sale I accompanied him into the town, and turned down a little side street opening from the Stradone. We knocked at a gloomy portal, and entering the usual lofty atrium and ascending the usual marble stairs with fine balustrades . . . I found myself landed in a spacious hall with a fine cypress-wood ceiling, old carved chests and antique chairs along the sides of the marble floor. The windows overlooked the Stradone. Full-length portraits and other inferior oil paintings in the Zopf style covered the walls. This opened into a lofty drawing room with a high folding door, and door handles of exquisite brass work: the bust of Venus on one and on the other Cupid, perhaps seventeenth century. The drawing room seemed never to have been touched since the last century. Full-length portraits of ancestors—one *Sécrétaire de Légation à St. Pétersbourg* in brilliant scarlet uniform; a copy of a Titian; old chairs and sofas of a century gone by with covers of pale faded yellows: nothing out of keeping. . . . The signora was ill, but the old book was brought to me and turned out to be a fine copy of Appendini's *Storia della Repubblica di Ragusa*. . . . The tout who had conducted me here then offered to sell the door handles! *Povera Ragusa!*

"Here is a little town of a few thousand in which I have been living for months, mixing with what society there is, but I never heard the name of this family before."

Indeed all the Ragusan society, that combined Slavonic fire and Venetian polish in so elegant a fashion, was conscious that ruin was near. Baron Gondola said that it was almost impossible to get any rent out of the Canalese farmers: all that happened was that they replied: "*La terra è di Dio.*" He offered to sell

Arthur three villages for four hundred pounds, with all the land pertaining to them. The new Austrian administration was afraid of the peasants, and failed to recognize the half-feudal relation between *Padroni* and *Villani*.

On St. John's Eve Arthur and Margaret went up to the little chapel of St. John Baptist by the aqueduct, and watched boys and girls, crowned with white clematis, leaping over fires all along the hillside; and remembered how they had picked the nine flowers together at Spalato two years before.

In June Margaret was ill again, tired out with wrestling with foreign languages, strange food, and mosquitoes, flies and fleas innumerable. She was ordered to Graz for baths early in July, and had the pleasant surprise of a telegram to say that Alice and Harriet and Lewis would join her there: and that Alice would come back to Ragusa with her and stay for some time.

Arthur stayed behind in Ragusa to wait upon events and to decide what he was to do next. If peace, or even a desolation that was called peace, descended on the Balkans, his income as an occasional correspondent to the *Guardian* would cease. He had great plans for writing a history of Illyria, and especially of Ragusa; but it was never likely to bring him any profit. Then Freeman wrote from Somerleaze on June 12:

"Kitchin met me in the street at Oxford two days back, and told me that there was a thing going which would exactly suit you. . . . Bernard has given up his fellowship at All Souls' for three years to found an *archæological studentship* of £300 yearly for those three years for a member of the University under 30 years of age, which I think you still are, to work at art and antiquities of all kinds in foreign parts. It seems to be quite vague, and that Ragusa might be the centre as well as any other place. So far I should think it might suit you, but there is, Kitchin says, to be six months' preliminary work in Brit. Mus. which seems great folly and I should think would not suit you. . . .

"And they have C. T. Newton as elector or something. Is he not a heathen hound who would steal everything in his own period for his own stone-shop, and rejoice to pull down everything out of his own period? . . ."

It was, indeed, not quite so simple as it appeared at first sight. The studentship, though privately endowed *pro hac vice*, had been established in accordance with a suggestion made to the Commissioners for the Universities by a large number of members of

Oxford and Cambridge, who demanded some knowledge of Greek or Turkish from the holder, and required residence in Italy, Greece or Turkey for nine months of the year. Arthur replied to his father-in-law:

" . . . I have a mortal horror of Examinations and that kind of thing, and do not want to compete unless the probabilities of getting the post are on my side. I am by nature so discursive and excursive that anything which should take me off the groove of study in which I hope I am settling down would, I am sure, be bad for me. Residence in Greece to learn modern Greek and in the British Museum 6 Ms away from Illyrians and Slavs would not be a wise break for me just now. Then again one feels that what is wanted is a student of ' Classical Archæology ' and that anyone who wasn't would probably have scant justice done him at Oxford. Then again would three years studentship lead to nothing further? even if during that period one had deserved well of Alma Mater . . . ? "

Evans wrote to Kitchin in much the same strain: he wanted to work in Illyria, not in Greece or Italy: he needed to use Slav, not Greek or Turkish; he did not want to spend six months in the museum; and he did not want to have his work " prescribed " by a Committee sitting at Oxford.

Freeman wrote back approving Arthur's letters, and saying that he had just heard from Newton's own mouth that he had had a hand in destroying the Duke's tower on the Athenian Acropolis: and that there could therefore be no good in him. Yet he hoped that Arthur would none the less send in an application. He was anxious about Margaret's health and thought that Ragusa did not suit her; he may privately have hoped that the Oxford committee would help him to prise Arthur out of his chosen city.

Meanwhile John Evans had been persuaded to write to Newton to find out more, but a very guarded answer that told nothing was the only result; Kitchin wrote in his turn, and was given to understand that it was Greek archæology which it was intended to encourage. Arthur's reply to the letter conveying this news, dated July 24, 1879, is the first of many strictures on Oxford's attitude to archæology:

" . . . It is quite evident that Athens and no other earthly site is Newton's goal—and looking at things from the University's point of view I cannot quarrel with the decision. The only

objection to this restriction that can be reasonably urged is that in that case the studentship ought not to be called a studentship of Archæology in general. The great characteristic of modern Archæological progress has been the revelations as to periods and races of men about which history is silent; and for prehistoric Archæology, no European field is perhaps now more important than the unworked Illyrian one, where indeed the prehistoric period extends in many parts almost to our own days.

“Oxford, however, seems to have set itself to ignore every branch of Archæology out of its own classical beat. To this day almost alone among universities it does not possess an Ethnological museum, nor are there so far as I know any lectures on such subjects. For my own part I will own that it is a disappointment to me to see a long-hoped chance of connecting my own researches with my Alma Mater so quickly dashed. . . .”

It was with no hope of linking his own studies with Oxford that he joined Margaret and Alice at Graz and took them to meet John Evans and Fanny at Rimini. They had an enchanted time at Ravenna, and then the three young people came back to Ragusa by way of Bari, Brindisi and Corfu.

Arthur was soon busy writing to the *Guardian* about “Robin Hood” bands of insurgents in Herzegovina, while Margaret and Alice set the house to rights and enjoyed themselves. On his way to Graz in the summer Evans had gone to Vienna, and had succeeded in gaining permission to consult the old Archives of the Ragusan Republic, with a view to his projected History of Illyria.

Arthur Evans and his wife were the only British subjects living in Ragusa except the Consul, Mr. St. John, and his family. In October 1879 it was rumoured that Mr. St. John was to move elsewhere, and Arthur became fired with the wish to succeed him. It would provide him with an additional income, and enable him to go on living in his chosen city, with the added prestige of an official position. It does not seem to have occurred to him that official impartiality in politics was alien to his nature. He wrote to his father to ask him to sound Lord Salisbury, who replied in most friendly fashion, but saying that he had not heard that Mr. St. John was going to leave. So the Evanses settled down for the winter, with more quiet and leisure than they had yet enjoyed at Ragusa. The household of the Casa San Lazzaro was increased by a little Herzegovinian refugee

called Simo, an orphan; they paid his school-fees and between school hours he came to them for his meals and ran a few errands. Both Arthur and Margaret loved children and liked to have someone young about the place. They acquired a large and ill-behaved Herzegovinian sheep-dog puppy called Bruin, and a neat, prim cat called Miss.

Margaret was blossoming with marriage; no longer did she expect people to dislike her or dread going to fresh places. They had quite a gay winter, and gave a grand children's party at Christmas, with another for the children of their poorer friends and neighbours the next day. They were much touched that an old blind woman who lived at the gate, and was given dinner every day, wrote them a splendid formal letter of gratitude and good wishes at the New Year, by the hand of a scribe, and sent it with a present of a gilded orange.

Arthur Evans was soon disliking Austrian occupation almost as much as he had hated Turkish overlordship. In April he wrote to Freeman:

" . . . There can be no doubt that Trebinje has gained in some material ways from its new drill-masters; its trading Begs and bugs have alike diminished; it certainly is cleaner. But I should say the present administration was quite intolerable in all other respects. The people are treated not as a liberated, but as a conquered and inferior race; their sense of Right—which they do possess in a remarkable degree—is simply trodden underfoot. It is military law plus bureaucratic vexation. I saw gangs of men and boys forced to work on the roads without receiving any pay—simply the old *Corvée*—one of the familiar oppressions of Turkish rule, reintroduced into districts which had succeeded in putting a stop to it by armed resistance. . . ." The study of the past was more calming. " I am much occupied with Salona just at present, having come to the conclusion that if I write the history of Ragusa I am entitled to take the history of Salona as the foundation on which to build, and to consider Salona far more than Epitaurum as the real Ragusa before Ragusa. In a wide historic sense Salona obviously was the forerunner of the later Republic, especially in its relations with the cities and mining centres of the interior, and judging from Constantine's account Ragusa itself owed its foundation at least as much to Salona as to neighbouring Epitaurum, and derived its aristocracy directly from the greater city. . . ."

Margaret was still in poor health, and wished to consult a London doctor; so it was decided that she should return to England with Alice in March. As soon as she had gone Arthur began to realize how much he had come to depend upon her help and companionship. Everything went wrong; a man refused to sell him some promised gems; a neighbour brought a petty lawsuit against him in the Tribunale; and the gardener gave notice because the cook ordered him about and Simo told him how to garden. "Then," Arthur wrote to Margaret, "it was ages before I heard the fate of my article, and now I am afraid they will do something Procrustean with it, which will make me wish it had never been written—and till now I have no tidings of my Manchester letter. . . . Perhaps you would write to Scott: I am too vexed to do so. I should like to know whether they have received a telegram about two Austrian companies being cut to pieces which I sent via Apulia to avoid K.K. censure. . . . So you see I have been rather 'hadden about'." This was not all: a man whom he had accused of plagiarism was now threatening libel and publishing vituperations in the *Academy*.

Arthur, however, had made a new friend. "I have had a visitor who will be at Ragusa for some days, a Freiherr von Luschan: a doctor in the army resplendent with medals, and also secretary of the Anthropological Society at Vienna, who had run down to Ragusa partly to talk over Bosnian antiquities, about which he is much excited, with me, and especially the 'tombs of the Bogomiles' or whatever they are. He opened his eyes very wide at some of my Bosnian things. He is well-informed, gentlemanly, speaks English perfectly, is a friend of Rudolph's, and has more than a Bashi-Bazouk's passion for skulls of which he has about 900 in his collection . . . perhaps I shall take him to explore a cave in Herzegovina. Yesterday I asked him to dine here to meet Zore. Marietta on that occasion distinguished herself by decanting a bottle of Vouvray!"

The skull-hunt provided them with plenty of amusement. On April 1 he writes: "I have been seeking ways to provide von Luschan . . . with Ragusan skulls, but it is difficult! These people not only shut themselves up during their lifetime, but they literally bolt themselves into their last resting places, with iron bars and padlocks. 'For fear of the Montenegrins', they assure me." A week later he continues:

"Luschan has got about a score of skulls from Ragusa, nine

of which I got him directly or indirectly. I suggested opening a tomb in a magazine once a church opposite the Dominicans. He got permission from the Major and some K.K. soldiers were told off to break into the vault and we set about it. Just as we were getting in—the Doctor, the Major and myself in the state of glee which precedes a scientific feast—who should glide in noiselessly and unchallenged between the two sentries at the door but a Dominican *Geistliche*! The major was naturally much troubled as the monk looked horrors and this is a fine scandal for Ragusa; and there was nothing for it but just to look in and shut the tomb up again. Next morning however the Doctor secured his crania. . . . I added four more to the collection at Ombla by an expeditious process and without being observed.”

Margaret was at home, facing the prospect of an operation in the vain hope it might enable her to bear children. Arthur was sympathetic enough, but steadily refused to go home himself. He continued to explore the Ragusan territory. On April 27, 1880, he wrote from a ship between Risano and Ragusa:

“ . . . From Cattaro I went by boat to a small village on an inlet of the Bocche which I hadn’t yet visited, called Orachova, where I found in a church on a height some curious silver plaques of Old Serbian work. . . . From Orachova I returned to Risano where I made a small excavation, bringing to light a Roman sarcophagus, but unluckily no inscription, but picking up with my own hands a coin which I think is an autonomous piece of Illyrian Risano and if so is a new discovery.

“ At Risano I heard from a countryman who lived in an inlet of the coast about an hour off by boat of some stags figured on a cliff near where he lives, and accordingly set out to investigate. The place was most romantic, a huge cliff, and a small grotto below. Above this on the apparently inaccessible face of the rock were ‘prehistoric frescoes’ of extraordinary interest. I climbed up to a difficult ledge overhanging an abyss and was able to copy one of them quite close and the other more or less, but it was rather a risky piece of work. There were several stags, a bear, and [a kind of swastika (sketch)]. The stag which I copied close is done in a style reminding one more of old celtic work than anything else, [sketch] but I can’t draw it here! The whole painted on the rock in a kind of calcine plaster, which owing to the cliff overhanging had been preserved from the elements. . . .

The whole spot looks as if it had been a sacrificial shrine of the Illyrian Diana. . . .”

News now came from Nash Mills that Harriet was engaged to Charles James Longman. Fanny wrote: “He seemed a most unlikely person for her to fall in love with, but there is no doubt of the fact that she has done it! I am getting very fond of him and I remember how you and he were such great friends at Callipers first and at Harrow. . . . Everybody seems to have a high opinion of him, especially quiet elderly men. . . . It is so pleasant to know every branch and almost every member of his family, to have nothing much to learn about them. I am only sorry Harriet is wasted on a rich man, for she would have made such a good poor man’s wife.”

Not even the prospect of a family wedding would bring the truant home. Instead he planned to go East. On April 28 he wrote to Margaret: “I have not yet got up to the point in Dalmatian and Ragusan history when the archives here would serve, but that can wait. On the other hand I must finish my Roman and Gothic part before I can go anywhere with a clear conscience. For my own part I do not wish to make a *long* expedition now for a variety of reasons, but on the other hand I feel that I ought to go even as far as Salonica. *Un po’ più di luce* on the out of the way parts of the interior is sadly wanted at the present moment, and if I do not give it, it is not self-glorious to say that no one else can quite in the same way: certainly no one else *will*. At the same time I quite admit the possibility of obtaining little information of great value. . . .

“One possibility which seems to have great weight with you and my mother, and no doubt other kind friends, is of my being seized by brigands, like Captain Synge, and this I think may be at once dismissed for very simple reasons. A traveller who voyages on a pretty horse with servants and luggage *à la milord Inglese* can never be secure against brigands in lawless parts. But he who travels on foot with his knapsack on his back in lands like Turkey, where to go on foot is the surest sign of poverty and low rank, can by no chance come in for *this* danger. But then I should have thought anxious friends might have thought of this themselves. In Sicily and parts where knapsack travellers of means may be known this may not hold good, but in the Balkans it certainly does still. . . . Even supposing there was a chance of my being waylaid, if my journey concerns the welfare of people

in generations to come—and so far as in me lay it should do so—I do not see that you or my mother or anybody has any right to urge merely personal considerations. They certainly have no weight with me at all and you must know me little if you thought so. I cannot anyhow see the wisdom of my mother writing about my ‘poor wife’ and telling me she is cross at my idea of going. I cannot help thinking that women more than men are always harping on the personal side of questions. But enough of this! . . .

“I shall naturally if I go kill as many birds as possible with one stone: I shall visit all manner of antiquarian sites. No one could openly go on a political mission of enquiry in Bosnia at the moment without being cut short by the authorities, so that these other objects of enquiry will stand me in good stead as they have on like occasions before. For other reasons I shall be glad to come in for some active service. I cannot stand long sedentary life! You can have no idea how much better I felt during the little walking tour I have just made—but if I pore too long over Ragusan history the good effects will soon wear off. Alas! . . .”

Though he had no intention of ceasing to make Ragusa his home, he was beginning to have doubts of the advisability of his holding the consulship, were it to fall vacant. On May 2 he wrote:

“ . . . About the Consulship. The question is rather would it *do*, looking at my publicly expressed opinions in re Bosnia and K.K. generally, for me to be English representative vis-à-vis Austrian authorities? If a thoroughgoing Federalist Ministry came in at Vienna, my appointment, if made, would not be cavilled at—but as it is?? On the other hand, if I could get any post connected with Montenegro or the free Slav states one might be in a position to do some good. But would not that be, diplomatically speaking, impossible for one who has made no consular career? To be made Minister at Cetinje with headquarters at Ragusa like the Russian, and the ability to watch the Herzegovinians, would be a worthy object of ambition: but I fear it is soaring too high according to Foreign Office notions. Still if you could talk the matter over, guardedly, with Lord Bath, it might be as well. . . . I should like to have some position of trust in these countries connected with Mr. Gladstone’s government, as I think it might be productive of some good.

I have had more training at 'getting at' the *people* out here than probably any other Englishman. I should like to know your father's opinion on this."

Freeman wrote to his friend Lord Bath, and to Gladstone; neither was favourable, though both spoke appreciatively of Arthur's work. England's relations with Austria were strained, and from the point of view of those who wished to ease the tension Evans would evidently not be a suitable recruit to the Consular Service. Evans accepted the fact that he was *persona non grata* much more willingly than he accepted the modifications in Liberal foreign policy brought about by the party's accession to office. "The Austrian policy," he writes to Freeman in the middle of May, "being thwarted by the resolute language of the English Liberal leaders, it becomes a primary necessity for official and officious writers to prove that the military clique never cherished the designs attributed to it. Very well; if Austria is really honest in her conversion, let bygones, I say, be bygones. She will soon be able to prove her words. If she attempts to use the *letter* of the Berlin Treaty to thwart the Union of the Balkan Slavs we shall know what to think. If she insists on holding Herzegovina and Novipazar, dividing Montenegro from Serbia, and keeping it separate from the Herzegovinian province where the government of Prince Nikola might be peaceably installed to-morrow, but where Austria Hungary cannot remain without outraging every day the feelings of the population and provoking an inevitable rising— . . . we shall know what to think. It is all very well to talk of simply executing the treaty of Berlin, but the real friends of the treaty must see that in the interests of the treaty itself *certain modifications* of untenable stipulations have become necessary: in Eastern Roumelia for example.

"Again, the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina according to the Treaty is a purely provisional trust. Here at least England's hands are free.

"Things appear to have come to such a pass in Macedonia that without an occupation of the same kind—this time let us trust not with Austrian troops—it will not be possible to execute the Berlin Treaty. . . . Would it not be wise to utilize such an occupation for a . . . radical departure which shall definitely give Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia and Albania their own in these lands?

"For my own part I distrust these Austrian professions; I believe that Austria seeks to use the letter to defeat the spirit; lastly I believe that the original ambitious designs of the king have not been given up so much as postponed. . . . The influence of Gladstone is so great in Austria itself at this moment that we could do anything. . . . 'Now or never!' should be the motto of those who wish to strike for national freedom for the Balkan peninsula.

"(Later). To-day's papers have just come—bringing Gladstone's recantation! The Vienna papers look upon it as a great triumph of Austrian policy. . . .

"The news of Mr. Gladstone's penance has produced a depressing effect on the few Slav friends here with whom I have had an opportunity of talking it over. . . .

"I must say the more I think on this incident the more unfortunate it seems. Does Mr. Gladstone mean that he is really convinced as to the uprightness of Austrian aims and deeds in the Balkans? Does he scout as unfounded the profound conviction of all the neighbouring Balkan populations—Serbians, Bulgars, Montenegrins—that Austria has striven and will strive to thwart their national union? Were Mr. Gladstone's own words about Spizza, his magnificent peroration which went home to the hearts of all South Slavonic peoples, mere empty words? Does he cast to the wind all that I know Miss Irby has told him about Austrian treatment of Bosnian refugees . . . at a mere hint from a Magyar politician? What is the secret history of this astounding desertion of his friends? "

Freeman had the letter brought to Gladstone's notice through his friend Bryce, but the answer showed very plainly the effect of holding office upon the erstwhile Slavophil:

" 10 Downing Street
Whitehall.

May 31st '80.

Dear Mr. Bryce,

I am very glad to know Mr. Evans's view; but his letter does not cause me any qualms of conscience.

To rake up as I have done repeatedly all the past misdeeds of an allied Power is a course that could only be warranted in me even when acting in a purely personal capacity by grave and well-founded suspicions that that Power was about

to break in upon the legally established rights and prospects of the subject races in Turkey.

I had no option in honour and propriety but to accept Karolyi's explicit declaration on that subject. When I had accepted it I should have deviated from all my ideas of right action had I not—at the least—'banished' from my mind what I certainly cannot in any other sense withdraw.

What Austria's conduct in Bosnia and Herzegovina may be I have had no adequate opportunities of knowing; but her position there was confirmed by the united authority of Europe, and no one had under the circumstances anything better to suggest.

Thanking you very much for the letter, I remain

Most faithfully yours

W. E. GLADSTONE."

Arthur Evans's anti-Austrian views were beginning to be more freely expressed and more widely known. On May 9 he wrote to Margaret at Nash Mills:

" . . . I think of writing a few lines perhaps this evening on the Austrian change of front. The deputation to congratulate the Emperor of Russia means practically the revival of the triple Alliance. Klaić has just been telling me some interesting facts on this head received from his brother who is now one of the most important leaders of the Federalist Party in the Reichsrath. The Federalists themselves hope to gain by the new change of front, arguing that friendship with Russia can hardly go hand in hand with anti-Slavonic policy in the interior. Meanwhile even in light-hearted Vienna this sudden change of colour on the part of the Court party has provoked almost universal expression of contempt for those who blow hot and cold with the same breath. . . . I hear that the K.K. is raging over my article. Injudicious officials talk of a 'domiciliary visit' at Casa San Lazzaro. The Zara Luogotenenza has sent for 'rilievi', i.e. notes of police information as to who are my friends etc. at Ragusa. This is very amusing! . . ."

The situation was, in fact, rather more serious than Evans realized. His friend Felix von Luschan, who was an army surgeon with the Austrian forces, happened to hear from the conversation of his fellow officers that an arrest was imminent, and sent the

unsuspecting Arthur a warning in the form of a sham Greek inscription:

ΠΛΕΑΣΕ ΤΑΚΕ ΚΑΡΕ
 ΔΟΝΤ ΠΟΥΒΛΙΣ ΑΝΥ
 ΠΟΔΙΤΙΚΑΛ ΘΙΝΓΣ ΙΟΥΣΤ
 ΝΩΥΟΥ ΑΡΕ ΚΑΡΕ ΦΟΥΛΛΥ
 ΥΑΤΛΕΔ ΒΥ Ι ΔΟΝΤ ΚΝΟΩ ΜΟΜΕ
 ΒΟΥΤ ΘΕ ΜΙΝΙΣΤΕΡΥ ΟΦ ΙΝΤΕΡΙΟΡ
 ΗΑΔ ΕΒΕΝ ΨΑΝΤΕΔ ΥΟΥΡ ΑΟΥΣ ΜΕΙΣΟΥΝΓ"
 ΟΝΑΛΥ ΑΥΜΕΡΛΕ ΑΣ ΜΟΣΤ ΔΕΣΙΔΕΔΑΥ
 ΟΠΠΟΣΕΔ ΊΜΣΕΛΦ. ΞΕ ΣΑΙΔΑΛΣΟΤΟ ΜΕ
 ΞΑΤ ΑΣ ΛΟΝΓ ΑΣ ΞΩΑΣ ΜΙΝ. . . . ΘΕΡΕ
 ΜΟΟΥΛΔ ΒΕΝΟ ΙΔΕΑ ΟΦ ΑΓΙΤΑΤΙΟΝ ΑΓΑΙΝΣΤ
 ΑΝ ΕΓΓΛΙΣ ΣΣΙΕΝΤΙΦΙΣ ΜΑ. ΑΛΣΟ ΓΕΝ.
 ΚΛΙΜΒΟΥΡΓ ΑΣ ΣΕΝΤ ΑΥΓΛΥ ΦΑΝΟΥΡΑΒΛΕ
 ΛΕΤΤΡΕ ΦΟΡ ΥΟΥΥ. ΒΟΥΤ ΠΞΑΕΣΕ ΜΟΔΕ
 ΡΑΤΕ ΥΟΥΥΡ. ΣΕΛΦ.

*Antike Inschrift, gefunden
 bei Olympia am 7. Mai
 1880.*

On May 25 Evans wrote to his wife: "The inscription seems to me more interesting than most! Perhaps it is well that I am off to Albania but I am intrigued to know who the *spy* is?"

At the end of May the chiefs of the Albanian League had presented a manifesto to the representatives of the European Powers at Scutari, protesting against the cession of Albanian territory to Montenegro. Evans scented trouble, and was off to Scutari: firmly refusing to go home to attend the weddings of his sister and his sister-in-law because "the beginning of a great historic crisis" was more important and the brides must realize it. Even his grandmother wrote that it was very provoking that he had put himself "so entirely at the mercy of public affairs."

Arthur's thoughts were on other things. He sent home some stirring letters to the *Guardian*, and wrote to Margaret from Skutari on June 28:

"Everybody is waiting here to know the effect of the Conference at Berlin, but news travels very slowly. . . . I have tried my hand at an occasional note about the Vali here sending off disguised regulars to Prevesa to fight the Greeks. . . . The Austrian Consul here is anything but pleased at my presence in Skutari. He spreads the rumour that I had to leave Ragusa as it was too hot for me, after my anti-Austrian effusions; also, that I was in the pay of some Slav Government! . . . I am off to-morrow three hours down the Bojana to see the ruins of an old Serbian Abbey, and watch the Albanian braves wending their way to the new camp at Tusi. It seems hopeless to obtain permission to visit the camp itself."

He tried to get to Prisrend, but on August 9 had to write to Freeman:

"My attempt to cross the mountains to Dechan and Djakova has failed . . . but I have had a very interesting journey and one not without fruits nevertheless. . . .¹ I came in for a little civil war amongst the clansmen, I climbed some lovely mountains still strewn in places with snow, and I finally received the hospitality of a Mahometan chieftain of the Krasnichi clan who had to send me away privily. According to the news just received from Prisrend, Turkish rule has completely ceased from the Bosnian borders to Macedonia, which is rather a big fact for the powers to contemplate. What is to happen in those countries—the very heart of Old Serbia—it is hard to say; the excesses which are pretty sure to ensue will demand foreign intervention of some sort. Serbia is ready to march and could give a good account of the Albanian League forces on the historic field of Kossovo but will Austria hear of such a thing? And, if not, will the Austrians undertake an advance which can not stop at Mitroviča nor at Prisrend either?"

"I don't like to own myself beaten and so unless I receive news that the town is no longer safe I still hope to make my way on Thursday next to Prisrend, where the Consuls still are, though the Turkish Government is not, and whither the post which I should accompany still runs. . . . That plan succeeding, I

¹ Evans published a long account of the journey in weekly instalments in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, August 4, 6, 11, 22, 26, and September 21, 1880.

should gain the Mitroviča railroad and under present circumstances, though visiting some towns *en route*, never leave that safe line of communication (if it still runs) till I get to Salonica. To do more would, I see, be imprudent. . . .”

He did not, however, get so far; on August 23 the Council of the Albanian nation issued at Prisrend a declaration of Albanian independence, and Turkey countered by sending an army to Scutari and another to Dulcigno. Arthur Evans, once more scenting battle, removed himself to Dulcigno; but after a very short time the League Committee said that they could no longer be responsible for his safety. On September 7 he wrote to Margaret from shipboard, between Cattaro and Ragusa:

“ . . . Since [Skutari] I have been mostly at Dulcigno under the protection of some Albanian chiefs, till they could accord it me no longer. . . . When I was at last obliged to quit Dulcigno I started in the small sailing vessel kindly provided for me by the League Committee for San Giovanni di Medua, but after a vain tossing about in Adria was driven by adverse winds to land at last at the mouth of the Bojana. I then determined to make my way by land across the Montenegrin frontier to Antivari: rather a difficult thing to do, as one had to run the gauntlets of the Albanian patrols set to prevent all communication with Montenegro. However, by starting from a frontier village, led by a native guide an hour before dawn, I succeeded in my enterprise and reached Antivari, from which place I again took a small boat to Budra and thence overland to Cattaro. So you see I am really in a fair way of reaching Ragusa. . . . I wonder if my recent telegrams from Dulcigno have been useful in exposing the perfidy of the Porte. There has been no one else on the spot but me: and on the whole I am not dissatisfied that I have stayed there so long. . . .”

Arthur Evans was tired now, and fell ill soon after he reached Ragusa. By September 24 Emma was able to write to Margaret: “ We heartily rejoice with you in the prospect of dear Arthur’s return. You know how ready I am to abuse him heartily, but we are all very fond of him, apart from his pernicious political opinions! I am afraid, though, his fever must have been bad to induce him to leave those regions just when the crisis he is always waiting for seems really likely to come off.” The crisis, however, petered out in a fog of intrigue and counter-intrigue, and in December, while England was too much occupied in her war

with the Transvaal to be deeply interested, Montenegro occupied Dulcigno.

By the beginning of February 1881 Arthur and Margaret were back at the Casa San Lazzaro, and enjoying the Ragusan carnival again. Then he settled down once more to his historical researches. Towards the end of March he went for a little trip near Ombla to look for Roman inscriptions. On March 28 Margaret wrote to her mother: "I heard no more till Thursday, when I was beginning to think he might turn up. That morning at 12 o'clock arrived two young men of our acquaintance in tall hats, light gloves, etc. I thought: 'What do they want? Come to arrange about a picnic? a ball?' Presently they said, 'And what news of your husband?' 'Oh,' I said, 'I have none but he may possibly come back to-day.' 'Oh, . . . we had heard . . . there had been a little accident.' Of course in a minute I imagined every kind of ill and prepared myself for the worst! 'Oh, nothing very much, only he has been arrested!' I was quite relieved and said if that was all he was used to it, it was only 'un'altra gentilezza del governo Austriaco'. As usual, he had lost his passport, and had been marched for four hours under arrest to Trebinje, where he was recognized and released."

Life went on quietly enough. Arthur was in correspondence with many discontented politicians in Vienna, Pesth, Laibach and elsewhere; and their untidy letters in purple ink on thin paper—written in German, French, English, and even Latin—kept his indignation against Austria simmering, but there was nothing to write to the *Guardian* about. Freeman expressed the state of affairs very clearly in a letter to Stillman, the *Times* correspondent:

"The K.K. people seem doing, according to Arthur Evans' account, all kinds of mischief in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Their one merit is that they keep the towns cleaner than they were under the Turks. I conceive the difference between Turkish and Austrian rule to be that the Turk comes down with a whopping bit of oppression now and then, but leaves you alone between whiles, while the Austrian goes on with a little nagging bit of oppression every day, and never leaves you alone."¹

Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, Arthur was being drawn into the vortex of insurgent activities. There was Miljan, the

¹ Letter of April 15, 1881; W. R. W. Stephens, *Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman*, II, p. 224.

parrocco of Mrceni in Canali, delicate, ecstatic, an endless talker; there was Spiridion Gopčević, a splendid figure with a brow and nose like a Greek athlete, flashing eyes and long waving hair: a man like a young Jove, whom any member of the secret police would feel inclined to arrest at sight; there were old shepherds from the hills who came to the house and scratched at the door after dark; there were journalists with Slavonic names from Vienna, always talking of the *dessous des cartes*; there were boys with cryptic messages who seemed to materialize in the little garden and vanish as suddenly as they had come. It was all very exciting and interesting; and Arthur Evans was too innocent to realize that it was quite as exciting and interesting to the Austrian police as it was to himself.

The great event that spring was a visit from the Freemans. It was a peculiar pleasure to Margaret to have her father in her own house and to make him happy. She knew just what he liked, and he wrote home: "It is a great comfort to get a cock with bread sauce. . . . French beans unsmeared with some horrid stuff, and a genuine bag-pudding with raisins or currants, and other insular delicacies, after so much continental trash." ¹

Early in August both Arthur and Margaret Evans went up to Serajevo. He left her there with Miss Irby, and went on into the wilds alone. On September 4 he wrote from Plevlje:

" . . . At Gorižda I found besides a Roman eagle two Roman monuments, one an altar of Jove and the other of Terminus, walled into the old Serb church which has an inscription recording its building by Herceg Stepan, the founder of Herzegovina.

"Čajnice is a wonderfully picturesque place in a wooded gorge among the mountains. I missed 'the fun of the fair' but still saw a good many brilliant costumes etc. The way from Čajnice to Plevlje over Mount Korač is very fine, at least the first part, up through a gigantic pine forest; the latter part of the way . . . is mostly bare undulating downs. . . . Here (at Plevlje) I found lodgings in a bare room in a Serb house amply furnished with fleas (I killed 48 the first night) but with no other conveniences. The Roman remains are wonderfully abundant—mosques with entire foundations of Roman blocks and inscriptions. On an isolated hill, Ilino Brdo, about half an hour off, is a small Old Serb Church of the same construction and paved with monuments within as well. I have discovered here two new inscrip-

¹ Stephens, *op cit.*, II, 229.

tions, though the discovery was in both instances attended with difficulties. The Pope of Ilino Brdo told me he had seen a well shapen stone when fishing in a neighbouring stream, and judging from his description that it contained an inscription, I resolved to fish it up. We found the monument, one corner of which alone was visible, deeply bedded in mud in the middle of the stream bed. With the aid of four men I got it dug up and turned over. It was an altar dedicated by one Æmilius Antonius to the god Silvanus.

The other inscription I found as follows. Hearing of some 'old stones' two hours up the same stream I asked the Pasha for an escort, as the Pope said the country was dangerous. The Pasha replied that he dare not give me an escort, as 'they might take you for an Austrian'. So of course I resolved to go. I found a native Mohamedan to guide me, bought a fez and went. I found a Roman inscription as well as Old Slav monuments, and when the native Mohamedans came 'to know the reason why', my guide represented me to be an Effendi from Stamboul come to enquire into the unfortunate case of an Aga of the place who had committed the indiscretion of robbing and murdering somebody, and with the best intention of setting him free from the durance vile in which he was momentarily detained! The native Turks highly approved of the visit of this benevolent Effendi."

The tale continues in a letter written from Salonica.

"You heard from me last at Plevlje. Since then I have been both lucky and unlucky. I saw two wonderful Old Serbian Churches at St. Troice, near Plevlje, and Mileševa near Prijepolje, with some very striking Byzantine frescoes, almost as impressive as Ravenna mosaics, of which in some ways they curiously reminded me. Near Prijepolje I saw some interesting Roman remains. Between Sienica and Novipazar I met a live highwayman, but having obtained two mounted Suvarris (a kind of Zaptieh) my array was altogether too imposing for him, and the gentleman of the road concluded to let me alone.

"At Novipazar my troubles began. The Turks refused to let me go anywhere, said my life was in danger if I stayed, and I had finally to leave with enforced escort for Mitrovica, having only partially seen the old baths—a wonderful sight however—... At Mitrovica the same attempts to hinder my seeing anything—at Priština the same: Ibrahim Pasha quite insolent. In

short I should have been profoundly disgusted had it not been for a fortunate discovery.

“Just before leaving Novipazar a Jew brought me two or three very interesting Serbian gold coins. I offered a price. He would not come down, and when I offered more just before departing, informed me that he had already parted with them to a Jew skindealer who was already off to Mitrovica. At Mitrovica I found this merchant who said that he had not bought them, and thus between the two Jews the coins were spirited away. I was much annoyed at this, coming in the wake of other vexations, but at Priština I obtained a more valuable clue. I found that the coins I had seen were part of an extraordinary discovery: a discovery so extraordinary that it must rank among the most extraordinary antiquarian discoveries of this century. Briefly the tale is this. Some years ago when the railway was being made, it became necessary to quarry stone in a mountain above Kossovo. The engineer superintending the work found an old stone with a Serb inscription and appears to have told the native workmen with him at the time (two Serbs and an Albanian) half jestingly that they had better dig there. The engineer having departed they did dig. They found a vault and in it an iron chest and in the chest two crowns, one with the name of Czar Urosh upon it, a cross with an Old Serb inscription relating how it was made in Mount Athos for the same Czar, curious vestments, and many gold coins amongst which were some extraordinary and utterly unknown medallions.

“The sequel is tragic. The Albanian took his share and the Serbs theirs, but the Turks getting wind of the fact that the Serbs had found treasure resolved to rob them of it. The Serbs defended themselves and died desperately, the house being burnt over their heads after they had killed fourteen of the assailants. One crown was melted in the flames, but the cross and a few coins had been buried and were afterwards dug up by the son, who now lives in abject fear of his life in Priština. *From him I have secured seven of the coins.* Two of them are large medallions of Czar Dushan, absolutely unknown and of extraordinary historical interest, representing the Czar on horseback, crossing a bridge on his way from one royal castle or minster to another. These coins were probably made expressly for royal donations and thus were buried with the regalia. The last in date is of Ksar Lazar showing that the whole must have been buried about

the time of the battle of Kossovo. It is possible that I *may* eventually get the cross, though much is at present asked. Whether it will be possible to trace what the Albanian is still said to possess I know not, as the mountain is one nest of robbers. . . . The articles discovered agree with the document describing the burial of the Serbian regalia, brought over by the Serb American of noble descent, who after wandering about in Serbia to find the spot caught a fever and died. Do you remember my hearing this curious story from Mijatovich who saw his documents? . . ."

Soon, however, the splendours of the find began to tarnish a little. "Now", Arthur Evans writes to his father, "I am beginning not to feel altogether happy about the lot, and incline to regard them as ingenious forgeries, surprising as it may seem that forgeries should have been planted where I got them. The coins were to begin with almost too much of a good thing, as only *one* Serbian gold coin had been hitherto discovered. . . . Slav antiquaries here swear that they are genuine, but I doubt." ¹

Salonica made a great impression on Arthur Evans. He wrote to Freeman:

"I do wish you had been with me at Thessalonika: to me it was quite a revelation. After Ravenna I know no town that can hold a candle to it for Roman Christian monuments. Imagine entering mosque after mosque, to find them perfectly preserved basilicas of the time of Constantine or Justinian . . . not to speak of examples of later and more developed Byzantine styles. In many of these churches parts even of the original mosaics have been left untouched, and Saints and Christian symbols look down on the Turkish worshippers. There is, however, one sad gap in the antiquities of Salonica: the Arch of Augustus, raised by the Politarchs . . . was swept away a few years ago by a Turkish governor, to be used as building material for a new quay, and to help cover a deficit caused by his own swindling. In Thessalonika there is hardly anything Greek: one feels how entirely its greatness belonged to the Roman Empire and to the opening up of the Illyrian interior. . . . As to the walls of Salonica, I felt that before I had seen them I had never seen walls before."

¹ The whole story is told in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1928, p. 187. "A Forged Treasure in Serbia."

XIV

PARADISE LOST

1881 - 1882

SOON after Arthur and Margaret returned to Ragusa in the autumn of 1881, the insurrection, which had threatened for some months, broke out in Crivoscia. It was a protest by the mountaineers of the Bocche di Cattaro against the Austrian imposition of service in the Landwehr upon them; it was also a political move on the part of the ambitious Nikola of Montenegro. By December 4 Evans was at Ubli and in the thick of the trouble. "Here am I among the 'mountain wolves'," he wrote,¹ "and the mountain wolves have not torn me in pieces. I was assured they would. Priests, officials, officers, lowlanders with more or with less sympathy for their rebellious brothers of the peaks, all combined to dissuade me from my journey hither. Had not the Archbishop himself been turned back by the Crivosicians? Had not a Bocchese mayor who attempted to accompany Monsignor been threatened with personal violence? Did I not know that within the last few days Austrian advanced posts had been fallen upon and cut to pieces? Besides, if the insurgents did not cut my throat, and, as more than one kind friend hinted, add my nose to a little collection already in process of formation, they would certainly rob me of all I possessed. . . .

"Leaving Risano in a small boat I landed in the cove of Morinje, about an hour distant, and eluding the military watch, made my way up the defile, and was presently lucky enough to fall in with a mountaineer, who after some parley agreed to guide me to Ubli.

"It was a glorious sunshiny day, and the view of the Bocche, looking back from the gorge of Morinje, was something to surpass a painter's imaginings. The groves on either side of the defile had not yet lost their gorgeous autumnal hues, varied here with every shade of evergreen—pale olives, brighter myrtles and sea-pines, bay thickets, and still darker cypresses. Below opened glimpses of the winding, river-like sea—the bronze-green cupola of its island minster swelling like a bubble from the still emerald

¹ *Manchester Guardian*, December 12, 1881.

depths; on the further shore were the Venetian campaniles of Perasto that seemed to have grown out of the grey rock and to be themselves a part of nature. Beyond and above, fringed by the gold and russet-crimson of the walnut trees, shone a paler vision of naked cliffs and rock eyries, veined with blue too aerial for shadow, mounting ridge on ridge to the topmost crest of Montenegro. . . .

"I had already fallen in with some Ubli men besides my guide, and having succeeded in convincing them as to the friendly object of my visit, it was not difficult to prevail on the sentry to let me pass. The ascent beyond this point was steep, but the Crivoscians and Ubliani bounded from rock to rock like goats and I could not choose but follow. We scaled rock ladders, we edged along rock walls, and between huge boulders which were in fact gates of a natural fortress. Finally, about 3,000 feet up, on surmounting a rugged ledge the glen of Ubli itself opened out before me, a huge mountain cauldron girt with one continuous waste of limestone crags. The scanty black earth at the bottom of the glen was scraped together into innumerable small fields, each surrounded with its stone wall, and here and there were scattered the miserable stone hovels that shelter these hardy folk. But for defensive purposes the situation was grand. 'See, here is our citadel (*Gradina*)', exclaimed one of my Ubli companions triumphantly. 'Let the troops come and take that!' At this point I took leave of my highland fellow-wayfarers, and made my way with only my original guide towards the village store. But my difficulties were not over. The sight of a stranger in a civilized dress dropped down among them, as it were, from the clouds, excited quite a turmoil of astonishment and inquiry. 'Who is this who comes to us without knee-breeches?' roared one burly fellow. 'An Austrian spy, I'll be bound,' answered another; and I observed that he had a particularly long *handjar* stuck in his belt. A crowd of armed mountaineers rapidly gathered round me, and I soon found what their principal cause for suspicion was. They were afraid that I had come to renew an attempt already made some months back, when affairs were first threatening to take a critical turn, to seduce some of their *knezes* or elders by a money bribe. However, I seized the bull by the horns as best I could. I told them how I had been informed below that they were all thieves and brigands, and that they would cut my throat to a dead certainty if I went up, but that I

knew better, and had come just to prove that they were honest folk. This told at once. 'Don't fear anything from us,' said one of the village elders, holding out his hand and grasping mine, 'these are all lies! There are no thieves or murderers here. We are honest men, and by God's help we will remain so.' I then mentioned my earlier visit to Crivoscia this summer, and how, before that, I had kept Christmas in one of their huts. The village pope, whose hospitality I at present share, then said that he knew all about me, and when the villagers heard that I wished to write the truth about them to England they became quite demonstrative in their friendliness. . . .

"The next question they asked me might surprise anyone not acquainted with the warlike spirit of these highlanders, 'Do you bring us good news? Are the troops coming to attack us?' They were decidedly depressed when I informed them that there was no present intention whatever of assailing their position. 'We only wish the troops would come', said one of the chiefs."

Such men were after Evans's own heart. The insurrection spread, and Evans spread the news of it, which the Austrian Government was anxious to suppress in the hope of diplomatic conciliation. Every report of an Austrian reverse was telegraphed to Manchester, generally from Udine, which lay outside the limits of Austrian censorship. Evans and his English readers lived in expectation of a general rising of the South Slav peoples.

He wrote to Freeman in January 1882: "Since I wrote the movement in Herzegovina has become far more serious, and as I write the news comes that Upper Herzegovina—the parts about Nevesinje and Gatzko, the scene of the first uprising against the Turk in '75—has become the scene of another uprising perhaps destined to have consequences as historic as the first. The news of the outbreak seems to have fallen upon Vienna like a thunder-clap, as the Austrian government had been continually supplied with roseate reports by its officials, and was quite unprepared for the revelation of the true state of affairs. What is really amusing, the Vienna press tries to make *me* responsible for the agitation, which is only the effect of their own misgovernment, and the Government and Police are trying to find some colourable pretext for expelling 'Gladstone's agent' from the K.K. dominions, as they tried to do before. As I have not 'agitated' or encouraged the insurgents in any way, but have only pointed out the truth in my correspondence, the Austrian Government

will find it somewhat difficult to carry out their wish. I am assured, moreover, that the Commune of Ragusa will stand by me. If however they should succeed in finding means to convince the British Ambassador of my pestilent activity, I certainly shall not quietly retire from the combat. I have no doubt Montenegro will afford us asylum, and one may get a wider prospect of South Slavonic lands from the Black Mountain eyries. . . .

"On the whole I am inclined to regard the present uprising as the beginning of the end so far as these parts are concerned. Whether Russia will allow the insurrection to drag on slowly through the present year and only intervene actively at a later stage is a question which of course I cannot answer. But I believe Austrian dominion beyond the Narenta is doomed and that its knell is beginning to toll. . . ."

Evans was now a marked man in the eyes of Authority, but sublimely ignored it. Margaret was rather more anxious, but even when Arthur was away in Crivoscia was full of courage. On January 19, 1882, she wrote to Fanny: "His letters have made a great sensation, so much so that our expulsion is seriously talked of. . . . I myself believe they only want to frighten Arthur into silence, except that the Austrian Government does such stupid things that it is capable of even this *bêtise*. For, as Arthur says, it would be easy enough to settle down in Montenegro—Corfû—Albania—Serbia, and thence, to correspond in a much more malicious way: 'devote myself to modern instead of ancient history'. Mr. St. John (the Consul) has forewarned our Embassy of all this, and it is said the Commune of Ragusa mean to protest in the case of such an event. . . . It would be horrid to have to move, short of moving back to England, but that you may be sure Arthur would never tamely do. . . ."

On the 30th she wrote once more to chronicle his return. "My much-abused wanderer returned last night, and now the servants are full of delight and ready to tell me all the stories they have heard in his absence which they would not mention before for fear of alarming me. . . . Antonio had heard that he had gone off to Crivoscia with about a hundred pounds weight of English gold to distribute, had then been arrested, and was now in the Castle of Ragusa, unknown to me! . . . He arrived in the middle of the night when I had given him up till the morning. . . . We talked one against the other until 4 a.m. . . .

The excitement, suspicion and hatred of England is extraordinary. People are convinced that Arthur and Mr. Paget (Lord Anglesea's son who is travelling for pleasure) are paid agents and spies of our Government, and that our fleet brought ammunition here last year! . . . This fortnight has been one of nothing but reports of Arthur, so I have made a point of being seen about as much as possible, to give them the lie by my looks at least. . . . I wonder if I shall enjoy the five balls in prospect. All my officer friends are gone and I doubt if the new ones will dance with the wife of the English spy."

Margaret's father was on a lecturing tour in America, and wrote from New York on February 13 to express his anxiety, though he was too proud to advise prudence.

" . . . I confess I feel anxious about you; I should not be the least surprised if the K.K.K. (*τρία κάππα κάκιστα*) did turn you out. And then I cannot forget that you have my daughter to wife. Ragusa is an out-of-the-way place for Margaret; how much more Tzetinje, Prisrend and I know not where. Yet I cannot ask you, and I don't believe that she would ask you, to turn back in what I believe to be a very noble work. Only, if there is any row, don't trust to Ambassadors—is not our man at Vienna the scoundrel Elliott moved from Constantinople?—but telegraph straight to Gladstone. It shall be another Jenkins' ear, if they harm you."

Meanwhile the rumour-mongers were busier than ever with reports of Arthur's insurgent activities. Margaret wrote to her mother: "The best of all was that more than one friend was told that I went more than once after midnight on horseback to Trebinje with secret despatches! After that I expect my fame as a heroine to be sung on South Slavonic guzlas. . . . The wife of the Commandant of the town told Mr. St. John she was sure Mr. Gladstone must in his youth have been in love with some Austrian lady, and have been disappointed, which made him ever since such a desperate enemy of Austria!"

On February 16 Margaret wrote to Fanny that it was well that Arthur had already written two of the Ilchester lectures which he had been invited to deliver at Oxford, "as he does nothing now but collect news and despatch it. I don't see very much of him either, as he is always out, and in the evenings some of his fellow correspondents often drop in. . . ."

Warnings were beginning to reach Arthur from many sources.

Mrs. Richard Burton wrote from the British Consulate at Trieste:

"I am a hearty Austrian, but I am first an Englishwoman, you are my compatriot, and I know your wife's family. I therefore think it is only my duty, and *kind*, to give you a warning.

"I know most of what goes on here, and I know that the Austrians attribute their misfortunes in Herzegovina to you and such as you, and that they will, as sure as you live, hang you up to the first tree if they can catch you out of bounds. Many of them have told me so.

"I think, if half they say be true, they *ought* to hang you, and if they do, I shall say they are quite right; but as I don't want it to happen I send you this line. . . ."

Margaret's anxiety was growing. On March 2nd she wrote to Fanny: "I don't know how long I shall have Arthur here. He had settled to go to Montenegro to-day but luckily a strong scirocco has frightened him off. . . . Of course in Montenegro he would be as safe as here, still I am not happy when he is not within hail, now that I know how the Austrians hate him.

"We have had a rather unpleasant incident this morning. A cadet of the Weber Regiment, who has deserted, actually came here to ask help in escaping, from us! It seems he was hiding all night under our walls. He asked if Helen and Florence were still here; he wanted to get women's clothes from us. I did not see him, but he was one of the guests at our ball. I feel very sorry for him, but what a foolhardy thing to come here, where everyone knows him! Of course we could do nothing but send him away, and Antonio is now anxious to go at once and denounce him. Query: is it a trap to try and catch Arthur for helping him?"

Three days later the blow fell. "I wonder," wrote Margaret to her mother, "if the papers will have informed you before this reaches you that we have received notice to quit from the K.K.'s! I must say it took us by surprise as after the Ministerial assurance of their disbelief in foreign agitators etc. I thought the official mind was a little quieted down. Our first excitement on Friday, for that was the eventful day, was the news that our friend M. Gopčević had been arrested. This troubled us very much as he is a great friend of ours . . . and has been here nearly every day, making himself quite at home. . . . A. was away most of the day trying to find out the why and wherefore, and

when he returned in the evening he said to me as he ran up to his room: 'Prepare for the worst, only I am not going to be shot!' Then when he came down he produced the official document of our, or rather his, expulsion. According to it he was to be off in three days unless he appealed. He has appealed, but we have had no answer as yet. . . . In any case we shall go away for the present. Arthur will go first to Montenegro, as he had already decided to do, and I shall follow him when he says how matters stand there. . . . I quite expect and *hope* that he will go this week. . . . In spite of the annoyance, bother and expense this expulsion is really a relief to me. I shall be so thankful to have Arthur safe out of K.K. power, especially as next Tuesday martial law will be proclaimed here. . . ."

It was not, however, to be as easy as that. On March 9 Margaret wrote to her father from the British consulate at Ragusa:

"One trouble after another has been crowding too rapidly on us to allow of my writing before, but now *the* blow has fallen. Arthur was arrested on Tuesday 7th and is now in prison, undergoing examination before a Court of Inquiry. This *may* last as long as eight days and then if they cannot prove their charges—as how can they, being all *lies*, unless they pay witnesses to fore-swear themselves—he may be set at liberty. . . .

"How I wish you were in England to make a stir about it. . . .

"But I will begin at the beginning. First of all then our friend Gopčević, whose work on Montenegro you may remember Mr. Gladstone thinks so highly of, was arrested on Friday last, and then a small merchant of Ragusa. Gopčević was an old friend of Arthur's, and in the two or three weeks he had been here, had become *very* intimate with us. I too had got to like and trust him much, as indeed I shall do till I am persuaded of what most people seem persuaded—that is, that he has been paid to play a double part and is now denouncing Arthur—though of what?

"This arrest troubled Arthur very much, and then the same evening he had a notice of expulsion served on him, to depart in three days failing an appeal. He did appeal (as yet we have had no answer) and Mr. St. John too took the matter up, had an interview with the Governor, General Jovanović, and a compromise was come to. Arthur promised to depart at once of his own free will, and to write nothing more, nor return, until things were again quiet in the occupied provinces. The Governor

then undertook to advise the K.K.'s at Vienna to withdraw the notice of expulsion. 'But', he said, 'let him go at once, for I leave Ragusa to-night, et je ne sais pas ce que pourrait arriver.' He referred to the fact that on the next day martial law was to be proclaimed, by which extraordinary powers would be put into the hands of men who here at any rate are not fit to use it and are pretty sure to abuse it.

"So late on Monday it was settled that Arthur should start the next morning for Corfù. The notice of expulsion was issued on Thursday, but Arthur never received it till Friday at 4 o'clock, *when there were no more boats up or down for three days*. He found it at a lawyer's whom he was consulting about Gopčević—surely a very casual way of delivering such a document. Well then, on Tuesday all was ready for his start, and I arranged to go as far as Cattaro and return the next day, and to join him later. We drove down to Gravosa, took our tickets, but at the very moment of embarking he was arrested. 'Heute können Sie nicht abreisen, Sie müssen mit mir.' Just then the St. Johns who had come to see us off arrived and Mr. St. John demanded to see the warrant, but it seems that here in Austria the warrant need not at any time be produced before 24 hours, and even then if necessary not for three days; and under martial law there is a grace of eight days. . . . So for all answer the man pronounced in a most loud and insolent voice: 'Ich arretire den Herrn Evans in Namen des Kaisers Franz Josef.' I was glad to hear a bystander say that it was a 'Schweinerei'.

"So Arthur, Mr. St. John and the man drove off in one carriage and I followed with Mrs. St. John in another. I saw no more of Arthur for that day, but presently Mr. St. John returned and told me he was in the prison. . . .

"It next occurred to me that we should of course have a domiciliary visit. So I hurried home, kindly accompanied by Mrs. St. John, and sure enough in a few minutes two gendarmes arrived and took possession of the house, forbidding me to go out. Then arrived the officials, civil and military. It took seven of them to visit our house, and not one could move without the others, they must all be present at once: *this is because each mistrusts the other*. They examined every cupboard and drawer downstairs, shook out all my dresses and examined the pockets; every scrap of paper was seized and put under seals, mine and theirs, to be examined at leisure. All my correspondence,

diaries, bills, etc. were all taken, even those I had just received which were lying on the table; also two bags full of the tiniest scraps of paper torn up by Simo for hospital pillows. (These they described as 'documenti lacerati in forme regularie') . . . It took over two and a half hours.

"The head of the civil authorities was, I must say, very civil and evidently disliked his task: a very different man to Colonel Dorotka, Head of the Police, a man who hates us and who refused you leave to go round the old walls. . . .

"After that I went back with the St. Johns, who have kindly asked me to stay with them till this matter is ended. . . . The whole town smells of spies, traitors, cowards and suspicion. I am wretched I know. I hate the whole place and long to breathe the air of liberty. . . ."

Almost the worst part of the early stages of the imprisonment was, indeed, the atmosphere of suspicion. This was always directed against the absent. Margaret was suspicious of the innocent, but imprisoned, Gopčević, and the loyal but absent Jovanović; Arthur suspected the innocent but absent English Ambassador at Vienna, and even his friends in Serbia and Montenegro.

Arthur was in what the Dickinsons would have called "a state of mind". He had gone off from the quay thinking that he would only have to face the sort of interrogatory in a stuffy police station which he had faced before. Instead he was taken straight to the Prison—a mediæval and impressive building—stripped, searched and led none too gently into a corridor of cells through an iron-barred door with CONDANNATI written above it. The cell allotted him was reasonably spacious, with a high vaulted ceiling springing from a stone column in the middle; but its heavily barred window looked only across the prison yard, to a bare wall, and there was an iron ring fixed in the wall to which a recalcitrant prisoner might be chained. Arthur was at once conscious of that need to get into touch with the outside world which is the normal reaction of a prisoner, and demanded writing materials; these were refused. Even when he was marched under guard to the Tribunale to be present at the searching of his luggage and the formal sequestration of his papers, he was not allowed to see a lawyer or to hear the charges against him.

Towards evening clean bedding and night things and a large

bunch of flowers arrived from the Casa San Lazzaro, and a decent meal was sent in from a neighbouring restaurant. No light was permitted, for fear that he should signal with it, and he spent a miserable night, listening to the steps of the armed sentry who had been set to patrol the passage lest any attempt should be made at his rescue. With the dawn he began to think of ways of communicating with Margaret. He found a scrap of paper in his pocket, pricked his arm to draw a little blood, and with a tooth broken from his comb wrote her a few words. When the gaoler came he proved to be a Slav and friendly disposed; he consented to deliver the note, on the promise of an eventual present from Margaret.

That morning Evans was allowed an hour's marching with the other prisoners in the dingy inner court of the gaol, and then was allowed a brief interview with Margaret in the office of the prison. Two officials were present, and they had to speak in Italian. Bruin, the sheepdog, had insisted on coming too, and under cover of his enthusiastic greeting of his master, Margaret managed to slip him a note. Later in the day he wrote a letter to her in pencil on the inside of the envelope, in his minute myopic writing, and despatched it by the friendly gaoler.

"How are things going? Is there any serious prospect of my liberation? Although *you* know that I have not really been sending help of any kind to the Insurgents, still the W.E.G. business, my visit to Crivoscia and Herzegovina, my open sympathy with the Insurrection and anti-K.K. writings and finally my relations with 'persons accused of High Treason' make an ugly chain of circumstantial evidence. And then of course there are false denunciations on the cards. I do not know on what evidence G[opčević] and A[lexić] were arrested: but I know that among unfortunate Gopčević's papers sequestered at Vienna very C[ompromising] documents in the way of letters from friends in Serbia were found. What is Walasek doing here? I cannot believe that he intends to denounce his bosom friends, yet a telegram appears in his paper the 'Politik' from Ragusa speaking of our house as a 'Centre of Insurgent Espionage'. I received him as a friend and nephew of R[]'s, and even at personal risk took care of his C[ompromising] letters and (as Mr. St. J. knows) placed them in safe keeping. When he left I lent him I think 170 fl. which he was to repay me at Cettinje, and before

he left he swore eternal friendship. I should like enlightenment on this head.

"From all this you will see how very important it is that the 'process' should be cut short, so far as I am concerned. Yes, they *would* like to bury me alive for ten years! Courage! I am not down-hearted—Yet I wish your father was in England. PS. N.B. The bearer is to be trusted, speaks German. Give him 1 fl. and tell him to come again at a certain time for your reply, when you may give him another fl. or better still enclose in letter a few more stray florins for me as they are *useful* here."

The act of accusation had now arrived, declaring that he was "ostile agli interessi Austriaci", that he was in relation with insurgents and other suspected persons and gave them money, that he had freely expressed his opinions in public without any regard to the present abnormal conditions, or to the maintenance of public safety, and that his letters to the *Manchester Guardian* were bitterly anti-Austrian.

It was a very fair statement of fact.

The next day Evans was subjected to a searching examination. The dusty and dreary documents that lay on the examining magistrate's table still survive, worn at the edges and the folds, but still held together by the red threads and paper seals of the Imperial and Royal Tribunal of Ragusa. They must have made a puzzling collection for a Ragusan judge who did not know his suspect personally: the telegram he had tried to send to the *Manchester Guardian* to tell of his expulsion; cuttings of his own fiery articles; manuscripts of more, in English, and in his own hand, and in those days even Manchester compositors were apt to print his *Austrians* and *Istrians* as *Christians*, and vice versa; a key to a code; a map of prehistoric sites in the Balkans; verbatim reports, in Serbian, of peasant stories about dragons and vampires; a few sums, representing a struggle with an overdraft, but thought to represent bribes; stray half sheets with a few cryptic words on them that might mean anything and were merely notes on coins and inscriptions; and some very mysterious telegrams, sent to Alice at Venice some weeks before, that were in fact about the purchase of some Venetian glass.

Such evidence against him was not very alarming, though surprisingly difficult to explain to a magistrate who seemed unable to share in Arthur's view of the freedom of the Press as axiomatic. The next examination was more serious, for it

related to the prisoner's relations with the insurgents. A pencil note to Margaret records its heads:

"The further examination I have had relates

1. To visit of Mule-driver from Gatzko (Stajan's kinsman) who was heralded by another man, but whom I saw alone, and gave 2 or 3 florins for his information.
2. To visit from an Orefice of Risano who told me about taking of Leacnitze and from whom I bought the ring with Roman Christian intaglio, as I had previously bought many other antiquities. I was asked did a lad called Tomo, son of a cauldron-maker, come with him? To my knowledge he came alone; certainly I interviewed him alone.
3. The deserter. I answered, as you know, that I simply sent him away.

More accusations not made as yet. I know not if there be any in reserve. What has Giardiniere to do with the matter? I rather doubt about speeding liberation of G[opčević] at any rate: fresh seizure of papers. You leave me in a state of great anxiety because I cannot understand if I am really to be set free in a fortnight or not? Please reply *at once* about prospects. Give bearer 2 fls."

A friendly prison cook conveyed notes from Gopčević to Arthur in the bread. Usually they were rather despairing demands for news; once a note conveyed the unwelcome intelligence that ten letters of Gladstone's had been seized among Gopčević's papers. Often, however, they were mere greetings: "May God give that we could soon embrace us as free men! I was very unquiet about your sort; now I am calmer"; or thanks for Arthur's sharing of his good food as a "gentil gift" with his fellow prisoner. Sometimes the godlike Gopčević became impatient: "this folk becoming from day to day more disgusting": and begged Arthur to "excite the public opinion" when the Government should no longer keep him "secluded".

Meanwhile the little world of Nash Mills had been stirred to its foundations by the news that Arthur was in prison. John Evans took it very hard. Fanny wrote to Margaret on March 14th:

"... The poor father has been to the Foreign Office every day since the news came, except once when I went instead. But they could tell us very little more than was in the telegrams. Mr. Scott got up a deputation which consisted of himself, and

Mr. Bryce, the father, who took Sir John Lubbock, and some other M.P.s J.E. didn't know—a party of eight—who were politely received by Lord Granville, who, however, could say no more than he had said before. . . . The children would tell you how Mr. Bryce asked in the House on 9th March what it was all about?—and Sir Charles Dilke said they had already telegraphed to our Ambassador at Vienna and to the consul at Ragusa, but that they had as yet no particulars, and this is the answer we get every day.”

Everyone counselled a waiting game. The Consul replied that it was a matter for the two governments, and that the less that was said about Arthur in the House of Commons the better. Lord Bath was willing to raise the question in the House of Lords, but doubted the expediency of it, since everything depended on the personal action of the Emperor; Sir Charles Dilke replied that they had “tons of despatches” about Evans, and that he had been very imprudent; and Sir Henry Elliott informed the Foreign Secretary “that though the proceedings are tedious they seem to have been conducted regularly, according to the forms followed in criminal cases”; Lord Granville advised that “It would apparently be injudicious to use pressure, the result of which might be to necessitate his being sent for trial in case of the report of the enquiry being adverse”. Poor John Evans felt strangled in verbiage and negative advice; he could think of nothing but that Arthur, who loved freedom and fresh air, was in prison. Everyone seemed to think he would be let out some day, but meanwhile he was shut up, alone and unhappy.

Friends wrote to Fanny: “Of course he will be released immediately our odious government thinks proper to interfere and perhaps as Arthur is an admirer of the Arch Fiend W.E.G. they will bestir themselves”. The truth, however, was that the hands of the government were tied because they themselves had foreign Irish-American political prisoners detained without trial in Ireland, and the Austrians were well aware of it.

Meanwhile Alice and Norman had been sent off to Ragusa, armed with a code for communicating with Nash Mills. Margaret was now coming in for her share of interrogation, and was thankful to hear that they were on their way. “Still no news,” she writes on March 15, “as the secret enquiry is not yet over. They are now engaged in reading through all my letters; you can imagine how I hated it the first day. . . . I take my knitting

now which keeps me quiet. It is wonderful how habit takes one's pride down. But would you like to see all your love letters read by a little Jew at your elbow?"

Two days later Alice was writing to Fanny from the Casa San Lazzaro: "Here we are safe and sound, and I am writing at Arthur's desk, looking at the lovely sea and city and listening to the waves. It seems like a dream to be really back here, seeing the old acquaintances, the old mountain ponies and the old scraggy cats. . . . At 8 we arrived at the little Ragusan port opposite Arthur's house . . . there on the quay was Margaret waving her handkerchief and Maria and Marietta were waving on the terrace of the Casa, so we came in cheerily. . . . At half past ten we had leave to see Arthur and so marched off to the prison where the very pleasant head jailor directed us to go on to find him at the Tribunale, and enquired how our journey had been. . . . At the Tribunale we had to talk to the old bird in Italian at first as the interpreter was not arrived, and I told him all the family news I could think of, as the word 'which surprises by himself' was of course debarred. Arthur looks much as usual and festive on the whole, and I made him elegant with a flower from his own garden, and he talked and skipped about the room while three bland silent officials were edified by my accounts of how Aunt Emma had a febbre and how Johnny [Dickinson] was established at the Casa Rossa and how Chuffy [the dog] was jealous of the baby. Then when the interpreter came Norman was allowed to speak and what the said little Jew could make out of Yankee slang is doubtful. . . . Arthur is very well treated, has books and lights, and his meals are sent him from here. I think this rest and quiet are good for him, he has been so much on the rush lately."

It was hard for people who were accustomed to think of Law and Justice in terms of Quarter Sessions and Assizes, who remembered their father as High Sheriff sitting in state beside a Judge in scarlet and ermine, to get used to the uncertainty and suspicion of Ragusa, and the sordid little court and secret sessions at the Tribunale. The atmosphere soon told however; three days after her arrival Alice wrote:

"It is a sort of perennial 5th of November here, there is such a smell of gunpowder, such spies, secret notes (written in blood one was), hints of traitors and a general feeling about of Guy Fawkes and conspiracy. No one is to be trusted, every man's

hand is presumed to be against everyone else. . . . Margaret is very proud of having abstracted two of her love-letters to Arthur from under the nose of six officials at the Tribunale while the Interpreter was reading the others. . . .”

The same day she wrote a long letter to Fanny, which Norman was to take back with him to England; it would thus escape censorship and she wrote freely and *en plein*.

“The lawyer whom we saw on Saturday seemed to think unless Vienna stopped proceedings now, the case would probably go to trial, and that if so the jury would probably be afraid to acquit, and the witnesses exaggerate and distort facts to please the government. The highest penalty is twenty and the lowest ten years’ imprisonment. Gopsevich and Alexich seem deeply implicated if rumour speaks true. . . . Apparently Arthur’s expulsion was merely a ruse (so thinks the lawyer); he was known to have deposited his papers at the Consulate, and the officials counted on his removing them from their safe refuge so as to catch him ‘red-handed’, so to speak. Sure enough he got them out and had one or two special papers when taken at Gravosa. Not being fond of writing he seems to have had nothing very dangerous for them to get. They searched the house very badly and did not get the albums in which all his newspaper letters are pasted. When we saw him Norman let him know in Yankee slang that the Foreign Office was being duly stirred up. On Saturday evening the jailor’s wife stopped us in the street (a dark corner) to give Margaret a mysterious note written in blood on a scrap of paper. We found it was from A. J. E. to Gopsevich, telling him that he (A.) was accused ‘of insurgent relations and of aiding Austria’s enemies abroad.’ Yesterday when we saw Arthur again we warned him against such dangerous games as note-sending. He managed to give Norman then the long pencil-written note of which I enclose a full copy. This is a grand thing to have got. Evidently he has a friend in the prison. . . . On Saturday the lawyer seemed to think Arthur’s affair very serious, now in the light of this statement of Arthur’s he is more encouraging. We shall not be able to write much about things as you see, for Margaret is much suspected, a silly rumour even talks of her being arrested next. . . . If A. J. E. is sent to trial bail will be refused and only the lawyer will be allowed to see him freely; Margaret as before, only with witnesses. . . .

"As for the war, nothing is known. Soldiers are buried at night and the sick and wounded brought in and sent away at night. No one dares to speak of politics for fear of spies."

Secret communications continued on a grand scale, and all sorts of little screwed-up notes survive, in tiny handwriting on half-sheets of the thinnest paper, that Margaret sent the prisoner to cheer him up. Inaction was weighing heavy on everyone; a letter to Fanny from Alice says: "... As both Margaret and Arthur naturally object to discuss their plans before officials who have the credit of repeating all that one says, nothing is decided as to where the babes in the wood will settle down. Everything is still in an aggravating suspense, and we remain *les bras croisés* in spite of Mrs. St. John's advice to begin packing at once. Tomorrow I hope we shall set to work. Rumours are many and hopeful."

Besides cheering up the prisoner, Margaret and Alice themselves needed to know what to plan for. Margaret wrote to Arthur on March 28: "I have just got your letter and am so glad of a chance of saying something to you. I wonder how it was about those snapdragons we gave you? Alice put two notes inside, but so that no one could detect. Were they taken away at once? Our hopes are very high. I will copy you some bits from letters from Lord Bath and J. Bryce. . . ."

"What I most want to know from you is what we shall do with all our goods. Mr. St. John is perfectly certain we shall never be allowed to return here, and I now begin to hate the place and the people, scarcely a single person of Ragusa has been near me. I am stared at or shunned. Mr. St. John says pack up and dispatch everything or the landlord may seize it to ensure himself. He thinks he can't come on us for rent. But where shall I send everything to? To England? Think over plans. Would you settle in England? Montenegro cannot be thought of. . . . Shall I not sell our furniture and plants? Alice is copying what she wrote inside snapdragons and a code for you to learn, to use when we meet you before Bibiča.¹ . . . How long the waiting seems, three weeks to-day. How I long to have you once again all to myself out of the clutches of the K.K. I can't bear to see you ordered about by them. Ragusa has become odious to me! . . ."

Arthur's reply helped to clear things up considerably. "Your

¹ The examining magistrate.

letter much comforts me," he wrote, "as I have been getting into a nervous condition. You don't know what it is to be shut up by yourself for over three weeks, knowing that meanwhile enemies and traitors are trying to work your ruin. I think there must be some mistake as to compromising documents of mine found in G[opčević]'s possession. There can't have been for I never gave him any. . . . *Both Gopčević and Alexich are true*, I am confident.

"I have thought over future plans if liberated. I agree that under present conditions Montenegro is impossible, and that to return to Ragusa is also impossible. I think therefore that it will be better to return to England definitely, the more so as I know my father has set his heart on my return. Yes, pack up by all means, and if it is possible to sell things, do so. . . . As I am not allowed to have flowers I handed Alice's snapdragon to Bibiča who took it away! I don't think he found anything and I *rather* doubt if he would take any notice if he did. I am sure *he* is friendly! Have you seen scandalous invention of the Clerical Zara paper . . . that captured Insurgent chief said that he did not wish to revolt but that after Evans' visit to Ubli and the sovereigns he distributed, he lost all control over his followers and had to follow them in rising? Isn't it low to publish calumnies like that to prejudice my case when I am shut up? . . .

We all know that

'Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage',

but they make a very tolerable imitation of one, I can assure you!"

Margaret and Alice were thankful to have something to do, and set about packing the coins and other collections to go home by long sea. Domestic troubles abounded: Bruin, cross in his master's absence, bit a neighbour, and the cook went down with what the doctor hopefully thought might be smallpox. However, the neighbour's feelings were assuaged by compensation, and the cook proved only to have caught a chill. Alice was a tower of strength. On Easter Sunday she wrote home to Fanny, disguising the proper names according to the agreed code:

"This letter will go to Trieste by the *Dubrovnik* to-morrow so it is safe from local curiosity and I can tell you what little we know. On Wednesday Mr. St. John got a telegram from Sir Henry

Elliott saying that Arthur's imprisonment seemed justified but that as soon as the reports of the case arrived at Vienna he hoped to be able to put a stop to the proceedings. We calculate that if so he ought to be let out in a fortnight, and Mr. St. John considers that Sir Henry Elliott's 'hope' implies almost a certainty. We saw the lawyer yesterday who again impressed on us the necessity of stopping things now and said that if the case went to trial it would be very likely be tried at Graz or Innsbrück, as this place would not be considered impartial enough. We hear that twelve men at Mostar were arrested as agitators (under civil law) for collecting names to a petition to have some grievances redressed, and have been condemned to terms of imprisonment varying from one year to eighteen months. The petition was to their own government.

"They have begun a new enquiry here, by order of the military (i.e. Colonel Dorotka) which looks as if they were disappointed in the results of the first and are starting afresh in order to justify Arthur's arrest. . . . We saw A. yesterday; he is very chirpy, and is devouring novels wholesale, *Virginians*, *Jane Eyre*, *Scarlet Letter*, etc. The last one we recommended him to read was 'Two Weeks' Patience': he seemed rather taken with the title but we cannot supply him with the work in question. . . . Our friend the Capo Custode shewed us the courtyard where A. takes his walks abroad. It is a paved court with four starved young trees and a dying lemon-tree in a pot, with a good stone well-head in the corner, and overlooked by the grated prison windows. Margaret was able to address a few cheering English words to Gopčević unnoticed; the Capo Custode is such a kindly conceited little man he affords us much amusement, he takes so much interest in all our doings. Bibiza, the judge, is also most kind and obliging; he is the man on whom we all rely most. We are quite sure he wished us all well. Report says that those other two will soon be free, but Arthur doubts it as to Gopčević at least. . . . The other has a poor helpless sort of wife and five children under 8, the baby dying, who are reduced to abject poverty, poor people. The commune helps them a little but most people are afraid of having anything to do with 'suspects'. A carriage would not come here the other day, the driver refusing to 'imbrogliarsi in nostri affari'. The town swarms with soldiers drilling, parading, marching about, washing, idling, smoking, road-making. Detachments pass going up

to Trebinje with mountain guns. Loads of provisions are always going by and sometimes an ambulance wagon returns laden with sick soldiers. We hear nothing of what is being done; I suppose things are quieting down. . . .

" . . . On Good Friday there was an imposing torch light, or rather candle light, procession at 8 p.m. The streets were illuminated and the long procession of Brenese men, of citizens, Dominicans, Franciscans, soldiers, bishop and satellites filed along the narrow street past the English Consulate, returning to the cathedral by the wide Stradone. Alternately the band played slow marches and a plaintive Miserere. As the Bishop passed along carrying the Host (I suppose) under a black canopy, the crowd lining the streets knelt down and crossed themselves. . . . The bright Brenese dress, contrasting with the sadness of the chant and the silence of the crowd, was strange. It was a dark night and the whole scene was only partially lit up by the long tapers each man carried and by the oil lamps along the windows of the narrow streets. . . . It was as if we were back in the fifteenth century. There seemed no point of contact between that strange scene and the actualities of everyday existence. I am sorry you will never see this delightful old city and this most charming of odd little houses. Even if you came now you would have to believe in its cosiness, for bare walls and empty bookshelves would alone greet you; its glory has already departed."

The letter intentionally portrayed the bright side of things; it provoked a rather indignant reply from Fanny:

" . . . We are much surprised at your not being in more hurry to shake the dust off your feet and come away. . . . I wonder where the move will really be: perhaps to Italy, Ancona or somewhere of that sort. . . . I am afraid England is too comfortable and commonplace for you foolish children! . . . Papa says he would much rather Arthur should settle on *this* side of the Adriatic even if he takes a lease of the castle of Otranto. . . ."

Time passed slowly. On April 14 Margaret wrote to Fanny:

"Before you get this letter it will be six weeks that Arthur is in prison. . . . I believe the K.K.'s are playing our diplomatists false, they want to keep Arthur shut up as long as they legally can, so they lie to our Ambassador and say they have not got the reports, giving secret orders meanwhile to their officials to make

fresh enquiries so as to delay further. . . . It is very miserable to see Arthur suffering and to be able to do nothing for him, and now that we have despatched everything the suspense becomes more trying."

Meanwhile the Crivoscian Insurrection, the real cause of Arthur's arrest, had been successfully repressed. At long last, on April 23, a decree of release and of expulsion from Austria was signed, and Arthur Evans was a free man once more. His house was empty, and he sailed immediately with Margaret and Alice. Never had the spring air tasted so sweet as it did after seven weeks' imprisonment; and never had Ragusa looked more lovely than it did from the anchored ship. Yet the white-trouser soldier on the quay guarded its entrance as inexorably as the angel with a flaming sword had guarded the gates of Eden.

XV

THE OLD ASHMOLEAN

1882 - 1890

EVERYONE who knew him was thankful to learn of Arthur Evans's release. Fanny wrote to the liberated prisoner: "The relief is immense. The poor father had got into such a horrid habit of sighing about it, I had to scold him night and day! On Monday morning just before breakfast the King's Langley Postmaster demanded an audience, and said he was very sorry, but he had started off to bring us a Telegram, and when he got here, found that he had left it in his other coat pocket! However he could repeat it; and you may fancy the comfort it was. Papa arranged to go up to London two hours sooner than he intended to go and thank the Foreign Office. . . . How you two must enjoy being together again and being able to speak freely! Do you ever relapse into Italian and propriety?"

Arthur's own relations flatly refused to exploit the heroic vein; Grandmamma Evans wrote: "How beautifully the persistent energy of his two ladies has answered its purpose!" and the Grover great-aunt at Holywell Hill expressed what all the older generation were thinking when she said "He has had a lesson which will keep him at home, I hope." A heartfelt prayer went up from Nash Mills that Arthur would not take to Celtic archæology and try to right the wrongs of Ireland.

Only Freeman was thankful with no hint of criticism. On April 25 he wrote to Arthur from Manchester:

"We reached our own land yesterday, and the first piece of news that we heard was indeed one to fill us with joy and thankfulness. You must know how my thoughts have been with you during your bondage—brought so home to me on many grounds, the husband of my dear child, the worker in so noble a cause, and one whom I love and admire so on his own account. . . ."

To Fanny he wrote yet more splendidly: "The captive is loose now, and I hope he will tell his story in full to the world, to the confusion of the tyrant and his tools, against whom he has been so nobly striving. Did I not say for years back, 'He

has already made himself a name, a name of honour among the good, and a name of fear among the evil'? How deeply the evil fear him all the world may know."

After the three had had a brief rest together in Venice, Margaret and Alice took the many packages on with them to England, and Arthur went for a tour in Etruria. Chiusi and Arezzo, the country and its rock-sepulchres and wall-paintings, enchanted him. He came home slowly, stopping to have a day's dredging for Bronze Age relics in the Lac du Bourget.

He returned to England and Nash Mills in time for Alice's betrothal to a Harrow and Oxford friend of his, William Minet, who had been Charles Longman's best man; everyone was pleased, though John and Fanny wondered how they could possibly manage without her. Harriet was extremely proud of her new daughter, now a year old, and Lewis had got engaged to the sixteen-year-old daughter of the vicar of Apsley, which pleased none of his family. Norman was away in America. All the old family life at Nash Mills seemed to be in a state of flux. Yet it was delightful to be home again: Alice reported that "Arthur has been capering in and out of the house all day, bearing Prodger and visiting the raspberries". Then news of a tragedy reached him: his closest friend, Francis Balfour, had been killed in a mountaineering accident on the Aiguille Blanche. Many mourned him as the man on whose shoulders Huxley's mantle would one day have fallen; but Evans lamented the death of the good companion of his travels, who would always bring loyalty and gaiety and curiosity to any adventure.

It was a slack-water time in the tides of Arthur Evans's life. He had no home of his own in England, and no work except the rather annoying task of arranging the material collected for his Illyrian history into a paper for *Archæologia*,¹ that could be but a fragment of the projected *magnum opus*. There was little happening in the Balkans for him to comment on in the *Guardian*; the Crivoscian insurrection was at an end, Bosnia was quiet, and the trouble in the Herzegovina little more than the habitual unrest. Arthur had left his heart in Ragusa, and everywhere else seemed a *pis-aller*. He had no great wish for Corfù or Greece or Italy, and was prepared to accept the residence in England that Margaret longed for. Freeman suggested that they should

¹ "Antiquarian Researches in Illyricum." *Archæologia*, XLVIII, 1883 and XLIX, 1885.

take a little house in Somerset, John Evans (who had given up the idea of building a house at the Hyde) that he should find them a little one in Hertfordshire; but undiluted English country life made no great appeal to Arthur, and he wished to feel independent of both families.

Oxford seemed, after Ragusa, the place in which he felt most at home. At first he thought of having rooms in the city, and a small house in the country outside; then Margaret's more prudent counsels prevailed, and he decided to set up house in Oxford. They established themselves in January 1883 in the upper part of 32 Broad Street, with enough of bright Dalmatian fabrics about to remind them of Ragusa. Any home in England, however, seemed at this time chiefly a place to go abroad from, and Evans planned to make a first visit to Macedonia and Greece in the spring. Meanwhile he was trying to find a niche for himself in Oxford. On March 24 he wrote to Freeman:

"By the way, there is going to be established a Professorship of Archæology and I have been strongly advised to stand. I do not think I shall, unless I see any real prospect of getting it: and to say the truth I see very little. To begin with, it is to be called the Professorship of 'Classical' Archæology, and I understand that the Electors, including Jowett and Newton of the Brit. Mus. (who prevented my getting the Archæological Traveling Studentship of old) regard 'archæology' as ending with the Christian Era. Anyhow to confine a Professorship of Archæology to classical times seems to me as reasonable as to create a Chair of 'Insular Geography' or 'Mesozoic Geology'. Further it appears that a knowledge of Semitic or Egyptian antiquities is to be admitted: anything in short Oriental, but Europe, except the Europe of a favoured period and a very limited area (for I take it that neither Gaul, Britain or Illyricum were ever 'classical' in Jowett's sense) is to be rigorously excluded! However, perhaps their bark is worse than their bite. . . ."

Freeman replied, "Delendus est Jowett. . . . Every ass knoweth his master's crib, and they do it for what they call *Greats*. Of course all those people will make a stand against you, just because you know more than they do and go beyond their wretched narrow circle. They are the obscurantists and answer exactly to the *Trojans* of the 16th century. As men fought then for the *knowledge* of Greek and the Jowetts of that day opposed

them, so we fight for the *use* of Greek, for the proper place of Greek in the history of the world, and the Jowetts of this day—the cribmongers—oppose us. But I think you should stand, if only for a protest. . . . Of course they will have some narrow Balliol fool, suspending all sound learning at the end of his crooked nose, to represent self-satisfied ignorance against you, but I would go in just to tell them a thing or two. . . .”

History does not relate if Arthur actually stood for the Professorship; William Ramsay, the explorer of ancient sites and roads in Asia Minor, was appointed, but received so little encouragement from the University that he soon left for Aberdeen. Percy Gardner, a “classical” archæologist after Newton’s own heart, was then elected in his stead.

At the end of April Arthur and Margaret were ready to be off, after having tried in vain to get a special recommendation to the British Consuls in the Near East. Lord Granville, it is evident, did not wish in any way to be responsible for a traveller who might well land himself in trouble with the Macedonian authorities. The family were no less anxious; Fanny wrote to ask her stepson not to run into unnecessary danger, for his imprisonment had brought grey hairs to his father.

By May 3 they were at Delphi. Margaret was not wholly pleased to be back in the Balkans, and wrote to her father that at first it “disappointed me a little, and I still think that Wookey Hole and its basin beats the Castalian fount out and out in grandeur.” Arthur, however, was delighted to find that the wild stony downs, starred with anemones, spurge and yellow sage, the mountains round about, and the crystal air, reminded him of Dalmatia. On Good Friday night they went to the Byzantine Church of St. Nicholas, near the site of the Pythian shrine. The whole church was brightly lit with tapers, set round a bier strewn with sweet basil, that represented the Holy Sepulchre. Women stood and knelt beside it, working themselves into a frenzy of mourning, an orgy of sorrow classical in its antiquity.

The next day they rode to Arachova, where they spent Easter: a great festival attended by peasants in bright dresses from all the countryside, who danced all the afternoon. Thence they rode through a valley radiant with asphodel and hawthorn to the village of Stiris where a chorus of girls in the brightest dresses they had seen were dancing to a song, led by two men. “It is

hard to imagine a more beautiful picture than this chain of girls in white and scarlet, slowly and in stately measure, as becoming the antiquity of their dance, tripping across the green—a winding glen bright with glowing corn behind them and above, the empurpled steep, the snows, and cloudy veil of old Parnassus.”

Their chief purpose in going to Arachova was to see the monastery of St. Luke, five hours' walk away. They found it securely set above walls of immemorial antiquity. Entering within, they were met by a vision of Byzantine splendour that transcended even Ravenna or Salonika. The walls of the great church were covered with paintings and mosaics; those of the two lesser churches had marble revetments of porphyry and verde antique, and perforated windows set with transparent alabaster. All were half-dilapidated and quite unrestored; there were great cracks in the domes, and weeds strove to find a foothold in the mosaic floor; but there was no intrusion of modernity.

They rode from St. Luke's across the saddle of Helicon to Lebadea, and so by Orchomenos, where Schliemann had excavated a prehistoric tomb two years before, to Thebes and Athens. Here news came to them that Grandmamma Evans had died very quietly on May 10, the last of her generation. She was in her ninety-third year; and their sadness at her passing could have no regret in it. They saw the Schliemanns, heard all about the finds at Orchomenos, and laughed a little at the odd little man and his preoccupation with Homer; but Arthur found his gold work from Mycenæ beautiful, exciting, and puzzling: it was art of a kind that appealed to him, because it was not classical: but how did its quasi-Assyrian and quasi-Egyptian elements come to be combined with the Ægean octopus? Some archaic Greek statues of smiling women in elegant painted draperies had lately been found on the Acropolis; and these, and some gay and charming terracotta figurines from Myrrhina, likewise charmed him with their unexpected and “unclassical” beauty.

By Ægina and Nauplia they made their way to Tiryns, where Evans was enormously impressed by the Cyclopean walls, and to Mycenæ, where he could not get over the extraordinary contrast between its architecture and that of classical Greece. The romantic ruins set his imagination to work in creating an architecture of wooden columns tapering inwards from capital to base.

Returning to Athens, they sailed up the coast by moonlight to Volo, and so made their way to Uskub.

Arthur had five weeks of strenuous travel, first to Mount Athos and then in Macedonia, while Margaret stayed at Salonica with the Blunts; he divided his time between Roman remains and modern politics, which conveniently included a crisis in Bulgaria and Turkish atrocities on the Serbian frontier; and he solved the mystery of the Serbian treasure. One of the medallions had a meaningless inscription in old Serbian characters. Treating it as an anagram, he extracted from it the letter-group J A S T R E B O V, which he recognized as the name of a Russian consul whom he had met at Prisrend. When at Skopia Evans met him and told him of his having found the anagram; and the consul admitted that two goldsmiths of the place, Ilija Apostol and Petar Simich, used to bring him coins found in the district; and that after a time he had suspected that the gold coins they brought were false.

From Skopia Evans went to visit the ancient church of Gratchanitz, in a glen some hours off. While he was there, the sacristan came to say a young man wished to see him, outside. The stranger led Arthur to a secluded corner behind the apse, and with many precautions disclosed a leather case, from which he took out a golden cross and handed it to Arthur. It was evidently the work of the same hand as had forged the medallions. An inscription on its face stated that it had been made in 1360 by a monk of the monastery of Chilandari for the Tsar Stephen Urosh. Evans held the cross close to his near-sighted eyes and pretended to read the inscription with some difficulty. "This cross was made in the year"—he hesitated, as if in amazement—"in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four"—the owner started violently, but Evans continued, still hesitating over every syllable—"by Petar Simich". The young man turned as white as a sheet, snatched the cross out of his hands and bolted. The cross had denounced him; he was Petar Simich.

It was entirely characteristic of Arthur Evans that he made no attempt to return home for his father's silver wedding at the end of July: he composed, however, some graceful verses in Latin and English for the family present, which were remembered long after his absence was forgotten.

Arthur and Margaret returned to Oxford at the end of September, with plenty of material for him to work on through the

winter. There were hopes of an appointment for him; John Henry Parker, who had been Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum since 1870, was old and ill. For years he had been unable to get as far as the Museum in the winter; and Edward Evans, his assistant, ran the place with the aid of a boy. Now at last he was thought to show signs of retiring, and Arthur wished to succeed him.

The Ashmolean collections were themselves a most curious specimen of antiquity. Two generations of botanists named John Tradescant, the younger of whom died in 1662, had gathered collections of curiosities, which were acquired and added to by a scholar-astrologer named Elias Ashmole in 1659. In 1677 he presented his collections to the University of Oxford, who provided a fine stone-built Museum next to the Sheldonian Theatre, with a superb baroque portal. Here the collections remained in a state of suspended animation for two centuries. The University appointed a Kimeliarch or Keeper; but, as Hearne remarked, "Fifty pounds a year being settled on the Keeper, it is designed to be a perfect sinecure, and nothing to be done for the honour of learning, unless he have a strange inclination thereto." In 1755 Dr. Rawlinson had bequeathed a small salary for the Keeper "provided that he be a layman of the degree of M.A. or B.Ch., unmarried, and neither F.R.S. nor F.S.A."; but subsequent reforms had turned his bequest to other uses. The chief accessions of the Museum were specimens of birds, beasts and fishes; relics of the South Sea Islands brought back from Captain Cook's Voyages; the Alfred jewel, given by a graduate; and a certain number of Anglo-Saxon, Egyptian and Etruscan objects, of the most disparate kinds, collected by members of the University. The Keepers were usually non-resident, and the assistant keepers, who did the work, rather ignorant and very ill-paid.

The nineteenth century had so far diminished rather than increased both collections and Museum. Dr. J. S. Duncan, who was Keeper early in the century, had, in 1826 "renovated" the Museum by a simple process of excluding the small objects he did not care for; his brother, who succeeded him, had confirmed the exclusions by leaving them out of the Catalogue he published in 1836. The coins had been taken in 1858 to join those already in the Bodleian Library; the natural history specimens had gone, and the anthropological collections had been promised, to the new University Museum founded in 1855. The institution of examinations in the University had created needs which had

been met by taking over the original Tradescant gallery, stripping it of its panelling and cases, and packing away its portraits of benefactors into a loft at the top of the Old Clarendon building.

John Henry Parker, the Kimeliarch, was an Oxford bookseller with a real knowledge of both classical and Gothic architecture. He was a true antiquary; but having (as he considered) no collections of importance to look after, used his unpaid almost-sinecure to give him the academic status he lacked, for the benefit of his own researches and of the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society of which he was the enthusiastic president. He acquired a few Etruscan antiquities for the Museum, some architectural casts, and many photographs, and founded a lectureship in the Science of Antiquities of £100 a year to be held by the Keeper, who had to pay the assistant and the boy out of it.

Now new life was stirring. The University had come to accept the importance at any rate of classical archæology, and was in process of appointing a Professor in the subject; since 1879 casts of Greek sculpture had been bought and lectures on Greek coins and inscriptions given. Now the Reverend Greville Chester, a member of the University who had been employed on the excavations of the Palestine Exploration Fund, had begun to agitate for more.¹ He considered that the Ashmolean collections, the Arundel Collections, then divided between the basement of the Ashmolean, a small room in the Court of the Schools, and a crypt of the Tylorian Institution, the Chambers Hall bequest in the University Galleries, and the Castellani collections, divided between the Ashmolean and the Tylorian, and some Cypriote vases that Ruskin had presented to the University, should be housed together; that the Ashmolean itself should be drastically overhauled and properly looked after; and that various objects from the Tradescant collection that had been turned out by the late keeper Dr. Duncan, and found their way into a no-man's-land of outhouses,² should be re-collected.

Others, too, were beginning to take an interest in the future of the Museum. The collector, Charles Drury Fortnum, who had spent his early life in New Zealand, where he had made important

¹ *Notes on the Present and Future of the Archeological Collections of the University of Oxford.* Oxford (Shrimpton), May 1881.

² On these see a privately printed and untitled pamphlet, headed *Ashmolean Museum*, issued by J. H. Parker in January 1881.

entomological collections, was a great friend of the Reverend F. W. Hope, an Oxford man, who collected insects and engravings. Before Hope died in 1862 they had embarked together on the difficult task of persuading the University to accept the Hope collections. The work taught Fortnum how ill-equipped Oxford was in the matter of collections, and how curious was its attitude in relation to anything that was neither books nor money.

Meanwhile the rich stores of works of art which Fortnum had himself acquired—majolica, bronzes, sculpture and rings—had been lent to the South Kensington Museum, which at its foundation was extremely glad to have them. Ere long, however, Fortnum contrived to have a major quarrel with the Director, and withdrew his collections.

At the end of 1882 Fortnum had approached Jowett as Vice-Chancellor through Greville Chester with a generous offer: the loan and eventual bequest of his collection of antique and Renaissance works of art. The Vice-Chancellor, however, was less than luke-warm; he preferred to have the Tradescant gallery used as an examination hall. In the best Oxford manner he raised difficult points, such as who was to pay for the cases to hold the objects and how the matter was to be put to Convocation. "You see, Mr. Fortnum," he piped, "we don't want to force your hand!" Finally, he succeeded in stifling the offer; but it seemed as though any Keeper of the Ashmolean appointed at this juncture might have an unusual opportunity for developing the Museum could he renew and enlist Fortnum's interest in it as a home for his collections.

Early in 1884 Parker formally offered his resignation for the close of the academic year, and the vacancy was advertised. Evans at once submitted his name to the Vice-Chancellor, with suitable testimonials, and on March 3 sent in a formal application to Jowett as Chairman of the Appointing Committee. Three weeks later Gladstone offered Edward Freeman the Regius Professorship of Modern History, vacated by Stubbs's election as Bishop of Chester. It came too late to afford Freeman much pleasure, for though he was only sixty-one his health had been failing for the last five years, but he felt it his duty to accept it. The appointment made Margaret yet more glad that they had come to Oxford, and planted Arthur yet more firmly in the Liberal camp of the University. The Freemans prepared to rent the Judge's Lodgings in St. Giles, the most beautiful private

house in Oxford; and the Evanses began to think of getting a better house if Arthur were appointed to the Ashmolean.

On June 17, 1884, Evans was elected Keeper *nemine contradicente*, and wrote a postcard to Freeman at Somerleaze:

"Sum custos factus dominis: Atlanteus instat
Fraxineam molem sustinuisse labor."

By Midsummer Arthur was busy finding out what he could about his Museum. On June 23 he writes to Margaret at Somerleaze: "Yesterday morning I spent examining the 'archives' of the Establishment in Madan's company. . . . I have also been looking over all the old Statutes relating to the Establishment, including a vote of circa £600 to 'gut' the Upper Rooms for the benefit of the Examiners. I think that that being the case the Examiners or examinees ought to be made to pay for setting things in order. . . . I find 'Henry VIII's Pall' described in an Oxford Guide as in the possession of the Ashmolean. I must look up the title to its possession. Probably it was taken away by the examiners when they pulled down the oak panellings of the Museum!"

On June 28 he wrote to Freeman:

". . . I am full of plans for setting my new house in order. . . . I have a plot for turning some of the waste space (created by the Examiners when they burglariously took possession of half the building) into a strong room where the coins at present hidden away in the Bodleian, could be placed. I do not think there can be any reasonable doubt that they ought to be put with the other archæological collections, but at present we have no perfectly safe place. . . . However I am told that nothing can be done as there is at present no University to do it. To which I reply: then I will do it on my own responsibility. But there seems to be a superstition here in favour of Boards and Delegates which I do not understand. . . ."

He did not yet realize the *vis inertiae* which would postpone the creation of a coin room for fifty years, and continued to rummage happily. On July 28 he wrote to Freeman: ". . . This morning, with the aid of the original MS. Catalogue of the Ashmolean (1683) I found rolling on the floor of one of our 'cellars' a cast taken from the face of Bethlen Gabor after death, and another from the face of old Tradescant."

Evans already knew Fortnum, who was an Antiquaries

acquaintance of his father's, and was soon in touch with him and showing a strong wish to exhibit his collection. Fortnum was delighted to find someone in Oxford who cared for art, and by August they were in correspondence about the cases for the collection. "I am happy to say," Evans writes on August 18, "that the University has now thoroughly committed itself to the plan of collecting under one roof its scattered Archæological Collections. And there is one point especially in which I go with you heart and soul: the absurdity of separating off as 'Classical' the remains of a few privileged centuries. Freeman's advent here, I am glad to think, will be a crushing blow to the narrow 'Classical' School". Many, however, were arrayed against the archæological party; and when they could not prevent, they would delay. On September 5 Arthur wrote to Margaret:

"I have completed my plans for the new rooms at the Ashmolean, and yesterday took them, together with those for the new heating apparatus, for Jowett's inspection. The V.C. was however in no hurry to look at them as he was just about to leave Oxford for a month. I asked him if I should leave them with him, but he declined. I then proposed to call a month hence, but he said he should prefer the beginning of term. So there are plenty of prospects of delay. He also said that he didn't think the University would be able to set the Ashmolean in order at present, 'there was so much to spend on the new Professors'! So you see there is some prospect of obstruction."

Fortunately Arthur at heart enjoyed a fight. Alice represented the views of those who knew him best when she wrote to Margaret a few days later: "You don't expect me to condole with the Keeper on his prospective difficulties with Jowett? I should congratulate him on a fight, if not on a 'grievance'. I can see him snuffing up the tainted breeze and pawing like a war horse already in his note."

Evans was now committed to battle. "If we had simply to do with the University," he wrote to Fortnum, "in Convocation or Congregation, I feel confident that all would be granted. Unfortunately, however, all proposals have first to pass that close body the Hebdomadal Council, and still more unfortunately Jowett is the only one of the Visitors of the Museum¹ who happens to be on Council. It is hopeless to expect such a man to sympathize with archæology. He is besides a master of intrigue.

¹ [The governing body.]

"You will see that there is probably some hard fighting to be done. The University must be made to understand that if they want to have a Museum worthy of the name they must spend money on it. . . . As soon as Stubbs has resigned his Regius Professorship, Freeman will be one of my Visitors—a very favourable circumstance!"

In November 1884 Arthur Evans gave four out of six of his long-delayed Ilchester lectures on "The Slavonic Conquest of Illyricum"—another fragment of the unfinished History of Dalmatia—and on November 2 gave his inaugural lecture as Keeper on "The Ashmolean Museum as a Home of Archæology in Oxford."¹ He began by honouring its founders and his immediate predecessor; sketched in his plans for heating and for creating a coin room and an archæological library, and for rescuing the Tradescant Gallery from Examinations. He then described some of the specimens from the original collections which he had been able to identify from the original manuscript catalogue of 1683. There were curiosities such as "Flea-chains", "chirurgeons' instruments framed upon the points of needles" and "a cherry stone holding ten dozen of tortoiseshell combs"; but there were also specimens of real interest, the bronze lances of prehistoric Britain and the tomahawks of ancient Virginia, the mantle of Powhatan and Ann Boleyn's night-rail. He proposed to set apart all Ashmole's and the Tradescants' possessions as a separate collection; and proceeded to a glorification of the modern science of archæology for which he hoped to make the Museum a centre.

"Our theme is History," he declared, "the history of the rise and succession of human Arts, Institutions, and Beliefs in our historic portion of the globe. . . . The unwritten History of Mankind precedes the written, the lore of monuments precedes the lore of books."

He next set himself to praise the new science of pre-history, in words that are a tacit tribute to his own father. "Consider for a moment the services rendered within quite recent years by what has been called Præ-historic Archæology, but which in truth was never more Historic, in widening the horizon of our Past. It has drawn aside the curtain, and revealed the dawn. It has dispelled, like the unsubstantial phantoms of a dream, those preconceived notions as to the origin of human arts and

¹ Published by Parker.

institutions at which Epicurus and Lucretius already laughed, before the days of biblical chronology. It has taught us that, at a time when Britain formed still a part of the Continent of Europe with an arctic climate and another fauna; when the Thames was flowing into the Rhine, and the Rhine itself, perchance, was a tributary of 'that ancient river', the river Solent; when the very valley in which Oxford stands was only partly excavated, Man was already in existence here, fashioning his flint weapons to aid him in his struggle against the sabre-toothed Tiger, or the woolly haired Rhinoceros. It has tracked him onwards to his cavern homes, and dragged into the light his bone harpoons, and the flint scrapers wherewith he cleaned the shaggy hides that served for his apparel; it has unearthed in the grottoes of Dordogne the earliest known relics of other than the purest utilitarian art; it has followed him through the later periods of the Age of Stone in Europe, whetting and polishing his tomahawks, or delicately flaking out his arrow-heads and lance-heads. It has dived to the lake bottoms, and reconstructed his pile-dwellings; it has fished out the very clothes he wore, the spindle whorls that spun their threads, the cereals that he had learnt to cultivate—nay, the very cakes he ate and the caraway and poppy seeds wherewith he flavoured them. It has shown us the beginnings of metallurgy, characterized in this quarter of the globe by the use of implements of Bronze; and by the discovery of great Præhistoric cemeteries, like that of Hallstadt in Upper Austria, it has revealed to us that at the close of this first Age of Metal, ancient lines of commerce were already bringing the Mediterranean shores into direct connexion with the Baltic lands of fur and amber. . . . We have as yet too little in our Museum to illustrate these early chapters in the history of human arts. . . ."

He continued in praise, more congenial to most of his audience, of classical archæology. "The Science of Archæology . . . has recovered some at least of the monuments that men deemed irrevocably lost. By the patient collection of first hand materials, the pure gold of Hellenic workmanship has at last been cleansed and purged from its later alloy. We no longer see the image of the Hellenic genius darkly, as in a Roman mirror, but stand face to face with its undimmed glory. We have learnt, as we could not learn before, to distinguish the living form of the original from the polished grace of Imperial copies and Renaissance

restorations. . . . Of Hellenic antiquities, as a whole, we have the tolerable nucleus of a collection: but . . . in its present state our collection is unworthy of a great university. Whole classes of objects, and those not the least important, are almost entirely unrepresented." There were, he said, hardly any Greek vases of the finest period, and no terracotta figurines like those from Tanagra and Myrrhina. Here he exhibited some which he had himself acquired, and then and there presented them to the Museum.

Then he began to shadow forth his plans for the future. "It is absolutely necessary," he declared, "for us to have a small annual sum to spend on the development of our collections. . . . It does not become a great University like ours to depend on charity alone for the promotion of objects inseparably connected with its central studies. . . . Those who regard the Museum in which we are assembled as a mere repository of curiosities may rest content with the accidents of benefaction. Those, and they are I am convinced an increasing number, who look to the Ashmolean as a future home for Archæological research and teaching, will require something more."

He made a strong claim for his cherished scheme of recreating the coin collection, for "without coins the study of ancient art and institutions becomes vague and inexact." He then darkly showed forth the glories of an anonymous collection—Fortnum's—which *might* come to the University if it gave him all the improvements he asked for, and passed to a good fighting peroration.

"It is something . . . in a University where whole periods, and those not the least important, are divorced from our History School, in a country where knowledge is stereotyped in the interests of conventionalism, and centralized in the interests of cram, that we should have one Institution at least which, as the home of Archæology in its widest extent, should be a refuge for neglected studies and forgotten arts. Such, and no other, is the place that I would claim for the Ashmolean Museum."

Meanwhile Fortnum had written on November 12 to the Vice-Chancellor, giving an account of the refusal of his former offer of his collection. Once more he offered them on loan, with a promise of an ultimate bequest, together with an endowment, provided that the University would do its part and consider the creation of a central museum of Art and archæology in Oxford under the Keeper of the Ashmolean.

Evans had great hopes that the Visitors would put the Gallery into a state to receive the collection; but it would be a good deal more difficult to persuade the University to make the grant of £2,000 and the annual grant of at least £250, which he calculated would be needed before the gift could be implemented.

Jowett was by no means converted to the Visitors' view. Evans wrote to Fortnum on November 21: "When I saw the Vice Chancellor two days since he had 'not had time to read' my Report, but he glanced through it in my presence, and, as one scheme after another began to unfold itself, grew visibly warm, and at last turned round on me and told me that it was quite impossible for me to think of getting such a sum out of the University. 'Most improbable contingency' was his reference to yourself.

"This was not promising. However, by dint of private negotiations with other Visitors of the Museum, I got them to arrange an hour for looking at the plans etc. relating to my Scheme, in the Keeper's Room at the Museum, at 3 p.m. on Wednesday. Sayce, who was ready to stand by me, was leaving for Egypt on Thursday, and thought that Jowett would postpone a meeting of the Visitors for months; and to secure his presence I had to get a meeting together at once. I then wrote to the Vice Chancellor and told him that I had arranged for the other Visitors to look at my plans privately in my room and 'that it might perhaps suit his convenience and facilitate the dispatch of business' if he summoned them *officially* for that hour, which of course I had no right to do. The V.C., seeing that the Visitors were likely to constitute a quorum whether he summoned them or not, made a virtue of necessity and adopted my proposal.

"When he came, he almost refused to recognize me. However, he soon discovered that he was in a minority of one and with his usual adroitness in such situations, became wonderfully amenable. The final result was that the Visitors adopted my Report unanimously and commissioned the V.C. to lay it before Council.

"This is a first and signal triumph! But with such a *rusté* old University politician to deal with as Jowett, the battle is never won till you hold in your hand the fruits of Victory. Great pressure will have to be put on Council from without to get them to act. . . ."

Evans set about advertizing the existence of the Museum by

giving a party there with photographs of the Fortnum collection as one of the attractions. The bare upper gallery, from which he had succeeded in driving Examiners and candidates, was lit by limelight and lined with borrowed cases and borrowed objects, from Nash Mills and elsewhere, and the two hundred guests were much impressed.

Shortly afterwards Evans was able to report to Fortnum: "The real difficulty is now not so much good will, but the ways and means for raising the necessary sum, owing to the scandalous way in which the University has been impoverished in order to build its Marble Palace of Examination. . . . The Vice Chancellor came to our *Conversazione*. He seemed, however, to think that a march had been stolen on him. He remarked to my father: 'They dangle these things before you. . . .'"

Fortnum, from motives of delicacy, had attended neither the Inaugural lecture nor the party. On December 5 he wrote, unofficially, to outline his scheme for the enrichment of the museum.

"If I let my children," he wrote of his collections, "leave the parental roof, it will be by groups at a time, on loan, which would be permanent, unless they were snubbed by the great ones of the University, to which, as my will now stands, they are bequeathed. I should wish them kept together in the big upper room, which, if they will fill it, (by degrees) must be reserved for their preservation and exhibition.

"I should like to have an honorary position of authority to act with you. I should wish cases and furniture for that room to be provided as required for the housing of my babies, in which they would be worthily lodged, not shabby cheap make-shift things. . . . But first catch your hare! Then the alteration of the building; then the hot water; then the cleaning down and making tidy to receive the cases—then *may* come the things to put into them, probably beginning with antiquities of pottery and bronze, then the ceramic series, the Majolica, then the Renaissance bronzes, and so to sculpture, as space and *will* permitted. I tell you this as the scheme that at present disturbs my brain from the more sensible course of keeping my dolls for my own enjoyment; and I may say, in confidence, that its fulfilment would not be improbable if the University shows a proper disposition to welcome them and treat them as they deserve being treated. . . . But if *you* cannot move the powers and they

throw the same cold water on your suggestions as they originally did on my dear old friend Mr. Hope . . . they will assuredly *have no further opportunity from me.*"

Four days later Arthur reported that the scheme had gone before a special Committee. On February 10 Council passed a grant of £1050 for the year for the strong room, heating apparatus, and a first instalment of cases. Ten days later Convocation confirmed the grant.

These official successes failed to reconcile Arthur to his new life. At times the complexities of Ashmolean business seemed as much a punishment for past imprudence as ever the prison of Ragusa had been, and a harder punishment to bear since it was devoid of excitement. As he wrestled with the conflicting numerations of old inventories and wrote out minutes and agenda he yearned for the seas and mountains of Dalmatia and a more primitive fight for freedom. In that land he had found an intensity and quickness of life that answered the needs of his own Celtic temperament. In Oxford everything seemed flat and sluggish, as different from Ragusa as the pearly Oxford skies were from the diamond light of Dalmatia. As he walked the grey Oxford streets in the rain it was hard to remember that he had ever ridden in triumph into Kulen Vakuf, bearing a bough of blackthorn.

He was still regarded as an expert on the Balkans, but he was unwilling to work upon their problems from a distance, and honestly tried to concentrate upon his immediate tasks. Early in January 1885 he wrote to Freeman:

"I was asked to write about Roumania and I answered firstly that I ought to know more about Roumania personally than I do to write about it; and secondly that at present I have arrears of work to make up in other and more archæological directions. I have not the faculty of doing very different things at once; for instance I am entirely and hopelessly absorbed at this moment in Dolmens and chambered barrows. I certainly feel that all this is in a way a dereliction, but for the time being circumstances are too strong for me and I must give up things which I would fain have worked at more continuously. One cannot be violently uprooted without suffering from it, but one must be patient, so at least it seems to me, and make the best of things for the time being."

Soon, however, Arthur was turning his thoughts abroad once

more. Fortunately the requirements of residence at the Ashmolean were extremely generous—had not the two Drs. Duncan, when they held the Keepership, lived at Bath?—so that he could hope for an extended period of travel. The lame and inarticulate Assistant, Edward Evans, was left in charge; he soon fell into a habit of replying to all enquirers: "The Keeper, Sir, is somewhere in Bohemia." Arthur and his wife first joined the Freemans at Toulouse, and travelled with them to Carcassonne and Narbonne. There they left them, and went on alone to Naples and Corpo di Cava. They then went for a strenuous tour in Calabria, Greece and Macedonia.

Margaret was able to pay a flying visit to Ragusa on her way home, to see about dilapidations at the Casa San Lazzaro, but Arthur's presence was still banned from his chosen city. His visit to Macedonia, where he had plunged into the local politics, had made this exclusion seem almost intolerable; he still longed to return to Ragusa, and pulled all the strings he could to get the decree of banishment lifted: but in vain. It was entirely characteristic of him that he was both hoping for a remission of his sentence and writing violently anti-Austrian letters on Macedonian affairs to the *Manchester Guardian*. Had war broken out he planned to go to the Balkans once more as the *Guardian's* correspondent, whether he could enter Austria or no; but a comparatively unimportant campaign between Bulgaria and Servia did not prove sufficient enticement, and he spent the winter in Oxford. He did not, however, stay altogether outside the battle, but contributed letters to the *Times* and the *Guardian* that evoked congratulatory telegrams from the Prime Minister at Sofia and Spiridion Gopčević, and an invitation from the Prince of Montenegro to consider a house on the Suka at Dulcigno as his own.

The problems of Ashmolean finance continued unsolved. In October Evans wrote to Fortnum: "What I want now is to get the University to make the Museum a decent annual allowance, instead of the present pittance, which is really insufficient to make both ends meet. I do not see why the Archæological Museum should be worse treated in this respect than the Museum of Natural History, and indeed, I consider the present state of things altogether intolerable. For months I have had to advance my assistant's pay out of my own funds. I certainly, so far as I personally am concerned, will never consent to remain Keeper

another year unless the University listens to the appeal which I already made in my Report at the end of last year."

Fortnum, too, was anxious over the endowment of the Keepership, which at present produced about £300 a year. He had planned to leave something towards it, but now felt so doubtful about the future of University endowments that he almost hesitated to do so. However, by the end of 1885 a trickle of loans was reaching the Museum from his house at Stanmore, and the spate was coming: seventy pounds weight of objects in bronze arrived at Christmas as a first instalment, and a fine Greek terracotta head was on show by the end of February. Meanwhile Arthur was adding to the permanent collections; he was in relation with collectors in Smyrna and Cyprus, himself got some good terracottas on a flying visit to Taranto, and was inducing his Visitors to subscribe to excavations at Naukratis and elsewhere, with a view to receiving a share of the finds. He wrung another £1,000 out of a reluctant University for more cases, and Fortnum began to talk of sending more and more things. It was, however, rather a dull winter and spring, and Evans was thankful to set off in July for the Crimea. The Foreign Office now regarded him as a traveller in much the same way as a railway company regards explosives, and James Bryce—always a good friend—had to intervene and become an unofficial guarantor of his non-political intentions before he could get a visa.

They met the orient again at Baghchesarai, embosomed in fruit trees, poplars and willows, beside a trickling stream. They were given a room in the old Serai, the palace of the Crim-Tartar Khans, whose dynasty dated from 1440. They explored the courts, and found the Khan's judgment hall with a latticed gallery at one end whence he could listen to the proceedings, screened from public view. Arthur was charmed by the carved stone doorways and fountains of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, half Muscovite and half Turkish, and by the brilliance of colour everywhere, even on the sculpture. Near the Serai there were domed tombs like small mosques, and a larger Mosque with glass painted with Arab inscriptions. They explored a neighbouring Jewish settlement at Uspensky, and went on to Mangup by way of rocky castellated hills and flowery valleys full of ancient tombs. "I cannot remember to have seen such patches of purple, a blending of sage and larkspur fringing the cornfields, and forming a marvellous background for pale patches

of primrose hollyhocks." Mangup proved to be a ruined hill fortress most difficult of access, and still defended by about a dozen square towers. The ruins of houses and synagogues and churches inside were all empty, but for a few cows and horses stabled inside the ruins: once some thirty thousand people had lived within its walls. Now only a few Tatars dwelt in huts outside.

Thence they went to Sebastopol, through the stupendous rock scenery of the Bilbek valley, to visit the site of Kherson—a Russian Pompeii—with streets and shops and monuments still standing in a ruined state. Thence they drove along the coast, through perfumed groves of oleander and aromatic fig, interspersed with yards of stunted olives.

They went by sea from Yalta to Kertch, a bewilderment of unexplored funeral mounds of all sorts of dates, at once fascinating and exasperating to an archæologist. In the Museum, Scythian art was first fully revealed to Evans, and the Scythian origin of Teutonic ornament fully confirmed.

They reached Batum by sea, and found it in a repulsive transition state between its oriental and cosmopolitan stage. They came across no real native life and art until they reached Kutaci, where they heard native music and saw native dancers, frantic in their energy. They travelled to Tiflis by rail, over the wooded Georgian mountains with their fragrant strawberries and yellow lilies, ancient castles and ruined churches, and were enchanted by the city, with its Byzantine and Old Georgian quarter, and the Persian town alongside with its carpet Bazaar and streets of armourers and silversmiths.

It was hard to turn homewards, and to come back to Oxford dusty in the August sunshine, and a view of the cabs waiting for tourists in the Broad. They planned to leave their rooms at Michaelmas for a solid square stone house in Holywell, next to the Music Room, with a garden at the back; and had brought home rugs and hangings from the Tiflis bazaars to warm it with oriental colour.

Jowett had now been succeeded as Vice-Chancellor by Dr. Bellamy, who did not share his predecessor's distrust of the arts. The Bodleian was disgorging the bronze plaques and figurines that had been transferred to it from the Ashmolean, and more and more cases were coming in from Fortnum at Stanmore.

A pleasant holiday in Sicily in March 1887 was interrupted by tragic news. Alice Minet had died after a few days' illness. For Nash Mills she was, as Fanny wrote, "the centre of all our lives, the bond of union." To John Evans, above all, it was a crippling blow; she was the one of all his children who most shared his tastes, who worked with him and for him, in whom he could recognize himself and love the lost Harriet. He and his son-in-law were linked in a dumb misery, with Alice's three-year-old daughter Susan as another bond. For Arthur and Margaret, who shared their cherished memories of Ragusa with Alice, the blow, if less crippling, was none the less real. They came home to a stricken family. Prestwich, now seventy-five and about to retire from his Professorship, strove to re-kindle John Evans's interest in life by way of geology; Emma took him for a visit to Bosworth to revive yet older memories; Fanny did all that love and devotion could inspire; but John Evans had had a second stroke from Fate, and his recovery was slow.

The spring of 1887 was late and cold, and Oxford was at its least attractive in dusty east winds. It was some consolation that more and more things were coming from Stanmore and more and more cases from the makers, so that the Tradescant Gallery was beginning to make a show. The chief academic interest that spring was the introduction of a statute authorizing the creation of a Final Honour School in Modern Languages, to be open to those who had read for Classical Moderations. It was a hotly contested affair, in which Evans figured as the champion of the Letto-Slavic languages and secured their inclusion in the statute. The entire measure was then thrown out because Sir William Anson declared that it would be impossible to produce a teaching staff.

In the same term Evans was also involved in a proposal that books should be lent out of the Bodleian to the Keepers of University collections. His old friend Madan quashed this ¹ by suggesting "there will be an ugly rush to get collections: the Reader in Latin will collect sparrows and ibises, or their bones; there will be collections of curiosities from the Call of Abraham downward for the Regius Professor of Modern History, and of comminuted fiddles for him of Music."

¹ *Bodleian Lending to Special Persons in University Institutions, an argument addressed to Members of Congregation.* By Falconer Madan, M.A. Oxford, printed for the author, 1888.

Arthur Evans was encountering the chronic unwillingness of Oxford to attend a lecture; the first of a series he gave on Etruscan art was attended by Sayce, a friend, three undergraduates, and as many ladies; the second by Professor and Mrs. Freeman, Rhys and another Welshman, and few others. The year dragged heavily along, and it was a relief when in September he got away to Aylesford. The cemetery there had long been a happy hunting ground of John Evans's, and now his local knowledge had made it possible for Arthur to excavate a part of the ground that had hitherto been dug haphazard as a brickfield. The finds at first were few and unimportant, but by the end of September he had found six nearly perfect urns *in situ* which he could study meticulously.

The preparation for an account of this Late-Celtic urnfield¹ occupied Evans for a long time and turned his attention to a new period for investigation. His Illyrian researches had established him as a classical archæologist; and this investigation, done on very wide lines to form a conspectus of Late-Celtic art, established him as an authority in another field. He could sit on the Council of the Antiquaries, with his father in the chair, with no sense of overshadowing or inferiority.

The major part of the Fortnum Collections had reached Oxford by the spring of 1888, and made a fine show in the Tradescant Gallery. They so filled it, however, as to make it evident that the Museum could neither grow nor attract to itself other University collections were it to remain in its old quarters. The Professor of Classical Archæology, with his casts and his library, was housed at the University Galleries at the top of Beaumont Street. This still had some space for building at the back, and Arthur Evans was beginning to think that the creation of a new Museum building on this site might be the only way of uniting all the scattered objects into a whole, and of using the Fortnum collections as a nucleus for more. Fortnum was strongly in favour of the same idea; indeed some such fusion seemed the only possible way of avoiding a truly Oxonian dichotomy between classical archæology and all other archæology. The University had assigned Professor Percy Gardner £4,000 for casts, books and quarters at the University Galleries. Now he was agitating for the inclusion of certain aspects of Greek art within the syllabus for Honour Moderations, though it was already recognized as a

¹ "On a Late-Celtic Urn-Field at Aylesford, Kent, in *Archæologia* LII, 1890.

special subject for Greats. Arthur Evans respected Gardner's character and scholarship, but would stride about impatiently when Gardner declared that Greek sculpture was the most perfect branch of historic science in existence. Gardner, too, was an Englishman who accepted the English character as Evans never did; while Evans was trying to upset all the Oxford scale of values, Gardner mildly declared¹ that "the traditions of Oxford, nay the natural tendencies of the English mind, usually ethical and unæsthetic, would prevent the number of those who preferred archæology to the established subjects from being large." Such a view of archæology as essentially Greek, and such a tepid propaganda on its behalf, altogether upset the Ashmolean party.

"It is too ridiculous," wrote Fortnum in 1888, "this talk about 'classic archæology'. Where do they think it ends? Was the establishment of Christianity its end? And nothing to be considered classic and therefore of archæological value after the time of Constantine?" All pointed, he thought, to the creation of a museum "wherein things of every date, from ancient Egypt to the Napoleonic Empire, should be acknowledged to have a place in history."

Yet the Ashmolean seemed once more to have reached a static stage, and Evans was bored with it and Oxford. He had unconsciously accumulated a considerable number of debts, and had to sell most of his Greek silver coins to meet them. He went alone for a holiday to Sicily, and terrified Margaret by suggesting to C. P. Scott that he should spend two or three months as a roving correspondent for the *Guardian* in the Balkans. Fortunately Scott found the public too much interested in the expected death of the German Emperor to be concerned with the perennial spring fevers of Macedonia. Arthur returned from Sicily unreconciled to life and rather malarial, but deeply engaged in the question of Tarentine numismatics—a question which had interested his father and grandfather in their time, to which he now could bring fresh knowledge. His paper on "The Horsemen of Tarentum"² established his reputation as a numismatist, and had the important result of winning the respect of the "classical" archæologists.

The time had come to broach the question of the new museum

¹ *Classical Archæology at Oxford*, at the University Press, for private circulation. N.D. (?1889).

² *Numismatic Chronicle*, IX, 1889, pp. 1-228.

to the Curators of the University Galleries, who were planning an addition to their own building. The Curators, who included H. G. Woods, the President of Trinity, Farnell of Exeter, Alfred Butler of Brasenose, and Henry Pelham, a Harrow contemporary of Evans's, proved both more energetic and more catholic in taste than Evans had dared to hope; and though the Vice-Chancellor was gloomy about finance, there seemed a chance that a plan at least might be agreed on as a basis for a future campaign. By November the scheme for a new and greater Ashmolean was beginning to take shape, and an architect was busy trying to satisfy Evans's exacting requirements in lighting and wall space. Meanwhile he was buying Greville Chester's collection of Phœnician and Hittite seals, and acquiring fresh objects from the Cyprus Excavation Fund and from Petrie's excavations in Egypt. Fortnum made a formal offer of a gift of his collections to the University, and added a hint of possible endowment; and Evans lectured on them, Renaissance bronzes, majolica and all.

His Report to the Visitors informed a surprised University that he had acquired over two thousand objects in the last two years, and had in the five years he had held the Keepership almost doubled the collections. The Museum was beginning to be far more widely known. Even Homeric scholars were interested in "Mycenæan" finds from Gurob and Kahun, if considerably puzzled by the early date of the dynasty with which they were associated.

Soon folio memorials were fluttering about the University headed "The Scheme for a New Museum of Art and Archæology, in connexion with Mr. Fortnum's offer", advising the building of a series of new rooms on the site, acquired by the University in 1883, behind the University Galleries, with accommodation below for the ancient sculptures and casts, the Professor of Classical Archæology and his Library and lecture room, and on the first floor a large room for the general Ashmolean Collections and a special room for Mr. Fortnum's Renaissance objects. The cost was set at about £10,000; in return the University would gain the old Ashmolean building for other academic uses.

Now Fortnum made an additional offer. If the University would produce £20,000 capital for maintenance, he would hand over £10,000 subject to an annuity of four per cent. on his own life; at his death half the interest was to be used as a maintenance

fund for the Museum and half to increase the Keeper's stipend. At last on January 29, 1889, Arthur Evans was able to write to tell him that he had been appointed Perpetual Visitor, and that the Committee decided to propose a vote of £2,500 to carry out the beginning of their plan.

Anyone who knows Oxford will understand how busy the creation, circulation and forwarding of this scheme kept Evans through the winter, and how sick of it he was before he had finished.

Pelham proved a tower of strength; he had inherited from his Whig ancestors an instinct for statesmanship and the manners of a great gentleman; he had known Arthur since their school-days; and he could sift the gold from his sometimes fantastic schemes and interpret them in favourable and comprehensible terms to such people as the officers of the University Chest. To find in a man who carried such weight in the University the understanding that comes of long friendship and the sympathy that comes of shared learning was a stroke of fortune to which Evans owed much.

His official work, irksome though it might be, brought him into closer touch with University life, and Oxford recognized his activities in characteristic fashion by his inclusion in a select body—"The Society"—which had come into being in 1886.¹ Its leading spirit was York Powell, burly and bearded, oddly dressed in a blue serge suit, a low collar and a top hat: another man part Welsh and part Huguenot, always browsing in some quiet field of knowledge. At a meeting held in 1889 he defined the aims of the Society, with which Evans was warmly in sympathy: "to take the professorial, as distinct from the tutorial, and the University, as distinct from the College, points of view in questions of education; to have the Examination System kept within limits rather than extended; to have the Bodleian Library managed as a place of study and research for mature students; to act on academical not on purely political grounds in voting for Council etc." Besides all this, "The Society" provided admirable conversation and good entertainment at its terminal meetings. At about the same time Evans was elected to a University Dining Club, the *Ad Eundem*, which included seven residents and seven non-resident members from both Oxford and Cambridge, meeting periodically at one or other University. It

¹ See P. E. Matheson, *The Society*, 1886-1911, privately printed, Oxford, 1932.

included Evans's friends Bryce, Pelham, and Tylor, and was a link with new friends at Cambridge; and now that he was established at 33 Holywell, with a couple of spare rooms, he could return Cambridge hospitality.

Another Oxford activity was the creation in June 1888 of a Local League "for the protection of the interests of the public in the beauties and antiquities of Oxford and the neighbourhood": an activity which brought Arthur Evans into friendly relation with some of the strongest Conservatives in the University.

In spite of these interests Evans was neither well nor happy at Oxford; and by January 1890 he was seriously thinking of resigning the Keepership in order to live somewhere which suited him better. He was more than usually thankful to get away to Sicily in February. Freeman was writing a monumental history of the island, and Arthur joined him there to help him trace out the details of the Athenian campaign. In the middle of March Freeman wrote ¹ to his daughter Florence: "Arthur somehow never fails to catch barons or proprietors or somebody or other—sometimes his room is crowded with a 'turba salutan-tum', I am not sure that they do not sometimes bring earth and water. The baron that he caught at Noto was a useful baron, who fetched books from the library and acted as the Sikel guide. . . . But better than this, he took us into a garden, or orchard, or field (where we had afore seen a raven) where is a tomb, as we think, of Greek work, with an apparent cupola, after the use of Mykene. Well, yesterday, we came away from Noto to this Modica . . . and to-day we went to Scicli. . . . Arthur caught two proprietors here and a baron at Scicli, and five men came to greet us this afternoon when we came back. Some, I believe, came to see me, because the innkeeper said I was exactly like his father. . . ."

The two were very happy together, and Freeman found new interests in looking at things through Arthur's eyes. "In this island," he wrote home in April, "one gets numismatic and geological." By the end of the month Arthur Evans had to be back in Oxford. Thence he wrote to Freeman:

" . . . I have been busy somewhat with Sicilian coins, to wit the great 'medallions' or pentekonta-litra of Syracuse, which I want to prove to have been struck to commemorate the introduc-

¹ W. R. W. Stephens, *Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman*, II, 394.

tion of the 'Asinarian Games' and perhaps indeed to represent the arms of Nikias himself in the Trophy seen beneath the chariot. I think that the great hoard of these I saw from Licodia was buried at the time of Dionysios' retreat from Katana, and that the lava which covered the pot in which they were found belonged to that very eruption which barred Himilkon's path beyond Naxos. . . .

"I had a visit from a 'man' of Trinity (a friend of Raper's) who wanted to ask me about a gem. I invited him to come in and see mine at five in the afternoon if he were not too busy. 'Oh dear no!' was the reply; 'I came up to row, but I ricked my back a little the other day so that I have absolutely nothing to do!' I gathered from this, in my innocence, that he had got through the Schools and was revisiting Oxford for a little hard-earned relaxation, and from something I let fall he saw that I did not quite realize the situation. Then it came out that his schools were yet to come! But such is Oxford in the Summer Term. Professors are not wanted and even the 'boiler down' finds it hard to get an innings. . . ."

In July the Evanses went to Greece and Bulgaria, partly to interview various statesmen for the benefit of the *Guardian*. While they were at Sofia they were much interested in the Zadrugas or house-communities and went to the village of Goma Banja to see their working at closer quarters. The family they visited, wrote Margaret, "consists of five brothers: innkeeper, priest, shepherd, husbandman and miller, and their families. There are six families, one son having married, and thirty eight souls in all. The priest was the only man at home, he is not the *domakin* or head-man, but out of respect for his office they have given him the best house. The *domakin*'s wife directs all the household affairs. Each woman in turn is charged to see to the baking, the washing, etc. week about. Everything is common save clothes and the houses allotted to each. We went the round, beginning with the *domakin*'s house; then the goose house; the pig sty; a house one large room of which has been set apart for the clothes, each woman apparently having her own chest. Then there was the stable; the slaughter house where the skins were preserved; the store-house for butter, cheese, etc.; the oven; an enclosure for the stacks made to keep the maize-cobs in. All these buildings are enclosed by a wattled hedge. They have 40 cattle and 150 sheep. The priest brings into the common

fund all the contributions he receives from his parishioners; the innkeeper the like. If a member leaves the community he has no claim to a share." To Arthur, as an individualist, the revelation of traditional Slav communism held no charm.

From Bulgaria they crossed into Macedonia, and were soon in trouble. Margaret wrote to her father on June 9 from Salonica: "You will be surprised at our address, as indeed we are ourselves, but we are here as 'distressed British subjects' seeking redress from Mr. Blunt against the Turks. Ever since we crossed the Bulgarian frontier (on Ascension Day) every kind of difficulty has been put in our way. To begin with, at the frontier, where our luggage was carefully searched for books (of which owing to arrangement and foresight on my part not one was to be found), our note-books, papers and my writing-case were all seized and confiscated. . . . Luckily my journal escaped and A. managed later on to substitute for his distinctly dynamitic note-book a similar one not yet written on. At the first Turkish town we came to these papers, which had all been sealed up, were handed over to the police who informed us they were going to have a fresh examination and even search ourselves, but A. put on such a threatening attitude, Prodger in hand, that they desisted. They then said we must go straight off direct to Üsküp to the Vali. We said we wouldn't and insisted on sticking to our planned route, so we were kept three days fighting this battle. At last after a great deal of insolence they sent a telegram to the Vali who telegraphed we might go on as we wished but that all the papers were to be sent to him. . . . We were escorted by the Head of the Police and a Zaptieh to Karatova where they tried to prevent our sleeping in a good Christian house, saying the Khan (a filthy, rat-eaten place) was good enough for us. Here again we had our own way, but of course had a Zaptieh quartered on us, who accompanied us everywhere as a spy. At the next town, Istip, the Kaimakam was even more insolent . . ., said we must go straight off next morning, threatened to expel the man to whom our letter of introduction was addressed, and had our Bulgarian host arrested and treated to the most grossly insulting language for taking us in. Finally, leave to telegraph to Mr. Blunt was refused, so we decided to come here and lay all before him and get him to get our papers back. . . . I don't know what I should have done without my 'Bug-puzzler' in one house. In two nights we killed $221 + 118 + 90 = 429$"

They returned in an agreeable atmosphere of mystery through forbidden Austria, and lingered for a while in Germany. Freeman was growing a little impatient with his nomadic son-in-law, and wrote on July 10: ¹

“So you are back again. I want one of you to explain to me the *idée*, the tendency, or whatever it is, of your journey. I don’t exactly see what you went for, unless to play about in a wood in Bavaria and to be able to say that you have gone through the Archduchy under a false name! I looked for greater things than these when you set out. But Arthur may have had some mysterious numismatic and gemmistic ends which are too high for me. . . . Still the net result seems chiefly to be that you have seen certain free mammals, to wit black squirrels. . . .”

They reached Oxford in time to see an honorary doctorate in Civil Law bestowed on Fortnum at Commemoration, to his great gratification. It sealed the University’s acceptance of his gifts, and with them of a new and more glorious future for the Ashmolean.

¹ W. R. W. Stephens, *Life and Letters of E. A. Freeman*, II, 420.

XVI

THE NEW ASHMOLEAN

1890 - 1895

ARTHUR EVANS enjoyed variety of experience against a background of security; but instead of this, the beginning of the last decade of the nineteenth century offered him monotony of work against a background of change. His main official task was the development of the Ashmolean: a development that was still in the wearisome stage of Committee and Council and Convocation; and a task that called for patience and tact and diplomacy rather than brilliant improvisation. He had to perform it when everything in his private world suddenly seemed to melt into a state of flux.

Nash Mills was a house that never seemed to change, yet even there life was moving in a different key. In 1885 John Evans had decided that the moment had come to turn Dickinsons into a private limited company. He wished neither to bear the responsibilities of its Chairmanship nor to occupy a subordinate seat on the Board. Therefore he retired altogether from business, and Frank Pratt Barlow as senior partner took over the Chairmanship of the new company which came into being in March 1886. Lewis Evans, who had been a partner since 1881, became a Director and played a major part in the reorganization of the mills. A "reconstruction planner" was engaged, Croxley Mill was enlarged and turned into a model of mechanization, and the old beam engine at Nash Mills, that had thumped away through the forty-six years of John Evans's life as a paper maker, was superseded by a new engine with a more bustling note. John Evans was glad to see his gentle and whimsical son blossom as a competent master-papermaker, and encouraged him in his reforms and innovations. Beryl Ward, whom Lewis had married early in 1884, died in November 1886. Three years later he married an officer's daughter, Eva Bradford, of whose looks and blushes Fanny approved.

For Norman too, a niche was found in the new organization of the Mills. When he was in America he had chanced to hear a chemistry lecture by Remsen at Harvard, had become interested

and had attended regularly for a time. Then he had broken off the course to go on a hunting trip in the Rockies with Tom Dickinson, but had later resumed his studies at the University of Bonn. In 1887 he had secretly married a pretty barmaid, knowing that his family would not approve his choice. A visit by John and Fanny to Bonn revealed the marriage, which was publicly acknowledged in the summer of 1888. (Emma wrote: "I am glad she is slender; one feels as if the less there was of her the better.") Early in 1889 Norman and his wife had come home from Germany. He called himself Dr. P. N. Evans, though no one could discover why, and went into partnership as a research chemist with a competent young German from Bonn. The family saw to it that the firm acted as consulting chemists for Dickinsons and the Paper-Makers' Association.

William Minet had pleased them all by marrying his first wife's friend, Mary Rayner, in the autumn of 1889; Harriet Longman was absorbed in her busy husband and her growing family. All the younger generation now had homes and lives of their own; their children might spend months at Nash Mills, but for them it had ceased to be the focus of life. The course of John Evans, too, was losing impetus. New honours came to him—he was elected Correspondant de l'Institut at the end of 1887, and made a honorary Doctor of Science by the University of Cambridge in 1890—but he took on little new work except for membership of the new Lawes Agricultural Trust for research, at Rothamsted. He was free to travel more: in 1886 he and Fanny made a long tour in Central Europe, ranging from Holland to Poland and from Sweden to Hungary; the next year they were in Italy; the next in Spain. He still collected ardently, and though a new race of dealers was springing up, still contrived to have friends about the country who got things for him.

John Evans's old friends were growing older. Robert Day of Cork was still collecting, though there was less savour in the pursuit now that his old enemy Dr. Neligan was dead. Greenwell still fished and opened barrows and damned his fellow-clerics and accumulated bronze, though he talked of disposing of his collection. Franks too was little changed: a little older, a little greyer, a little more pessimistic about Museum routine. Roach Smith was failing fast, though he still hoped to see Evans excavate Verulamium. His numismatic friends, with Evans at their head, gave him a great deal of pleasure by striking a medal with

his effigy and presenting him with it and a handsome cheque. Roach Smith, poor and generous as ever, promptly sent John Evans three cabinets full of his best coins to choose what he liked from, and was almost hurt when John Evans, with every delicate prevision, paid for those he chose. Roach Smith died in 1890; the friendship between the two men—one odd, unhappy and eccentric, the other balanced, fortunate and wise—had endured unclouded for nearly forty years. Prestwich too, though he was freed from his Professorship, was no longer able to explore France with Evans, or even to walk at Southwold or the Reculvers. He was seventy-eight now, a tired man with a failing heart; he still wrote to Evans once a week, and was full of interest in the discoveries of a deaf grocer at Ightham called Benjamin Harrison, who since 1870 had been finding flints at Oldbury and thereabouts and now claimed to have established the existence of some that were earlier than palæolithic. Prestwich, as usual, had no heart to find another man wrong, and after much hesitation accepted his ideas; the more cautious and more doubting Evans remained incredulous, in spite of all the boxes of rough flint, carefully labelled, that arrived at Nash Mills by rail, and all the poetic effusions that came from Ightham by post. No flint axe, however, whether dubious or no, could weaken the ties that bound Prestwich and Evans. There might be little left in the special bins of sherry each kept for the other, but the vintage had only improved with age.

Now a more serious loss even than of old friends menaced the little world of Nash Mills. Fanny was mortally ill; an operation at the end of August 1890 only proved that nothing could be done for her. John Evans was at first overwhelmed. Emma wrote on September 2: "The strangeness of the idea that there could be real danger was at first too horrible to him to be believed. . . . With you, I cannot help thinking both that she has suffered more than she has been willing to let anyone know, and also that she has surmised more nearly than others what is the real mischief. Her equal placid temperament will be much to her now, but it is miserable to look forward . . . and one fears one may not have to look forward long."

Once more John Evans found courage in work. A week later Emma writes: "I found John in his inner library, very busy, with coins and Cohen before him, beginning the task of naming and labelling 1600 coins, giving the reference to Cohen for each.

. . . The first shock and newness of the misery is over, and he sees the impossibility of recovery, and he faces it. . . .”

Fanny was slipping quietly out of life, too weak and tired for thought or speech; many of the family were gathered round her, but it was as if she were already dead. Margaret came to Nash Mills; on September 18, 1890, she wrote to Arthur: “Twelve years to-morrow since we started in double harness! This year the uppermost thought in my mind is that that day gave me my second mother who has always been so dear and good to me—love and gentleness that I feel can only be repaid by devotion to him to whom her loss will be so great. Mary just now told me that on that terrible Sunday his first thought of the future expressed to her was ‘What shall I do? I could not live alone. I wonder if Arthur would come to me. Oxford doesn’t seem to suit him and I think he could be happy here.” On September 21 Arthur joined her; the next day Fanny died.

The measure of her loss was the measure of her success as wife and stepmother. Sons and daughters alike mourned her; and John Evans felt that with her companionship and devotion he had lost all the steady basis of his life. She had not only lived with him and for him, but worked with him and for him, with the completest self abnegation; and it seemed as if the void she left could never be filled. The family suddenly became conscious that they had grown away from their father, and that Fanny, who had never seemed to be in a hurry, had been their strongest tie with Nash Mills. They had not realized till now that in all the years their father had known them he had given everything to them and taken nothing from them, so that now there was no easy and familiar channel through which help and sympathy could flow to him. Of his children, only Alice had had the habit of giving to him, and now she was dead. Bereft of Fanny, who had given so much, he had to stand as much alone as he had done thirty-three years before, when Harriet had died.

The family were left with an odd unconscious sense of being in the wrong. They reflected the slight unfamiliar pang in criticism of the man who suddenly appeared so strangely lonely. Emma wrote to Arthur at the New Year of 1891: “Since dear Alice’s death your Father’s real hearty sympathy with his kind and kin, had very much concentrated and narrowed itself into his love for your mother. And now one can only partly realize what a blank the world is to him. When *your* dear Mother died

he was in sympathy with so many and full of love for so many that he was not inaccessible as he is now. And now no one can do anything. I always feel that you are the one who could do most, and for the present even you cannot help. That habit of doing everything against time is, of course, in varying degrees, lifelong. I wonder how many years it is since I heard Uncle Bassy telling your Father that he could do one thing your Father could not, and that was, to *laze*. He never seems to give himself time to taste the flavour of anything."

Merely to keep the house at Nash Mills going became a family problem. Margaret went there for a few weeks, then Harriet, then Emma, but nothing could be settled. Arthur had already talked of leaving Oxford, and he and Margaret seemed the least tied of all the children. But Arthur did not really want to settle at Nash Mills, nor did John Evans really want Margaret as the head of his household. She was an exact and rather meddlesome housewife, with a gift for upsetting the easy-going ways of Nash Mills. The butler, indeed, once celebrated her departure after a visit by playing a carillon with a broomstick on the spring bells, one for every room, that hung in the kitchen passage. Still less did John Evans wish for Norman and his wife, the only other members of the family not tied to house and children: they had nothing in common with his pursuits, his friends, or his way of life.

At that moment Margaret fell seriously ill, and decision was deferred. John Evans departed for a winter in Italy, Greece and Constantinople with the Minets. As soon as she was well enough Arthur took Margaret to Torre del Greco. The specialist hinted at tubercular infection; but Arthur Evans, who had a Victorian contempt for germs, continued to talk of internal gout and to believe that a change of air and Mediterranean sunshine would put things right.

When John Evans returned to Nash Mills at the beginning of March, Harriet gave him a letter which Arthur had left with her: "I know that the time comes when we must look forward. . . . Now . . . that the time, I hope, is not far distant when Margaret will be restored to health and strength, I do not wish you to come home without knowing from us how glad we should be to help you and stand by you in these dark days.

"I too feel rather as if I was adrift. I know too well that Oxford has never suited me, and indeed I have been warned by doctors that I ought not to be there, and I am more than doubtful

now whether that damp clay is good for Margaret. Still so far as I was concerned, for long I could not bring myself to give in. I knew that you liked me to be there and I had a work of reorganization to carry through at the Ashmolean which I did not like to leave unfinished. In a way, too, I considered myself engaged to Fortnum. But to-day these considerations are not what they were. Fortnum's things are housed and arranged, the Ashmolean has reached almost the maximum state of development that it can reach within the present limits, nor is there any reasonable hope that any near future will see a larger Museum take its place. I am proud enough to think that the material work that has been done to the Museum during my Keepership will remain in Oxford an archæological landmark. But beyond such material work I feel and have long felt that there is no place for me there. The groove of University routine has narrowed rather than widened, and for anything more than purely Classical subjects—and these only on certain lines—the real Oxford has neither taste nor leisure.

“On these and other grounds I have made up my mind that the time has come for me to give up the Keepership, and I have indeed already broken this to Fortnum and Sayce. This would not be breaking all links with Oxford: has not B. N. C., indeed, within the last week forged a golden one? I should certainly be made an Ashmolean Visitor, and there would be cataloguing and other work that I could continue when occasion offered.

“You know that I do not wish to be idle. I have many things in hand, original work to carry out, lectures to give, explorations to continue. In a way of course it would mean a serious diminution of our income, but on the other hand our house in Oxford was more than we could afford. I have miscalculated and paid the penalty in that matter. I should have more leisure too for the literary commissions that are continually being offered to me.

“But apart from all this, and all that I have said before, I feel and Margaret feels with me, that for a time at least we should at any rate be free to be with you and help you. I have thought the matter well out and I know that no half courses are open. I know that however much all the members of your family may do for you by turns, some continuity is needed in a household, and I could not bear to think that you should ever be without some of your own about you.”

John Evans was moved by the letter, but was perfectly clear in his own mind that the plan would not work. Arthur was an individualist, and needed a house that revolved round him alone; Margaret was first her husband's wife and secondly her father's daughter, and could never put her father-in-law first or second. John Evans did not want to cease to be master at Nash Mills. He replied in his own familiar tones of calm commonsense:

"Harriet has given me your letter of Jany. 27 and I am much touched at all your kind thoughts for me. I quite agree with you that as Oxford certainly does not suit you and you have moreover done so much of what could be done for the Ashmolean, that the time has come when you may without injury resign your Keepership. It will however be hard for the University to find a worthy successor. Of course the giving up of your house at Oxford would follow, and when you are back in England I shall be very glad if you and Margaret will, at all events for a time, take up your abode here. I cannot, however, find room for all your goods and chattels and I do not believe in permanent joint establishments. I should think therefore that it will probably answer best if you find some house of easy access where you could have all your belongings, and your own pied-à-terre; but of this we can talk when you are back in England. . . ."

Arthur's reply from Castellamare showed him occupied with his own rather than his father's future:

"It will of course be really a great wrench leaving Oxford and breaking up our home, but I have no doubt that it is wiser to do so. As to the house, our lease runs only for another two and a half years, and as I hope, at least during part of the year, to let it *furnished*, I should not think of taking any other home definitely till the lease is expired. We should therefore be very glad to make Nash Mills our home for a short time at least. But there will be plenty of time for talking over our future plans when I see you.

"I had at first thought that I might have been able to wind up Ashmolean affairs and give in my resignation at Easter, but this has become impossible. I shall therefore have to be a good deal in Oxford between the time when we come back (in May?) and the beginning of October. I gather that people are a good deal disturbed at my intention of resigning, as rumours of it leak out, and that they would be ready to make special arrangements in order to retain me, but I do not think that it would do. On the

other hand, if I am within easy access of London, I might ultimately get some post like Poole's Professorship which would not necessitate actually living in London. This I would not do on any account."

Harriet wrote a few days later to Margaret to advise that they should make no plans for the present. "I think there is nothing to be done at Nash Mills, but to let things drift; and, as Arthur says, things may turn out more happily than one expects. I am sure it answers with Papa not to do or propose too much. The other day in speaking of various members of the family who have been there and trying to look after him, he said, 'I do not like having myself and my house taken possession of'; and yet that is what most people feel that he does want, but it has to be so artfully done!

"As to marrying again, one can in no way imagine what it might be, but it is much in Papa's mind. He even said to me, that I must find him a suitable person! There is no one suitable; he said emphatically he did not wish for an old lady or a child. But as I said before, if things are left to slide, they may arrange themselves; we certainly cannot arrange them. . . ."

On the same day Freeman wrote to his daughter from Oxford: ". . . I am thoroughly tired of this place and everything in it. Everything is so disappointing and disheartening. I have tried every kind of lecture I can think of, and thrown my best strength into all, and nobody comes; the few that do drop off. But those and all the petty things that turn up are just enough to disturb one's work without creating any real interest. . . . And I next to never get a companion; other men do. I do not mind walking alone in the other places (Sicily and Somerset); there is always something to think about—but the dull grind here, moving your legs just because you must move them. 'Tis one slight comfort to be off the Council and never to see Robinson. . . ."

"Out of your own difficulty the remedy is clear—you need not tell it to Arthur. John Evans ought to marry yet again; 'tis simply filling up a fellowship. Then you could stay here. You are so crafty that I dare say you might bring it about.

" . . . I don't think I have congratulated Arthur about his honorary fellowship. I was talking about it to F. Madan, and we could not see any advantage that it brought, except a surplice and haply a key. But is there anything at Brasenose that wants a key? "

Meanwhile Emma and Bassy came in turn to bear John Evans company, while Arthur and Margaret moved south to Taormina, on the strength of a handsome remittance from Nash Mills. Margaret was in wretched case, always feverish, but kept going somehow; and he continued to believe that change of air and warmth would bring her back to health.

Arthur returned to Oxford at the beginning of June, while Margaret went to Contrexéville with her sister. Once back in the familiar places, it seemed harder to renounce the Ashmolean and all its works. He wrote to Margaret: "Of course Mr. Fortnum was most anxious for me not to resign. He is very keen about getting the Central Art and Archæological Museum really started and has arranged to come up to Oxford to-day and stay with the V.C. . . . Fortnum complained a great deal of the little real interest that the University seemed to take in his things, and in the subject of Art Education generally, in spite of the personal honour shown to himself. Now just when it may be necessary to secure a large grant for site etc. the New Museum puts forth three separate demands amounting to nearly £10,000 for anatomy schools etc. and Convocation is to be got to vote it to-day. It is unfortunate that this vote should coincide with Fortnum's arrival in Oxford! . . . There will be room for us at any time but I told my father that it was useless for me to make plans at present."

For the moment he decided to let the house in Holywell, and to get rooms for them both on Boar's Hill, where he now began to think he might move permanently. Nearly twenty years before he had haunted the hill as an undergraduate, and had decided that there was one spot at the northern end of it where he would like to live. Oak woods protected the site from the east, pines from south east and north; and the sheltered combe that ran down from the chosen spot led the eye to a view over the vale that only ended with the White Horse Downs. The combe was pleasingly irregular, and three or four old pines stood out on a bluff half way down to form a composition that a romantic painter might have designed.

The more Evans looked at it now, the more he liked it. It was healthy, it was handy for Oxford, and, above all, it was picturesque. Once sheltered by the woods, one seemed to move in another world and another climate. It might not be the Mediterranean, but in comparison with the rest of Oxfordshire

it seemed to be set on a Southern shore in Southern sunshine. By September 1891 he was planning the house he would build, and making an offer for the estate. John Evans, who had to provide most of the money for the undertaking, thought the land over-dear and over-extensive, and the plans over-large, and was all for the purchase of a small house ready built, on Boar's Hill if Arthur wished, but less than four uphill miles from Oxford. In October Arthur wrote to Margaret, who was at Dover, still trying to get well:

"I came back yesterday morning from Nash Mills. My Father, when he saw the plans, said that it would not do without more frontage on to road and thought it would be more important to negotiate with some other landlord first and leave the other for the present. On the other hand the other is the site *I want* if it can be made accessible. Please do not write to the family and say you think sixty acres enormous. The thing is that it is probably cheaper in the long run to buy the whole of a property *en bloc* and then get rid of superfluous pieces than to pick out a portion and pay at a double rate. Anyhow as to the principle of buying land at Boar's Hill if it can be got at all reasonably (?) my Father agrees. I went up again yesterday afternoon and explored the ground strategically and find that really it would only require a small strip of frontage to make the whole available. The site that I thought of for our house is prettier even than I had thought, with a winding strip of common below lying between tree covered banks. It would be high but comparatively sheltered. I am going to see Mallam again this morning."

John Evans, however, remained firm, and the plan was laid on one side for a time.

Meanwhile the Ashmolean schemes demanded Arthur's attention. Fortnum had been persuaded to give the £10,000 to the University, not to establish a fund, but for the erection of the new buildings adjoining the University Galleries which were to house the Ashmolean collections, on condition that the university paid him an annuity of £500, to be converted after his death into an annual grant of £250 for the maintenance of the collection and £250 to increase the Keeper's stipend. At the same time he and Evans were anxious to ensure that eventually the University Galleries should be merged into the Ashmolean, and not *vice versa*, and that the Keeper of the Ashmolean should hold a position superior to that of the Keeper of the University Galleries.

This post had just fallen vacant through the death of an old engraver who had held it for an incredible number of years, and unfortunately an appointment had been made without regard to the proposed merger. "A capital error of policy," Evans wrote to Fortnum, "was committed at the Galleries in electing a new Keeper. . . . Had the vacated office been either kept open or united to that of the Ashmolean, the unity and union at which all profess to aim would have been made a step nearer. They have on the other hand, by filling the office, made the proposed eventual merging of the Museum and Galleries more difficult in two ways. I have nothing personally against Macdonald, but not only has a new and non-archæological vested interest been created by his appointment, but the office of a Keeper of the united Art and Archæological Collections might, on my resignation of the Ashmolean, both by salary and position have tempted some good man. . . .

"As it is we must, I think, take the bull by the horns and insist on the University making it worth while for the very best man to take the post. Had I not had means of my own I could never have held it, and as it was, feeling more or less bound to help on the collections in various ways, I have had great difficulty in making both ends meet. . . .

"We must have a certain amount of patience, *but must at least be assured that a fund is being set apart to carry out the design*. I could not bear to see a new Ashmolean run up on the cheap! Whatever is ultimately done must be done liberally and solidly and in a way worthy of the University. . . ."

Evans grew tired of it all. The peculiarly acrid dust of quarrelsome Oxford Committees seemed to choke him; he enjoyed a fight, but he liked to fight on a broad principle, not on points of order. Yet a great Archæological Museum in Oxford was worth fighting for, and he endured even the committees.

On November 21, 1891, he wrote to Margaret: "Bat Price told me to my great surprise (and a certain amount of indignation) that a meeting of the [Ashmolean] Committee had taken place yesterday evening to which I was not summoned to attend. Nothing was done and everything was muddled and concessions that Mr. Fortnum had already made and about which I had written to the V.C. were not mentioned, and difficulties long solved were treated as already existing. More than this, I could have told them of Fortnum's answer to the proposals elaborated

by Bat Price to me, about which they could consequently do nothing. Bat Price is going however at once to the V.C. to arrange if possible a new meeting of the Committee on Monday morning."

Ten days later the difficulties were still unsolved, though Fortnum had consented to all kinds of financial changes in the original scheme. Arthur wrote to Margaret on December 2:

"It is evident that the Chest wish to raise difficulties still, and it will be all I can do to get the matter through Council by next week. The Master of University says that the object is 'not educational' (!) and T. Fowler that the things had much better go to London as 'Oxford is now a suburb of London'. At All Souls Grissell told me he found much opposition in Common Room—which is nothing more than I should expect—and, at New, Robinson is making a virulent propaganda against the proposals. So you see one has to keep the whip in one's hand."

On December 7, however, Evans was able to write to Margaret: "I have waited to hear the result of the voting in Council. The affair was a good deal complicated by a demand of the Bodleian for £5,000 but this was cut down to £2,000 and my proposals were ordered to be put in legal form to be submitted to Mr. Fortnum's lawyers by 9 votes to 7. So it is a hard-won victory!"

By Christmas Evans was at Bordighera with Margaret, busy writing to his father to persuade him to negotiate further for the Boar's Hill property, and to Fortnum about the Ashmolean deeds. The museum business dragged on through much of 1892, but it was with gathering momentum. The University was still reluctant, but it had formally committed itself to the new scheme; opposition now might delay, but could not prevent, its fruition. Evans stayed out with Margaret at Alassio until the end of April, when he left her at San Dalmazzo and himself went for a brief visit to Rome.

A new vision was beginning to haunt him: Crete. It is hard to say what chance had first drawn his attention to the unknown island; it seems as if a thousand tiny facts and things had drifted like dust and settled to weigh down the scales of his decision. His father's acquaintance, Henry Schliemann, had revealed a bright new world by his excavations at Troy, Mycenæ, Tiryns and Orchomenos: excavations conducted Homer in hand, with no thought of relating them to anything but the epic story. For

Evans, as for others, they were not Homeric illustrations but bronze age sites, and for that very reason offered problems more complex than any Schliemann found. There seemed, especially at Mycenæ, to be things of many dates, drawn from various sources; and those sources were for the most part still unknown. Schliemann himself had planned to excavate "broad Knossos", but had never done so; and now the same unavowed intention was dawning in the mind of Arthur Evans. On February 3, 1892, he was in Rome, and made friends with Halbherr, an Italian archæologist who had already explored many of the classical sites in Crete. What he told him of the earlier remains on the island, unexplored and unexplained, fired his imagination and confirmed his interest, though as yet his purpose was hardly formed.

Arthur Evans's immediate goal was Sicily. He was finishing a long numismatic paper on Syracusan medallions; besides this, he was growing more and more interested in Mediterranean prehistory, and Orsi was making interesting discoveries in the island. On February 17 he wrote to Margaret from Milazzo:

"I had a very interesting time with Orsi who took me out to some excavations he is making of Sikel tombs—'window' tombs like those we saw in many places—at Colle di Pantano, a low rocky hill beyond the fountain of Crani. He had just discovered a true Mykenæan vase in one of these 'beehive' tombs, and I assisted at the digging out of a fine tall pedestalled vase of a new form and other relics. The tombs date from about the 12th to the 8th Cent. B.C. and show that Syracuse was in intimate relation with præhistoric Greece before the coming of the Greek Colonists. Further they seem to show that the Phœnician colonization is a myth, which will surprise your father. One of the most interesting vases found has round it impressions of real olive leaves as an ornament, showing that the olive flourished here five centuries before the historic Greeks, who were supposed to have introduced it, made their appearance! . . ."

Evans returned to Oxford to wrestle with lawyers, reactionaries and estimates which had a habit of increasing before his eyes, once he began to put them on paper. By July 7 the Agreement had passed both Council and Convocation, and the immediate future of the Ashmolean was assured.

Meanwhile John Evans had solved his own problem in his own way. His children had taken him *au pied de la lettre*, as he

had hardly expected them to do, and had produced all sorts of ladies eligible, in their opinion, to become mistress of Nash Mills. Some were, he told them, too young; some too old; some "too intense"; some "pleasant but not suitable". One evening early in 1892 John Evans had to preside at a meeting of the Antiquaries, which old Mr. Penrose, late head of the British School at Athens, was to address. Just before it began the Porter came to the Chairman to say a lady was outside with a card of admission from Mr. Penrose, who had given it not knowing that women were not admitted to the Antiquaries' Meetings. John Evans gave permission for her to attend, and after the meeting Mr. Penrose, who had known her from early childhood, introduced her. Maria Millington Lathbury was a handsome vigorous woman in the middle thirties, with fair hair and large dark blue eyes, who had lately come down from Somerville College, where she had read for Greats. She had known Arthur and Margaret, at Oxford, and had worked at Greek sculpture and vases under Gardner at the Ashmolean. A few days later John Evans met her again at the Minets; she was, it appeared, giving lectures on Greek life and art at the British Museum and elsewhere which it was the fashion to attend. She was certainly not too old, though she had none of the irresponsibility of youth; she was not at all "intense", though perhaps a little academic; and John Evans determined to prosecute the acquaintance. He called at her flat in Chenies Street to offer advice and cards of introduction for the journey to Italy and Greece which she was planning, but found her away; his letter, explaining the motive of his call and enclosing the cards, reached her on the eve of her departure. She was away for two months, cruising among the Greek islands and riding through the Peloponnese with Dörpfeld and his gang of eighteen German Professors. John Evans and she exchanged three or four letters, and met again on her return. By the end of May they were engaged.

The family gave a sigh of relief, and offered Maria a warm welcome; all the friends, and not least those who had known and loved Fanny, sent good wishes from the heart. "There may be some disparity of years," wrote Prestwich, "but you may well take twelve or thirteen off yours, seeing how vigorous you are in mind and body. Besides, the disparity disappears before a parity in tastes and thought." Huxley was no less cordial: "I cannot but think that those who are parted from us, if they

have cognizance of what goes on in the world, must rejoice over everything that renders life better and brighter for the sojourners in it, especially for those who are dearest to them; at least, that would be my feeling. Please commend us to Miss Lathbury and beg her not to put us on the 'Index' because we count ourselves among your oldest and warmest friends."

An Indian summer of warmth and affection seemed to glow round John Evans. In April he had resigned the Presidency of the Antiquaries to Franks, but already he had been elected to continue the work of Trustee of the British Museum which he had carried out in the official capacity. Now, immediately after his engagement, his name appeared among the Birthday Honours as a Knight Commander of the Bath. Next, the Stationers' Company awarded him the most exceptional honour of an honorary presentation of the Livery of the Company; and then the Society of Chemical Industry made him its president for the year. On July 9, 1892, John Evans married Maria Millington Lathbury at St. Mary's, Wimbledon, and took her to St. Acheul and Amiens for their honeymoon.

Meanwhile Margaret's health was failing fast, and Arthur had borne her away to the Italian Riviera to find the sun and flowers, which he still hoped might restore her.

That spring the Freemans headed for Spain; Margaret remained at Alassio, too ill to join them. The old man had always refused to be vaccinated, and a mysterious fever he got proved to be smallpox. He died at Alicante on March 16, 1892, after less than a week's illness. For both Margaret and Arthur it was a sore blow; the world seemed a colder place without the generous and peppery historian.

Everything helped to make Arthur Evans yet more determined to build a house after his own heart at Boar's Hill. "I should be very sorry," he wrote to his father, "if you gave up our scheme, if not too ruinous. . . . I can quite understand that from a purely commercial point of view it might often pay better to take a house already made, but if one is to live in a house for years, and can arrange the garden oneself, I think that in the end one would produce something better worth having and even of greater market value than such as have been run up by the speculative builder. It may be a sentimental feeling, but it is certainly mine, that it is infinitely better if it can be managed to live on one's own land, and my experience

of living on other people's shows that all the improvements are eventually thrown away. How much have I done for the Holywell house. . . ."

John Evans let himself be persuaded and went over in March snow to see the land his son wanted. A thick fog hid most of its charms, but he realized that it was what Arthur had set his heart on. He paced the cold platform at Bletchley, and decided that if it would make his son happy he should have it, if it could be bought reasonably. That night he wrote to make an offer, but it was refused. Negotiations continued after Arthur's return, but on June 30 he wrote to Fortnum: "The Boar's Hill house has gone off into the clouds, the owner being utterly unreasonable. There is nothing for it but to play a waiting game. But I am so tired of all this unsettled life! And it requires all the little store of patience I ever had. . . ."

Margaret suddenly grew worse; her physical ills were made harder to bear by her prolonged grief for her father. "I feel," she wrote in July, "as if the best and happiest part of my life had gone into the far distance. I think losing one's parents makes one feel distinctly older, especially when one has no children." She arranged to leave part of her little fortune to found a history prize for Women Students at Oxford, to consist of £5 worth of her father's books; and she began to get together the material for writing his life and publishing his letters: a task which she had not strength to carry out. Arthur, too, worked in Freeman's honour at the task of finishing the fourth volume of his *History of Sicily*.

He now cherished a new scheme for securing the Boar's Hill property. An investment had to be found for some of the Fortnum benefaction. Could he not buy the land, for which £3,000 was now considered a hopeful offer, and mortgage it to the Fortnum Trustees for £2000? His father could not refuse the extra thousand. Then all John Evans's scruples about extravagance would be circumvented, and he could surely somehow find the interest.

He took Margaret up to rooms on Boar's Hill at the beginning of August and began to plan the house. John Evans did not like the idea of a transaction that mixed private and official finances, and proved more willing than Arthur had expected to produce money to avoid its necessity. The owner now asked £3500 for a little over 60 acres; Arthur wrote to

Margaret at Dover on the last day of October 1892, that the owner would not abate anything, "so there was nothing for it but to close with the offer."

They got to Italy for Christmas, but Evans soon went on to Sicily to work at Freeman's manuscript, which he was considerably modifying. Margaret stayed at Bordighera with her sister "very shaky and achy".

In the middle of February Evans was in Athens, and writing to Margaret: "I was glad to find Myres here who is at once Craven scholar and Burdett Coutts, and is combining geology and archæology in a useful way. Yesterday I was grubbing with him below the 'Pelagian' wall of the Akropolis and picking out fragments of præ-Mykenæan vases which nobody here seems to have heeded before." He worked at Mycenæan rings, and lectured on the European relations of Mycenæ, with pleasant visions of his "more than Alpine" pinewoods in his mind. "I have got a very beautiful little Mykenæan gold bead," he wrote from Athens, "I found it amongst a lot of rubbish. Item, a Mykenæan short sword, in three pieces, but it will put together and they are almost unknown out of Greece. Also, a flat celt, and a very early axe from Delphi with a kind of owner's mark on it. I have also secured for the Ashmolean some early idols from Thebes showing all stages of transition from Schliemann's kinds to pure Greek. . . . I have heard Dr. Dörpfeld lecture on his discovery of the fountain of Enneakrounos: but he has been finding it at different spots for some months. . . ."

Arthur and Margaret rejoined each other at Alassio; she was still obviously ill but seemed no worse. Then on March 11 she was seized by a violent paroxysm of pain, and died in an hour or so, holding Arthur's hand to the last. He wrote to his father: "I cannot yet fully realize the greatness of the blow which has fallen on me. . . . I do not think anyone can ever know what Margaret has been to me. All seems very dark, and without consolation." Three days later he continued: "I try to call up her brave practical spirit, but one must have time to recover strength. . . . I am thankful that all is over that had to be done. The funeral took place on Sunday, after afternoon service, in the English corner of the cemetery. . . . I made her a wreath of marguerites and scented broom and white Mediterranean heath. She had often gathered nosegays of it when we walked about the hills here together last year." Her tombstone commemorated

her, dead within a year of her father: "to him, in his library at Somerleaze, she had once been as a right hand; to her husband—in wild travel, through troublous times, and in quiet study—she was a helpmate such as few have known. Her bright energetic spirit, undaunted by suffering to the last, and ever working for the welfare of those around her, made a short life long."

Arthur Evans felt her loss deeply, but he was not overwhelmed. The secret fortress of his heart held firm. His habit of never identifying himself with another being meant that grief, however sincere, could not affect his integrity as an individual. He went to Parma, and made it a centre for the exploration of the Terramare and the Ligurian caves; he continued his journey to Laibach and Agram, for a brief visit that yet recaptured something of the old charm that Balkan lands always held for him. He came back in June to the rooms on Boar's Hill. He had had a hut of pine logs on piles, like an ancient lake dwelling, erected in the woods of his new estate for Margaret to rest in. He found it now a refuge from the troubles of the Ashmolean. The estimates and contracts for the new Museum building were coming in, and were all higher than he had hoped: some cherished little extravagances had to be pruned away. A new regulation about the Keeper's duties was successfully passed. "Council has agreed," Arthur Evans wrote to Fortnum on November 11, 1892, "to meet our wishes as regards the Keeper's residence, by bringing forward the following decree. . . . 'The Keeper shall undertake the personal and regular supervision of the Museum and shall be present therein during some part of each day on at least one hundred and fifty days' (i.e. six months not counting Sundays) 'in each year.' This practically gives me the liberty I want. . . . The counting of the days one need not object to . . . only it is human nature to feel that the more you are legally bound down to reckonings of this sort the less you care to go beyond them!" Meanwhile the old Ashmolean building was getting crowded out; Greville Chester had died, bequeathing all his collections to the Museum, and Fortnum had purchased Professor Westwood's collection of more than a thousand casts of ivory carvings for the museum.

In June Arthur Evans had news of the birth of a half-sister; John Evans was proud of the baby, who showed every sign of resembling him in feature, but Arthur confided to Fortnum that it all seemed very strange. He wrote to his father, however,

in friendly fashion: "I think the name ought to be something classical and romantic, let us say Iphigeneia, or at least a muse, Euterpe for instance—but there need not be nine!" The baby, however, was christened Joan after her father. In August the fourth volume of Freeman's *History*, which Arthur Evans had edited and in part written, appeared. His supplements were hailed by the *Times* as showing "much more real historical insight, a much truer instinct of the things that are important in history and of the way to find them out, than Freeman ever had." Now that the historian was dead, indeed, his vogue seemed altogether over, and Evans must have been glad that Margaret had not to read the reviews. The year continued sadly: Norman, who had been in bad health for many months, died in December. By February 1894 Arthur Evans was in the unfamiliar world of Cairo, but his old enemy, malaria, prevented him from enjoying much: he never felt at home there. He soon left it for Athens and Crete, in search of "Greek hieroglyphics".

He was beginning to work at the Rhind lectures on the Origins of Celtic Art. His father had first been invited to give them, but had ceded the privilege to his son. Whether for this irksome beginning, or because he was growing more and more absorbed in his scripts, Evans never prepared the lectures, given in December 1895, for publication. The syllabus shows that he treated the subject on the widest possible scale, and ranged from Mycenæ through Hallstadt to La Tène and Scotland. He was also working at the publication of a Roman villa at Frilford,¹ which he had excavated nine years before, and on a paper on the folklore of the Rollright stones:² but though he tried to be an efficient local antiquary, so unpicturesque a role was not his true vocation.

By May 1894 he was watching the building of the new Museum, and trying to secure the assent of all the people concerned to the merging of the Visitors of the Ashmolean and the Curators of the University Galleries into one body. His own house, too—that had now been named Youlbury, the old name of a bit of heath below it—was approaching completion; and he was very heavily overdrawn. By the end of August he had begun dismantling the old Ashmolean, and moving his own furniture into the new house. By September 21 he was in, and inviting Fortnum to be his first visitor.

¹ "A Roman Villa at Frilford," in *Archæological Journal*, XLV, 1897, p. 340.

² "The Rollright Stones and their Folklore." *Folklore*, VI, 1895, p. 6.

The business of merging the two institutions proved slow and difficult; the smallest hitch seemed to provoke the creation of a new Committee, which in its turn produced new hitches. At the end of October Fortnum wrote to Evans: "I sometimes wish I had had nothing to do with Oxford; they are an obstructive lot. My old friend, Hope, was disgusted; Ruskin was disgusted; and I seem to be on the road, and you with me, to the same state of disappointment and dissatisfaction with the powers of the University. . . ."

By June 1895 the scheme for merging the Ashmolean and University Galleries under one governing body had reached a critical point over the supreme position of Ashmole's Keeper, and Arthur Evans was talking of his dignity and breathing resignation. The Keeper's control over expenditure in his own department and the appointment of his assistants was retained, and the more debateable points were held over until the Michaelmas Term in the hope that tempers might have cooled. The formal opening, that had been arranged for the end of June, was cancelled. The discussion dragged on, growing more tepid in temperature as the boredom grew; at long last, on February 4, 1896, Evans could announce "Victory at last! Victory all along the line!" All the building, saving the picture galleries, the Ruskin school, the Slade studio and one basement room, was to be reckoned a part of the Ashmolean; and Charles Bell was being considered for appointment as Assistant Keeper.

Arthur Evans departed for Rome and Sicily, Greece and Crete, with a thankful heart.

XVII

CRETE

1894 - 1899

SINCE he had been banished from Ragusa in 1882, Evans's work had seemed like that of other men: monotonous, against the collar, and impeded by conventions and committees. Sicily, the country he had most often visited, had offered beauty, strangeness, and a wealth of Greek art; but he had never felt it to be his own country as Bosnia and Dalmatia had been, nor did Greek art inspire him with that feeling of a comprehension greater than other men's, of which he was conscious when he studied something that was truly congenial.

Time and Chance were now to guide him to a land that for the rest of his life was to be the kingdom of his mind.

"In the absence of abiding monuments," Arthur Evans wrote in 1894,¹ "the fact has too generally been lost sight of, that throughout what is now the civilized European area there must once have existed systems of picture-writing such as still survive among the more primitive races of mankind." His father had long been interested in the origins of the alphabet, and he himself had come across primitive pictographs on the stones of Gavr'innis, on a cliff of the Alpes Maritimes, and on the troll-drums of Lapland; of late years the possibility of establishing their existence over a wider field had come to haunt him. It was at that time generally accepted that the men of the Mycenæan age had been unacquainted with writing; yet on two vases from Mycenæ that he had seen in Athens signs were scratched that seemed to him to have significance; and other symbols occurred on the pottery from Gurob and Kahun under his own care in the Ashmolean, which J. L. Myres had recognized as being of Cretan fabric. Most important of all, he thought he had found yet earlier symbols on Mycenæan engraved gems and seals. They were there for all men to see; but other scholars had failed to take much account of them. Evans was extremely short-

¹ "Primitive Pictographs and a præ-Phœnician script, from Crete and the Peloponnese," *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, XIV, 1894, p. 270. (Reprinted with additions, London, Quaritch, 1895.)

sighted, and a reluctant wearer of glasses. Without them, he could see small things held a few inches from his eyes in extraordinary detail, while everything else was a vague blur. Consequently the details he saw with microscopic exactitude, undistracted by the outside world, had a greater significance for him than for other men; it was this cloistered vision that fostered his power of seeing and interpreting details in coins and engraved gems.

His conviction that the symbols on Mycenæan gems had once meant something was confirmed by his study of Schliemann's finds at Athens in 1883, and again in 1893. Schliemann himself—the curious enigmatic man, who seemed to wrest things from the earth by force of enthusiasm—had died in 1890. His finds were so personal that to work upon them in his lifetime had seemed like trespassing; now the field lay open. The stay in Athens in February and March 1893, confirmed Evans's interest in Mycenæan art; working over the tiny objects from Mycenæ and Tiryns, he had an intuition of discovery.

In the trays of the antiquity dealers in Shoe Lane at Athens, he had found some small three- and four-sided stones perforated along the axis, engraved with symbols which he felt sure belonged to a hieroglyphic system, though it was not the familiar signs of Egypt that they represented. The dealers said they came from Crete; and later enquiries at the Berlin Museum produced particulars of other stones of the kind that certainly came from the island, though Furtwaengler assured him they were post-Mycenæan. In his own Ashmolean he found another gem of the sort, that Greville Chaster had bought long ago in Athens.

His thoughts had already turned to Crete, which as a stepping-stone between Egypt and Europe might well have been a stage in the diffusion of a hieroglyphic script. He had already¹ considered the possibility that some of the Egyptian reliefs depicting the invaders of the Nile valley might represent Ægean peoples among them. He had met Federico Halbherr who was excavating Greek sites in Crete when he was in Rome in 1892. Halbherr was an Italian of Alpine stock, slight and wiry, austere and devout; his simple and friendly manners, his disinterested love of his work and his enthusiasm for travel, made him at once a congenial friend. At this time, however, Halbherr was interested only in the early Greek inscriptions of the island; Evans

¹ At the British Association in 1887.

could count on his knowledge and friendly advice without fear of trespassing on his preserves. He had met Stillman, a gentle neurotic American journalist who had once been Vice-Consul in Crete, who had lately begun a tentative dig on the legendary site of Knossos, which had promptly been stopped by the Turkish authorities. Joubin, of the French School at Athens, had also wished to dig there, but it seemed that his efforts had likewise been frustrated. The field looked promising, and was bare of workers. Probable difficulties with the authorities were but an added incitement. Evans determined to spend the spring of 1894 in Crete, and to excavate the site of Knossos.

So soon as he arrived in Candia he felt at home. The Lion of St. Mark guarded the harbour; Venetian walls defended the city; and in the streets a few Venetian buildings, less splendid than those of Dalmatia, but still of the same type, rose side by side with Turkish fountains and the courts and plane trees of Turkish mosques. As he looked from the window of the inn over harbour and mountain, he could recognize the familiar jewel light: pearl in the early morning, diamond at noon, and amethyst at dusk. This was a world he knew, and not even his scanty and halting Greek could make him feel a stranger.

The diary that he kept offers a curious contrast with the more casual records of his Ragusan days. Those had been the preliminary sketches for literary work, as much occupied with people and scenery as with objects of antiquity: the records of a desultory quest for interest and adventure. The Cretan diary is brief and businesslike, devoid of fine writing, and yet imbued with a curious steady purpose. It is evident that before he landed Evans had determined on the archæological conquest of the island.

"1894. March 15. Candia (Heraklio). Arrived considerably the worse for voyage. Juno, Austrian Lloyd, bad. 24 hours voyage from Piræus. . . . Able to visit bazar: found Chrysochoi and a man from whom I bought 22 early Cretan stones at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ piastres apiece, 2 small Greek heads from Gortyna, some coins, one silver from and of Phæstos, and a small marble image from Phæstos, in that case very remarkable as it is exactly like those from Amorgos. Saw Kyrios Ittar the Italian Vice-Consul and a local apothecary, partner of Kyrios Hadjidakis the President of the Syllogos and a doctor. By his help I found that Halbherr had just left for Canea: annoying. Ittar said that Joubin had 'prospected' Knossos for the French and come to an agreement

with one proprietor, but the pretensions of the other were too exorbitant. Thought Hamdi Bey would come to Crete 'to make archæological exploration of the Island.'

"Mar. 16. Visited 'Jean G. Mitsotakis, Vice Consul de Russie à Candie'. He has a whole collection of things from the Cave of the Idæan Zeus. . . . Secured 21 gems and Mycenæan ring from Knossos. . . . In afternoon had a general view of things belonging to [the] Syllogos. . . . The bronzes from Cave of Idæan Zeus the principal feature. . . .

"M. Minos Kalokairinos the brother of our Vice Consul has a small collection of pottery from Knossos, with very good Mycenæan designs . . . he has views as to his remote ancestor!

"Mar. 17. . . . In the evening some excitement. Knowing the straight road, I walked back at 9.45 in clear moonlight from the chief café to the inn. Hardly in my room, than three Christians burst in to the inn to say that two Turks had followed me to assassinate me, and would have stabbed me if they had not come after them. I know nothing of all this; the road seemed quite solitary. People seem excited about it, but what is certain is that I was not. . . . Our V.C. says that there have lately been several complaints of outrage on the part of the Christians here and that recently one was stabbed to death by a Turk. The authorities professed to have imprisoned him but the V.C. was doubtful if even so much punishment had befallen him. . . .

"Mar. 19. Poulakachi acted as my guide for a visit to site of Knossos. We went out by the 'New Gate'—a fine Venetian work with an inscription to Giovanni Mocenigo. . . . The way to the site of Knossos lay past the Turkish and then the new Orthodox cemetery, along and across a water-course, to a small Turkish 'monastery' where we sat awhile with the Dervish, my guide informing him that I came from a land where there was snow in summer and where you could hardly see the sun! The common language brings Mohametans and Christians nearer, and in the country there is less fanaticism than in the towns. Nicolaides told me that the 'Turkish' peasants might even in time become Christian, but here as elsewhere the town Mahometans are a proud and exclusive caste. There are however no signs of any special ill feeling visible on the surface. The two creeds address one another as 'Patrioti'.

"The site of Knossos is most extensive and occupies several hills. The Mykenæan akropolis however seems not to be the highest but that to the south west, nearest to the gorge, which on this side divides the rich undulating site of the chief Cretan city from the limestone steeps beyond. Here at a place called τὰ πιθάρια are the remains of Mykenæan walls and passages (where the great pots, Pithoi, were found) noted by Stillman and others. They are very complex as far as one can judge from what is visible to the eye, but were hardly as Stillman supposes the Labyrinth itself. [Later: No, on further examination I think it must be so.] I copied the marks on the stones, some of which recall my 'hieroglyphics'. . . . The Pithária lie in the village of Makroteichos, and here, enquiring for antikas, I was brought a remarkable fragment of a black basalt vessel. At first I thought it was a bit of some kind of Roman relief ware, but to my astonishment I found it was Mykenæan, with part of a relief representing men perhaps ploughing or sowing—an altar?—and a walled enclosure with a fig tree: a supplement to the Vapheio vases and contemporary in style! . . . From a school-master at Makroteichos I obtained two Mykenæan stones, one 'early sepia' (green), one butterfly (black stone) and saw another, rude hæmatite, representing an eagle.

"The site of Knossos brilliant with purple white and pinkish anemones and blue iris.

"Mar. 20. Halbherr arrived with the President of the Syllogos Hadjidakis from Kanea. . . . In the afternoon [they] took me to the Museum, where I was allowed to look myself in with open cases. Took impressions of the best gems. . . . Hadjidakis poohpoohed Joubin's 'agreement': it was with one only of four co-proprietors and of course invalid. M. Minos Kalokairinos got permission to dig a little and it was here that he procured his Mykenæan pottery. . . .

"March 21. In the afternoon with Halbherr to Knossos, Minos Kalokairinos joining us. Found place where my relief was picked up on hill beyond the Pitharia. The hill strewn with fragments of plain red early pottery like that under 'Pelagic' wall at Athens; some Mykenæan too; evidently the site of a primitive settlement. The Pitharia hill the Mykenæan akropolis. We re-examined the mysterious passages and found some more symbols. Their occurrence in twos is remarkable, and some . . . linear degenerations of symbols on the seals. . . . In the evening

talked with Hadjidakis about possibility of securing the site for excavation. It belongs to two proprietors in common. One has a quarter and would sell; the division of the property could then be demanded and the whole bought up. Hadjidakis thinks for 60,000 piastres. It may be worth 20-40,000 and could be sold again, what was not wanted, for say 20,000. The ground is very favourable for digging as the earth slopes away in every direction. Halbherr estimates the cost at 8,000 p. The whole scheme could be carried out for about £1,500. The French have no hold. . . .

“Mar. 22. . . . Long conversation with Hadjidakis about the excavations of Knossos. Schliemann proposed to dig here. Hadjidakis tried to bargain with the two proprietors and finally got an offer for 60,000 p. Schliemann had offered to go up to 50,000. Hadjidakis wrote what was demanded. Schliemann telegraphed refusal to take the land at any price, as he then apparently had other plans. Later Schliemann came here with Dörpfeld, saw the Turk who owns the quarter, who told him that the whole site belonged to him. Schliemann thought Hadjidakis had deceived him, and came to agreement with the Turk by which he (the Turk) was to have one third of the finds etc. Then Schliemann discovered that without the consent of the other proprietor, who owned two thirds he could not dig, and the whole thing fell through. Then some three years since came Joubin. He executed a contract with the Turk who is brother of proprietor by which he was to be allowed to dig on such and such terms, this contract to be valid for two years. He did not come to terms with the other proprietor, however, and the two years have passed some time since, without his renewing the agreement.

“The field is apparently clear, though the contract between Joubin and the Turk was somewhat obscurely worded. The lawyers here however are of opinion that as it was not renewed at the expiration of the term agreed on it is now no longer a bar to the sale of the land by the proprietors with all rights. Hadjidakis thinks he can get it (the quarter share) for 5000 p. There would then be a lever for eventually getting the whole. I took the responsibility of saying he might buy it for me and that I would raise the money for the entire purchase in England when that was feasible. The possession of a part can legally compel sale. I said that the ‘Cretan Exploration Fund’—at present

non-existent—would agree to the same terms as the Germans at Olympia and that the Cretans should keep these antiquities only reserving to us the right of publication and such specimens as were *not needed or could be spared by the Museum of the Syllogos*. Hadjidakis and all the Greeks here are much averse to Joubin having any finger in the pie now that he has become a Turkish employé and an underling of Handi Bey. Halbherr would act for the Cretan Exploration Fund as epigraphic explorer; he knows of countless places where material could be gathered and great discoveries made. . . .”

On March 23 Arthur Evans left Candia with three mules and a muleteer for Rethimo, explored the site of ancient Axos, bought coins and gems, and enjoyed the wild scenery of the mountain glens. “The banks by the side of the track were covered with white cyclamen. While ascending, noticed that whereas in the plain the anemones were white, blue purple and pink, a little way up they were rosy purple, very fine, and on the summit of the pass, by Axo, scarlet. We were to have found ‘a fair inn’ at Peramo, eight hours from Candia. After ten hours’ ride we reached it—already dark for me—and found no inn. There would be one at Metochia, half an hour off. This meant another three quarters of an hour’s ride on my packsaddle, scrambling down and up steep rocky sides of watercourses, knocked against boughs of trees—not pleasant and rather risky. We reached Metochia at last, the chief town or rather small village of the Eparchy of Mylopotamo, where I found the Eparch (Turcicè Kaimakam) a Christian and a gentleman. No inn of course but I was put up on a bench in one of the offices of the Eparchy. . . .” The next day Evans rode on to Retimo, where he discovered some Mycenæan antiquities at the goldsmiths. “The proportional importance of Mykenæan remains strikes one at every turn. The legendary days of Minôs, thalattocracy of Idomeneus and the Hundred Cities were the great days of Crete.”

On March 27 he set out from Retimo with a guide and two mules, “ascending through hilly country to Adele, a village with Venetian church and mediæval houses like those of an Italian hill village. Fine saecular olive woods around; hedges with an abundance of pale lilac sage. . . . So on, over and along the saddle of the hills . . . to Amnatos, another village with fine Venetian ‘shells’. Over one stately portal of a former school is the inscription *Initium sapientiæ timor Domini*. . . . Beyond

Amnatos entered fine rocky defile overhung with small leaved myrtle in such high bushes as I never remember seeing. This defile serves as the rock portal to the upland plain, where within its half ruinous quadrangle is what remains of the Church and monastery of Arkadia. . . . In '66 it was almost destroyed by the Turks, and the scene of an indiscriminate massacre of 550 men, women and children. When all was lost the Hegoumen Gabriel himself fired the magazine. His scholar of the same name is the present Hegoumen, who received me most hospitably: a jovial man on whom the Lenten fast sits uneasily. He said that before the catastrophe there were sixty monks here; there are now twenty. Only one of the original brotherhood escaped the massacre, cutting his way out through the Turks. The Hegoumen seemed to be a great admirer of England, even of our foreign policy, and of course of Gladstone. Though quiet now, he gave me to understand that the Cretans were ready to rise at any moment. I said that the world belonged to those who know how to wait. . . ."

The next day he set out once more, to the monastery of Asomatos, where the Bishop of Lambis and Sphakia proved full of information about antiquities, and told Evans of several remote districts where engraved gems abounded. He departed thence in pouring rain, in the episcopal waterproof, for Apodoulo, where the village pope put him up. "He was old and lame, and his lair was near the fire in a little earth-floored room, where as I sat sheep walked in and out, and now and then an intrusive pig; while an unexpected coney-kin came out between my legs and I found that there was a whole litter of rabbits under his reverence's berth. The guest room on the opposite side of a sort of rough porch was better, though the sheep and lambs had free entry and apparently slept with the women and children in a further sanctum into which I did not penetrate. I found a perfervidly patriotic history of Hellas from the earliest times to the revolution and made the little boy Stavros (aet 10) read me the story of Constantine Kanares. Apodoulo had been burnt during the insurrection of '66 but the inhabitants had fled. It is still, as village after village that one passes here, half composed of ruins. . . ."

The next day Evans rode through a tremendous wind over the foothills of Ida to Kamares, only to find that the cave where early pottery was found was two hours off up the steep of Ida,

and at the moment inaccessible because of the snow. He therefore descended through a splendid gorge with ancient olive trees growing beside a stream, and lovely anemones, to the monastery of Panagia—a quadrangle with single rooms on two sides and a church in the middle. The next day they had only to ford a river, swollen by the rain, to be at Phæstos; but Evans failed to get any information there about an early cemetery he was in search of, and found the visible remains on the site not particularly interesting. Gortyna, the next stage, was more exciting, though here the remains were of a great Roman city, and the most impressive thing was a very ancient Christian basilica of St. Titos.

East Crete produced a good harvest of early engraved gems and yielded interesting sites in Rhytion, Viano, Hierapytna, Præsos and Zakro: the last, quite unexplored, obviously tempted the traveller to undertake further investigation. Thence he made his way to Palaiokastros, which produced two interesting gems. One with dolphins and rocks was plated with gold. "This shows the way in which the dark unornamental stones were treated and confirms my idea that the fragment of the stone vessel from Knossos with the reliefs was originally plated with gold. In this practise we get the origin of Mykenæan¹ gold reliefs like the Vapheio cups. . . . The other stone was a four-sided one with *hieroglyphs*."

Thence they rode through bare limestone country to Siteia, which though a new town yet produced some gems from neighbouring sites, and so to Kavusi and Mirabello Bay. From Kritsa Evans investigated the site of Goulas.² The Akropolis proved most impressive. "The general effect is stupendous: the whole height which culminates in a rocky point to the N.E. is strewn with heaps of Cyclopean ruins, and wall above wall, the remains of the primæval houses still to a great extent preserved though cumbered with débris and brushwood. A line of massive wall, in places still a dozen feet high and above five in breadth follows the outline of the peninsular hill till on either side of it its course is interrupted by the precipitous rocks that form the North bastion of the whole. . . ." The site—romantic, forgotten, and commanding a magnificent view—was exactly to Evans's taste

¹ Freeman had a system of transliterating Greek that produced Mykênê; so long as he lived Evans followed the system, and later, when he had adopted a more usual spelling, occasionally recurred to it.

² See *The Times*, August 29, 1894.

and he stayed to make a more detailed, if still rather summary, examination, and acquired some engraved seals, a terracotta figurine of an ox, and a cup with characters scratched on it like those on the stones of Knossos, and other objects. Each time he revisited the site it seemed to grow larger in extent. Beyond the first hill he examined, three other heights proved to have been fortified, and these fortresses rose above the ruins of houses of a large city in the glens and on the slopes below. The larger buildings offered comparisons with those at Troy, and suggested to Evans that here was a Homeric palace. "Of Goulas it may be truly said that 'nothing preserves like early overthrow'. There seems to be no trace of anything Hellenic here . . . there is nothing that is not Mykênæan or præ-Mykênæan. But what a mighty centre this must have been! There is no one object here to fix the attention like the Lion Gate; the walls are not so massive as those of Tiryns, but for vastness of extent, for the preservation of its inner buildings, for sublimity of site, Goulas throws all competitors into the shade. Such piles on piles of Cyclopean ruin, such walls on walls of primitive fortification, are surely to be seen nowhere else. The engraved gems show that there was here a considerable perfection in art, before the days of overthrow, and excavation may bring untold treasures to light. What one feels is that here perhaps was really the great original focus of Mykênæan culture. . . ."

The next day he was busy trying to buy more engraved seals. The trouble was that the peasant women, who called them galopetras or milk-stones, were unwilling to part with them. "Made a final effort," the diary continues, "to get the galopetra with the two goats out of the woman who owned it. Alevisos (the muleteer) and mine host Giorgios had spent half an hour the evening before arguing with her and the shepherd, her husband, and had particularly urged that I was willing to supply her with another 'milk-stone' besides paying them as much as 2 luigi. But in vain. Nor were my efforts in the morning crowned with more success. The woman only pointed to a small bairn and declared that if she parted with the stone it would die for want of nourishment!"

At last Evans tore himself away from Goulas and Kritza and rode over the hills to Elunta, where among much that was Roman he discovered some more pre-hellenic walls. "Put up in a kind of loft over a hovel which was temporarily occupied by a school-

master. Furniture 2 boxes and a chair. N.B. The pigs here are mostly fed in the houses."

Thence, by the ruins of ancient Dreros, he went down into the plain again to the village of Milato, where he acquired a stone vase, pots and some milk-stones from the neighbouring ancient site. So by Mallià he came to Herakleion again, to be hospitably entertained by Halbherr.

On April 24 Arthur Evans returned to Knossos with Halbherr and Minôs Kalokairinos, and had a look at the rock-tombs and quarries in the cliffs above the stream, beyond the ruins. He must have looked like an excitable terrier in a rabbit warren, scenting game down every hole.

He returned to England with proof of the existence of two early systems of writing in the island, one pictorial and hieroglyphic, the other linear and quasi-alphabetic. He had examples of linear script from the stones of Knossos, on cups from Goulas and other sites, on a bronze axe from Selakonos, and on seals from Knossos and east Crete; and he had a very large number of hieroglyphic seals in his own hands, and notes of others in public and private collections, with hieroglyphic characters. He spent a busy winter in England, not only in wrestling with Oxford Committees and working at the origins of Celtic art, but also in preparing his discoveries for publication.¹

By April 1895 Evans was back in Candia. John Myres came with him: a Ulysses of twenty-six, black-bearded and quick spoken, learned in many lores and a fit companion for Homeric adventure. The chief object of their journey was the site of Goulas. The diary begins:

"1895. Candia. Monday April 15th.

Left with J. Myres and Alevisos for Goulas via Lyttos etc., Dr. Joseph Hadjidakis accompanying us as far as Knossos. Here I saw my quarter of Kephala and we picked up fragments of Mycenæan pottery and painted stucco red and blue. . . ."

The quarter share gave Evans all the anticipatory pleasures of proprietorship. They lunched in the open field overlooking the site; suddenly Evans told Myres, "This is where I shall live when I come to dig Knossos."

¹ "A Mycenæan System of Writing in Crete and the Peloponnese," *Athenæum*, June 23, 1894; *The Times*, August 29, 1894; "On a New System of Hieroglyphics and a Præ-Phœnician Script from Crete and the Peloponnese," British Association, Oxford Meeting, 1894 (*Proceedings*, p. 776), and *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, XIV, 270, 1894.

As yet, however, nothing could be done there, and they went on to Psychrò, where objects from the cave poured in during the whole of their stay. "A young Psychroite tells us many stories of treasure hidden. At Mallia the school and schoolmaster were shaken down by an earthquake to a place where golden bells were ringing. In Mirabello a wizard bought a field and at once entered a door and passed through chambers of gold and silver to a place where was a bowl of liquid. This he took and was able to turn anything he liked into gold. A man on a threshing floor found a stone in his way and on removing it found three plates of gold. . . . So our Perikles: a most excellent teller of tales and many other wonders as well. At Hagios Andonis is a cleft in the rock with a cypress in it. At sunrise the wind blows it one way, at midday another, and at sunset, another: but where the wind blows it, is treasure. Which way? No one knows. . . ."

Near Hagios Giorgios they rode along an ancient road which Arthur Evans, even then, was inclined to think pre-Hellenic. They spent three and a half days working at Goulas, confirming Evans's first impression of the city as a Mycenæan trading town, and making plans of the gates and stairways, the open air shrine and the palace.¹

The April of 1895 found Evans once more in Candia, hard at work negotiating for the rest of the Knossos site. "Proposed arrangement with said Bey Tzalikaki (acting for his nephews, the heirs of Samy Bey Latifzadé) for the remaining three quarters of Kephala (Knôsos). Hadzidakis thinks they would raise price beyond the proportion of 30,000 piastres (£235) paid for my quarter. I therefore propose to allow Bey half of any treasure of gold or silver, but to pay a lower price for the three quarters than for the quarter—say £500. My 'avocat' interviews Said Bey who seems disposed to consider the terms, but family council must be held and Kadi consulted as matter relates to orphans. . . ."

Evans travelled about and secured any number of galopetras, many with hieroglyphic script; he did a certain amount of excavation at Papoura and Psychrò, and saw a great number of promising and remote sites: sites many of which are now familiar words to prehistoric archæologists. Early in May he travelled to Ligortino, where two beehive tombs had lately been excavated.

¹ See "Goulàs, the City of Zeus," in *Annual* of the British School at Athens, 1895-6. An account by Taramelli was published simultaneously in Mariani's *Antichità Cretesi* in 1896. An account of their travels appeared in the *Academy*, June 1, 20, and July 4, 1896.

His intention was to dig in search of others, and he engaged ten men for the work, but their labour was in vain. Once back at Heraklion, the negotiations for the rest of the Knossos site, broken off three years before, were continued.

"May 10. Called with our Vice-Consul Lysimachos Kalokairinos, and Avocat on the Bey Tsalikakis who is uncle of the wards of Kephála. He is a well-to-do soap boiler. I said my object was to benefit his own town, and science. He said he did not care for *ἐπιστήμη* but wanted to get profit out of the transaction. . . . My ultimatum had been previously rejected but it had the effect of making them more reasonable. Now they want to sell the land with all rights at the same rate . . . as the quarter I already have, i.e. for 90,000 piastres, £672 16. 0. . . .

"Tuesday. L. Kalokairinos offers £600 on my behalf. The Bey refuses and denies that he said he would take £660! . . .

"May 14. More negotiations about Kephala. Said Bey asked to confer at Vice-Consul's. Sends word that the young men refuse to sell at any price! Happily as co-proprietor I can compel sale of the whole.

"May 15. Signor Ittar tells me that Said Bey really thwarted Joubin with his extravagant demands. Joubin offered indemnity, filling up of holes etc., a share of treasure, but Said & Co. said: 'What about objects of value?' Joubin said, 'I will get an estimate of value and you shall have half'. 'No, we must reserve the right of getting fresh estimates from London, Berlin, etc. if we are not satisfied with what the expert allows! etc., etc. Impossible people to deal with. . . .

"May 16. Gave orders to demand forced sale of Kephala. Twenty-five days' interval necessary between formal notice and seal. (125,000 piastres maximum for the whole.) Sealed authorization to this effect with Cretan seal."

Evans was beginning to see Crete as more than a Mycenæan province. By June 1896 he was writing:¹

"The great days of Crete were those of which we still find a reflection in the Homeric poems—the period of Mycenæan culture, to which here at least we would fain attach the name 'Minoan'. Nothing more continually strikes the archæological explorer of its ancient remains than the comparative paucity and unimportance of the relics of the historic period. The monuments and coinage of some few cities—such as Gortyna or

¹ *Academy*, June 20, 1896; letter dated June 11.

Phæstos—supply, indeed, a series of brilliant if fitful exceptions; but the picturesque originality which is the prevailing feature of such classical art as here flourished is itself a witness to the general isolation of the Cretan cities from the rest of the Hellenic world. The golden age of Crete lies far beyond the limits of the historical period: its culture not only displays within the three seas an uniformity never afterwards attained, but is practically identical with that of the Peloponnese and a large part of the Ægean world.”

While a blurred yet shining vision of the past glories of Crete was thus shaping before his eyes, the present state of the island was changing. Once more he was involved in the familiar politics of a country striving to throw off the Turkish yoke; once more he breathed the heady air of revolt. The trouble was only simmering when he was in the island, but by the late summer Hazzidakis' letters were no longer about the acquisition of Knossos but about a Constitution for a free Crete, with a Christian Governor-general nominated by the Sultan. Once more Evans was to hear the familiar complaint that the Great Powers, notably England and France, were assenting to a weakening of the Christian position in the island by the Porte, instead of withstanding it. Moreover the Consuls refused to back up Hadjidakis and his Syllogos—the learned society of the island—in securing a law which should retain the island antiquities at home instead of sending the best to the Museum at Constantinople, and make it possible to excavate the ancient sites with less red tape and fewer *firman*s.

By the autumn of 1896 the Cretan insurrection, that had flared up with the heat, was officially over, and Arthur Evans in England and Hadjidakis in Crete were more immediately occupied in collecting funds for its victims. The sessions of the law courts were still suspended, and there was no chance of getting farther with the acquisition of the rest of the Knossos site. Indeed in September the co-proprietors were making trouble, and trying to force Evans to re-sell his quarter share. Hadjidakis patiently negotiated on Evans's behalf, and on December 29, 1896, was able to write that they were now willing to sell their share for some £675.

A new revolt, however, was breaking out in Crete, for the Porte was obstructing the execution of the promised reforms. Evans decided not to go there for the present. Instead he went

in February 1897 to Sardinia to see the Nuraghi and to search for any possible Mycenæan connexions. He seemed at the time to find little; but in later years his knowledge of the Sardinian tombs, swords, figurines and ingots became more significant. He went on to Carthage, Tunis, Constantine and Timgad, to see something of the neolithic settlements of the Sahara as well as the better-known Roman remains. Myres joined him from Malta in March, and they travelled together to Tripoli with a caravan of seven donkeys. Evans, who had so few dealings with Dickinsons that he even bought his paper elsewhere, had secured letters of introduction from the firm to various esparto merchants, and they used esparto buying as the pretext for their journey. "Thanks to the esparto grass connexion," Evans wrote to Harold Freeman, "I was able to elude the Turks with a party of trustworthy Arabs and make a little journey into the interior. We started as if on our way to Homs where is an esparto depôt and then left the route and struck across an inlet of the Libyan desert to the Tarhuna hills. There we were able to explore the so-called 'prehistoric Triliths' and 'Great Stone Temples', and found that they were simply great Roman oil establishments, with huge stone presses and all the rest of it. Nearly every eminence in the Wadis of what is now an almost desert country with a few half-nomad arabs, was covered by these remains, mostly protected by a Roman Castle. The ravines themselves had once been converted into reservoirs by huge Roman dams. Altogether it was very interesting. We had some difficulty with the native Arabs who at times nearly attacked our guides for bringing Christians into the country, and we were nearly always taken for the vanguard of the Italian Army of Occupation! We avoided Turkish stations but on our way back to the coast near Homs we passed one and were nearly sent back under guard to Tripoli."

The Mutessarif at Lebda found Evans's passport lacking in visés for the journey, and scrawled over with old notes on Austrian military dispositions in the Balkans; Myres, however, arranged the affair, and the passport was handed back with a friendly hint that its owner should now and then read it and clean it.

Meanwhile Greece had come to play a major part in the Cretan drama; a war with Turkey for possession of Macedonia was the chief aim of Greek policy, and a revolt in Crete was a necessary part of Greek strategy. The troubles were fomented, especially in the Canea district, ships of the Greek navy were

despatched to the harbour of the city, a Greek expeditionary force was landed, and a proclamation issued announcing the occupation of the island in the name of King George. Naval detachments from the warships of the Powers in Suda Bay occupied Canea and Candia, and the official campaign came to a standstill, but dreadful massacres both of Christians and Moslems took place in isolated villages. The Powers expostulated with Athens, but the Greek troops were not recalled until May. The rest of 1897 passed in negotiations, the local patriots and the Great Powers agreeing that Crete should be autonomous, not Greek.

It was not until the end of March 1898 that Evans returned to Crete, accompanied by Myres and by D. G. Hogarth of the British School at Athens. The towns were occupied by troops of the Great Powers. The revolt was officially over, but the whole island was suffering from its consequences. Once more Evans was back in the familiar mixture of archæology, journalism and relief work. His letters to the *Manchester Guardian*¹ are of strong protest against the attitude of Colonel Sir Herbert Chermiside, the British Commandant, whom he accused of being a partisan of the Turkish authorities who still held nominal sway, with the result that Candia was still in a state of something like anarchy.

On the morning of their arrival they rode out to Knossos, accompanying H. N. Brailsford, the *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, who was on his way to distribute sacks of barley in a distressed village. The site had not been harmed by the revolt; most of it was under corn. The next day they went, with two English privates and a Union Jack, to distribute relief at Kato Arkhanes. Then Myres and Hogarth left, and Evans remained in Candia quietly buying Cretan seals, and hearing tales of Turkish and Christian atrocities. He then sailed in a British gun boat—a brave venture for so bad a sailor—to help distribute corn all along the coast. He got off at Mallia, and undeterred by a general atmosphere of revolution, set off to visit prehistoric sites in the Eastern provinces.

“In spite of the warnings I had received,” he wrote to the *Guardian*, “as to the desperate character of the inhabitants of Kritsà, as I knew the village of old and have repeatedly stayed there, I did not hesitate to visit it unarmed, and found everything,

¹ May 24, 25, and June 13, 1898, reprinted for private circulation with the title *Letters from Crete*. Oxford, 1898.

so far as outward appearance went, quite peaceful and orderly. Most of those who at the moment of the Sitia outbreak formed part of the famous band of Tavlàs, have settled down again to orderly ways of living. In the village coffee-house a fine-looking man of Herculean proportions invited me to take lemonade with him. I presently discovered that this was the celebrated brigand chief whose tale of slain 'Turks' is said to be fabulous. But Captain Tavlàs is now all for respectability, and apparently desires to cultivate European relations."

A tragic feature was that the worst massacres were perpetrated not by Turks, but by Christians. At Sykià not a single Mohammedan had escaped; at Zyro about eighty had been blown up in the mosque where they had taken refuge. The worst massacre of all was at Etea, where all those who had taken sanctuary in the mosque were deliberately killed; only a girl who fainted and was left for dead, lived to tell the tale. Evans found the building untouched but for its ruined minaret. "I entered its unhallowed precincts," he wrote, "where no one seems to have set foot since the day of the massacre. The clothing of the wretched moslem villagers, which they had gathered together for their flight, and left when summoned to their doom, still covered the whole floor—bright bits of Oriental colouring amidst festering rags, horsehair bags that had contained their scanty stock of food, a green strip from the turban, perhaps, of some descendant of the Prophet. It recalled the one partially atoning fact amidst all these horrors, that, beneath this very roof, perhaps within a few hours of their own immolation, they had had the Master's call to massacre dinned into their approving ears. On the walls—not a line defaced—were the usual frescoes representing the fruits and pavilions of the Moslem Paradise. . . . The Massacre was not preached in the churches; on the contrary, it came as a great shock to the Greek clergy of the province, and they have not ceased to denounce it. The slaughter, as it were, came of itself. It was not premeditated and organized in high quarters as that which it anticipated. It was the work of a day's frenzy, not, as in Armenia, the prolonged agony of months and years. And there can be no question that, their short madness over, there is only one feeling among the inhabitants of the province—shame and regret. Nor must it be forgotten that there was not one of those who took part in these savage acts of extermination who had not a long tale of wrongs suffered by his own kith and

kin that called for vengeance; there was not a village represented among them that could not point to some traditional scene of horror perpetrated by the Turk. . . ."

Arthur Evans heard many tales of atrocities in the villages from the men who brought him sherds and sealstones; but the fever of revolt was over. He returned by way of Chersonesos to enter the British zone of occupation round Candia and to have his Christian muleteer Heracles promptly arrested because he *was* a Christian as soon as they entered the walls of the city. Evans raged heroically against the "Assistant Pasha" Cherm-side; before he had finished Curzon was answering questions in the Commons about the unfortunate Heracles and his four days in an unsavoury prison. Evans secured his release and returned home with his spoils.

Evans's chief anxiety at this moment was financial. He had spent too much capital on building and laying out Youlbury, and met the deficit by a sale of coins. His father ventured to suggest that Youlbury was rather larger than was needed by a man living alone and spending half the year abroad. Arthur Evans was deeply hurt, and spent a small balance, eked out by a large mortgage, on buying the house beyond his for some £2500.

In spite of these difficulties, his father welcomed Arthur's new activities with generosity and enthusiasm; his own days of discovery were over, yet now the excitement of his son's new work was some compensation for his own narrowed world. Prestwich and old Lord Verulam were growing very feeble, and Huxley was dying. On July 6, 1895, John Evans wrote to his sister: "I was at Huxley's funeral on Thursday, as you may have seen. All his womenkind were there and bore themselves bravely. . . . It is very sad to be losing so many of one's old friends, and to feel that the new generation of scientific men do not know one or care to know one." He represented the Royal Society at the Centenary of the Institut de France, but was passed over for the Presidency in favour of Lord Lister. John Evans was disappointed, but respected Lister's superior claims as a man of science, and gave him his unrestricted allegiance. He was still vigorous enough to enjoy a long day's shooting, followed by a paper at the Numismatic in London at the evening, followed by a ball, and to endure a long day's work as Foreman of a Grand Jury; and his wife's companionship had brought fresh happiness into his life. Her objective acceptance of the present, her frank

enjoyment of wealth and social position, and her zest for travel, enabled him to find pleasure in the hard won riches which had begun to seem Dead Sea fruit. She shared his archæological and educational interests and played a real part in the life of Nash House. They fell into the habit of spending the winter in Egypt; twice they made a trip up the White Nile far above Khartoum. Yet his years of discovery were past, and he travelled as an intelligent tourist rather than an archæologist. Maria enjoyed her new life, and John Evans enjoyed it with her.

In 1896 he was invited to serve as President of the Meeting of the British Association to be held at Toronto in the following year: the second meeting to be held outside the British Isles. The invitation was warmly and unanimously given: each friend on the Council took occasion to write to express his pleasure. It was accepted and fulfilled under fortunate auspices, though their departure was shadowed by loss. Augustus Franks died in May; John Evans wrote to Emma: "he has been for over forty years a second self." At the end of June Prestwich slipped out of life, leaving his friend of nearly fifty years the choice of a hundred of his books, and six dozen of his best *Château Lafitte*. Both Franks and Prestwich had given and received such friendship as had made them a true part of John Evans's life. He thought of them often with a sigh in the bright new world of America. His presidential address on the Antiquity of Man was a fitting celebration of the work of the geologists of his own generation; a new race of more professional men of science had arisen to carry on the work, but it was right that they should be reminded of those by whom the foundations of their learning had been laid.

In 1899 things in Crete at last began to take a more favourable turn. The last Turkish soldiers had left the island on November 14, and twelve days later Prince George of Greece had been nominated as High Commissioner for the Powers. He had landed on December 21, and established complete peace in the island; in their usual fashion the Moslems, rather than submit to Christian domination, had emigrated in large numbers. Arthur Evans set out very hopefully in March, though Fortnum wrote that he wished "that odious Crete" were at the bottom of the sea.

Evans landed at Canea on March 22. His diary records: "Saw Bouchier who is much with Prince George and wrote letter to him to show Prince, describing our claims. 'I am here

on behalf of the Hellenic Society and the London Committee of the British School of Athens to endeavour to secure certain sites in Crete for British archæological exploration. You know that for the last five years I have been constantly engaged in preliminary work with this object and have indeed partially secured possession of an ancient mound called Kephala on the site of Knôsos where I wish to dig. The British School at Athens is also anxious to co-operate in Cretan excavation.

‘I may mention as the principal site that we have in view besides Knôsos, the ancient Lyttos with the neighbouring Cave of Psychro, the Diktæan Cave of Zeus, distant about 4 hours mule journey from Lyttos. We should also like to do exploratory work at some minor points, namely Zakro and Kalamafka on the S.E. coast, Kamares on the south side of Ida, and the cave of Hermes Kraniaios near the site of Sybrita. . . .’

“Mar. 23. Saw Stephanos Xanthoudides, Secretary of Syllogos of Candia and a deputy. He and Hadjidaki had drawn up *projet de loi* for Cretan antiquities. Clause about acquiring sites very favourable to explorers. Government to decree excavations; excavation simply to compensate proprietor for losses sustained. The Assembly simply sent on the *projet de loi* to Prince who will promulgate it with any necessary modifications. Xanthoudides thought that not-wanted specimens might be exported.

Prince George himself very favourable. Promised all we want and even said we might have Goulas, as he has not answered Homolle’s request, and would count our claim from date of letter sent on by Duke of York. It was arranged that as the French had asked for Goulas and Itanos, we should have Præsos as well as the other sites reserved to us.”

These negotiations successfully accomplished, Evans set off by Retimo and the monastery of Arkadi to visit the cave of Hermes Kraniaios at Patsò, and thence to travel by Eleutherna and Garaso to Candia. He acquired a fine stone vase and a lovely *galopetra* engraved with swans that had been found at Knossos. Then Hogarth joined him, and they travelled to Lyttos, Præsos, Kavusi and Milato, studying possible sites for excavation, and dreaming of all that the new régime in Crete might mean to the world of learning.

XVIII
KNOSSOS

1899 – 1905

FORTNUM, who had dreaded Arthur Evans's departure to "that odious Crete", did not live to see him return. He died after a short illness on March 6, 1899. His will left his books and collections to the Ashmolean, together with £10,000 for the upkeep and stipend of the keeper, and his house at Stanmore. The ultimate residue of the estate went to the British Museum to build a room to house the Franks Collection. John and Arthur Evans were trustees and executors of the will, with two nephews of the testator, and a good deal of Arthur Evans's time on his return to England was spent in legal business and in packing up Fortnum's remaining treasures. He had never taken "old Fortnum" very seriously: the rather fussy and vain man, with his hunger for official recognition, had a ridiculous side. But Fortnum's loyalty and kindness, his fine taste and real enthusiasm for beauty, had won more affection from him than even Arthur had realized until the tie between them was broken. It had sometimes been a bore to write once a fortnight about the little affairs of the Museum; but now it was a loss, that he could no longer have Fortnum to depend on in the major crises. Fortunately his young assistant, Charles Bell, was proving a man after his own heart. He accepted Evans for what he was, and made no attempt to turn him into a conventional Museum Director. With unquestioning loyalty he obeyed, and when need arose, fought. With him in charge at the Ashmolean, Evans could be out at Knossos with an easy mind. "No one can lament more bitterly than I", Bell wrote when the Visitors were tiresome, "these things which look to you like inroads upon your prerogative—and are indeed such—because I *know*, as you are very well aware, that the great reforms of the future, necessary to place the study of Archæology and Art upon any tolerable basis here, can only be carried through by you, and by you only with the use of autocratic power."

Evans's thoughts, however, were now centred less upon the Ashmolean than upon Knossos. He had a lien on the site, and

hopes of a permission to excavate it, and he spent the winter in buying extravagant stores ready to start the excavation in the spring. The scale may be measured by the purchase of a gross of bottles of Eno's Fruit Salts and a gross of nail-brushes.

He reached Crete in March, in the middle of one of the worst storms in human memory. Hadjidakis had already completed the purchase of the whole site on his behalf, and the necessary permission for excavation from Prince George's government had been secured. Now he set about establishing a base for the excavations. "Hogarth is out here with me," he wrote to his father on March 7, "and is going to undertake a parallel dig somewhere else in Crete. We have got a roomy Turkish house belonging to a Bey which is quite near where I hope to dig. It is somewhat ramshackle, and we are busy giving it a drastic disinfecting and internal whitewashing, but it is a truly oriental abode with a kind of cascade fountain in the principal reception room and a small aqueduct running through the house. We have not yet migrated there. . . ."

Hogarth, a man eleven years younger than Evans, knew the Eastern Mediterranean as Evans knew the Adriatic, and his companionship was profitable to Evans, who except at Aylesford had done none but occasional and surreptitious excavation. Hogarth had considerable knowledge of eastern excavation. He had served his apprenticeship with Ramsay in Asia Minor, and had acquired mastery at the excavations conducted by the British School at Athens, of which he was director, at Phylakopi in Melos and Zakro in Crete. Evans had secured the services as assistant of Duncan Mackenzie, who had perfected a technique of his own in the correlation of pottery and architectural strata during four years at Phylakopi in Melos. They began on March 23. Hogarth first made soundings on the south-western slope of the site at Knossos, and found nothing. He recommended its use for a dump, and went off to the British School's new site on the other side of the stream which bounds the site to the south.

Evans, Mackenzie and the workmen were left to dig the site which Evans thought most promising. Evans had engaged just over thirty workmen to start with, with a man who had formerly served him as guide on his travels as overseer. He had insisted on having both Mohammedans and Christians, so that the work at Knossos might be an earnest of the future co-operation of the

two creeds under the new régime in the island. Considering that a few months earlier both parties had been shooting each other at sight, the experiment proved very successful.

Mackenzie was a Scot with an inaudible Highland voice, a brush of red hair, an uncertain temper, a great command of languages, and great experience in keeping the records of an excavation. Arthur Evans recognized his gifts, and endured his suspicious temper and his valetudinarian ways with exemplary patience. His own tasks, apart from general direction, were to decide where to dig, and to examine everything that was found: tasks in which his curious intuition of antiquity amply justified itself. It is interesting, in the light of forty years of later research, to go through his note books and to see how incredibly quickly he recognized things for what they were.

From the beginning the excavation was fortunate. At the start a labyrinth of buildings was revealed. As early as the second day they came upon the remains of an ancient house, with fragments of frescoes: Evans recognized it as being earlier than the Mycenæan buildings of the mainland, and compared its relics with those from the Kamares cave, the only pre-Mycenæan site in the island that so far had been excavated. By March 27 Evans entered in his notebook the fundamental discovery: "The extraordinary phenomenon: nothing Greek—nothing Roman—perhaps one single fragment of late black varnished ware among tens of thousands. Even geometrical fails us—though as tholoi found near central road show a flourishing Knossos existed lower down. . . . Nay its great period goes at least well back to præ-Mycenæan period."

On the 27th great numbers of little cups were found, and the walls showed that the Palace—for Palace Evans was sure that it was—had ended in a final catastrophe by fire. The next day they were busy excavating a drain full of fragments of pottery, with a few bits of fresco: a man's head and forearm in a bright short-sleeved tunic, part of a large fish, and a fragment with a graceful spray of leaves. On the 29th they began to clear the top and part of a kind of terrace of what Evans believed to be the central building. Soon the rims of great store jars began to appear; one or two had already been found on the site by Kalokairinos and Stillman. The next day they came upon a find of pots of an earlier shape than Mycenæan, and upon the most remarkable discovery so far: "a kind of baked clay bar,

rather like a stone chisel in shape, though broken at one end, with script on it and what appear to be numerals. It at once recalled a clay tablet of unknown age that I had copied at Candia, also found at Knossos. Also broken. There is something like cursive writing about these." Evans had been justified: this was exactly what he had come to find. He engaged more men, until there were a hundred at work on the site. More fragments of painted stucco were found, with rosettes and a little female figure; more walls were revealed incised with mason's marks in linear script; fragments of a carved frieze and mouldings of elaborate style were discovered, and a fresh hoard of inscribed tablets was revealed. Evans was entering into a new world; and each fragment seemed to join the last to form a greater yet still consistent pattern, that no man had seen for more than three thousand years. The notebook continues:

"Ap. 5. A great day! Early in the morning the gradual surface uncovering of the Corridor to left of 'Megaron' near its south end revealed two large pieces of Mycenæan fresco. . . . One represented the head and forehead, the other the waist and part of the skirt of a female figure holding in her hand a long Mycenæan 'rhyton' or high funnel shaped cup.¹ . . . The figure was life size, the flesh colour of a deep reddish hue like that of figures on Etruscan tombs and the Keftiu of Egyptian paintings. The profile of the face was of a noble type: full lips, the lower showing a slight peculiarity of curve below. The eye was dark and slightly almond shaped. In front of the ear is a kind of ornament and a necklace and bracelet are visible. The arms are beautifully modelled. The waist is of the smallest. . . . It is far and away the most remarkable human figure of the Mycenæan Age that has yet come to light. . . .

" . . . At night Manoli set to watch fresco, believed by him to be Saint with halo. His troubled dreams. Saint wrathful. Wakes and hears lowing and neighing. Something about, but of ghostly kind. *φαντάζει*; it Spooks!"

Evans chafed through the days of the Easter holiday, and then a bad South wind made work once more impossible. When it was resumed, more tablets were found, and a room with a bath and a ceiling upheld by pilasters began to be uncovered. The notebook continues:

¹ This figure was later recognized to be male, and is familiar to students as the Cupbearer.

"Ap. 10. Interesting discoveries in the N.E. chamber early this morning. The earth here is now passed through a sieve so that every bit goes through a double and even a triple examination and every scrap is noticed and set apart. One result was the discovery of what I had always hoped to find: the clay impression of a Mycenæan signet. It bore a bold but somewhat imperfectly executed design of a lion in a contracted position, with a star-like object on the fore shoulder. . . . The clay impression had been pinched in by the thumb and finger at the side and below. A part of the back had broken off showing a hollow where the string had passed through, some small strands of which, spirally woven, were visible. Near were found four small bronze hinges, which evidently had belonged to the box which it had sealed. There was also found a piece of charred wood with carving, probably a part of the coffer itself."

The next day's work revealed more seal impressions and many more tablets; evidently the room had contained wooden chests full of documents. On April 11, the head of the Cup-bearer was successfully plastered round by a man from the Candia Museum and backed, and Manoli carried it to the house on his head. The rest was safely removed the next day.

"April 13. The chief event of the day was the result of the continued excavation of the bath chamber. The parapet of the bath proved to have another circular cutting at its East end and as this was filled with charred wood—cypress—these openings were evidently for columns. On the other side of the North wall was a short bench, like that of the outer chamber, and then separated from it by a small interval a separate seat of honour or throne. It had a high back, like the seat of gypsum, which was partly imbedded in the stucco of the wall. It was raised on a square base and had a curious moulding below with crockets. (Almost Gothic!) Probably painted originally so as to harmonize with the fresco at its side. This was imperfectly preserved, but showed the upper foliage of a palm tree (No! reeds) and a part of another of a reddish brown colour on a pale ground. On the N.E. wall was another study in foliage, reed like plants in front of a tree (No! hills) and curving lines below apparently indicating flowing water. . . .

"The central clay deposits are so enigmatic that I resolved to dig trial pit and to secure section. The black primitive pottery abounds, some incised, and a good many celts, of jadeite,

greenstone, hæmatite etc. Needles of schist, bone, etc. Here we have an early site untouched in the middle of a later settlement: from religious reasons? Was there a Casa Romuli or Palatine of Knossos? "

Gradually he came to recognize the bath of the Throne room as no ordinary bath, but a ritual impluvium. From everywhere a multitude of small finds were discovered; more tablets, more minute bits of frescoed stucco, fragments of inlay, ivory, faience and crystal.

A telegram in *The Times* announced Arthur Evans's success to Nash Mills; his father, radiant with joy, declared it "dies Creta notanda" and sent him £500. In writing to acknowledge it on April 15 Arthur Evans told him:

"The great discovery is whole deposits, entire or fragmentary, of clay tablets analogous to the Babylonian but with inscriptions in the prehistoric script of Crete. I must have about seven hundred pieces by now. It is extremely satisfactory, as it is what I came to Crete seven years ago to find, and it is the coping stone to what I have already put together. These inscriptions engraved on the wet clay are evidently the work of practised scribes, and there are also many figures no doubt representing numerals. A certain number of characters are pictographic, showing what the subject of the documents was. Thus in one chamber occurred a series with chariots and horses' heads on them, others show vases etc. . . ."

As soon as the fresco fragments were found, Evans had sent for Gilliéron, a Swiss artist established in Athens who had made many drawings and replicas for the French school and had a wide knowledge of technique. He and Evans set to work on the fragments of the fresco from the throne room, and on the 19th Evans records: "It now becomes clear that a guardian griffin stood on either side of the door leading to the room beyond the bath chamber. What was it? "

Theodore Fyfe, the Architect of the British School, soon followed, and was busy for weeks with general and detailed plans of the congeries of buildings that the excavations had revealed over a site that already measured about two acres. Discovery followed discovery: an Egyptian statuette of diorite, a great paved area with stairways, a fresco of olive sprays in flower, another of a boy gathering saffron, a fresco of people in solemn procession, a great relief in painted stucco of a charging

bull. "What a part these creatures play here!" Evans wrote. "On the frescoes and reliefs, the chief design of the seals, on a steatite vase, above the gate it may be of the Palace itself. Was not some one or other of these creatures visible on the ruined site in the early Dorian days, which gave the actual tradition of the Bull of Minos?"

On May 10 he wrote to John Evans: "With regard to prehistoric inscriptions, 'the cry is still they come'. I have just struck the largest deposit yet, some hundreds of pieces. I doubt if it will be possible to bring out any originals, but I may be able to get casts of some made. . . . Of recent finds the most interesting are bits of a fresco in quite a miniature style, with groups of women before a building with columns. . . . I do not expect that I can get back to England till the second week in June, and how to get through the material, none of which may leave the island, is a problem."¹

The work indeed, was almost overwhelming, especially as the valley proved malarial and work had to end on June 2, and the Museum of Candia was housed in the hot upper floor of the old Turkish barrack. The improved political condition of the island had led to other sites being attempted: Halbherr and Pernier were excavating on behalf of the Italian School at Phæstos, where they had found another Minoan Palace that afforded comparisons with Knossos; and an American lady, Miss Boyd, was investigating sites at Gournià and elsewhere. Comparative material, indeed, was beginning to pour in to make the task of understanding Knossos more complex. By September Evans was discussing his scripts at the British Association meeting at Bradford, and before the end of the year he had contributed a paper on "The Palace of Knossos in its Egyptian Relations" to the Egypt Exploration Fund Report, and various letters to the *Times* to elaborate his discoveries. The expense of excavating such a site was considerable; an earlier appeal to the public had produced little, for everyone's interest was concentrated on the South African War. Now a fresh appeal for funds for future exploration was instituted under the competent direction of George MacMillan, a devoted Hellenist and a hereditary friend of the Evans family. Evans, however, was conscious that the money collected would not pay for work already accomplished,

¹ For a fuller account see "The Palace of Knossos, summary report of the excavations for the year 1900." *Annual of the British School at Athens*, VI, 1899-1900, pp. 1-70.

and afraid that a Fund Committee might hamper his liberty. In November 1900 he wrote to his father: "It is very good of you to make your offer to MacMillan, but unless, as is highly improbable, we are rolling in thousands a little time hence there is no real prospect of retrospective action. The public Appeal was made to execute a future programme not to cover the past. Apart from that, it is just as well that I should be in a more or less independent position in the matter. The Palace of Knossos was my idea and my work, and it turns out to be such a find as one could not hope for in a lifetime or in many lifetimes. That the Fund should help me is another thing. If you like to give me the money personally that also would be quite acceptable. But we may as well keep some of Knossos in the family! I am quite resolved not to have the thing entirely 'pooled' for many reasons, but largely because I must have sole control of what I am personally undertaking. With other people it may be different, but I know it is so with me; my way may not be the best but it is the only way I can work."

The clearness and excellence of the summary report of the first campaign, which appeared early in 1901, greatly strengthened his case. By the end of February 1901 he was back in Candia. Since the house by the stream had proved malarial, he had rented a Turkish house in Candia, half way between the centre of the town and the Retimo gate, down a little lane that branched off the main street opposite a small mosque. A paved way, bright with flowers, led under an arch into a courtyard with orange trees. There was a grille in the upper room from which the vanished harem had once watched all that went on, and the flat roofs were arranged for privacy. Evans, Mackenzie and Fyfe used to ride out every day to Knossos on mules, through a tunnel-like gate over the town moat, past the lepers congregated to beg outside, along a rough track with few habitations but the Dervishes' Tekke that was a half way house. Arthur Evans loved to go fast, even on a mule, and was always envious of Halbherr's fine horse, until he finally acquired a fast Turkish cob of his own.

The work began by a careful checking of various problems that had arisen in the course of a winter's work on the previous season's results: Evans was learning more of the technique of excavation, and realizing that with a site of this importance no smallest detail could be hurried or scamped.

That March John Evans—seventy-seven now, but still vigorous—managed to get to Crete with his wife to see the discoveries. On the day of his arrival, he wrote to Harriet, “We rode out on mules over a very rough road to Knossos and visited the excavations on which there are nearly a hundred men at work. Arthur is trying to find the boundary of the Western Court of the palace, and is opening out another of the magazine passages. The large pots in it seem to be in perfect preservation. They had found a good early gem that morning, and a small stone hatchet in a stratum lower than the Palace. It is a curiously planned building and in a fine situation. The wonder is that it has been so little disturbed, but some superstitious reverence must have been attached to the spot. Arthur has a roomy house at Knossos and the tablets and many of the minor antiquities are kept there. He has also a headquarters in Candia. . . . The housekeeper kissed Maria affectionately, but she drew the line at me. . . .” They spent days together out on the site, opened an underground store and found fragments of gold, and then set out together on an expedition across the island, by Agia Varvara to Gortyna, “having ridden nearly eight hours over as bad a road as could be imagined. In parts there were regular flights of stairs. In other parts where the road had been paved the main thing was to find a passage at the side. We crossed the main range of mountains running along Crete and had some lovely views: Mount Ida covered with snow, the distant sea, and the fine Lethean plain. . . . Signor Halbherr met us at the house destined to receive us . . . the stairs to which were partly covered with inscriptions. In the courtyard were many more or less damaged marble statues and a sarcophagus. Beds . . . were merely of planks on trestles with a thin mattress over them.” Next day they explored Gortyna and rode over to Phæstos; after a day’s rest they returned to Candia, having ridden some 80 miles in three days. It was a great feat for an old man, and a great pleasure and self-justification for his son.

John Evans returned to England that spring with much to hope for. He took Maria and their daughter Joan, now nearly eight, to Market Bosworth, and happily revived old memories. While they were there news came that a son—the first, and as it proved, the only Evans grandson—had been born to Lewis and Eva Evans. Work was still given to John Evans: that year he was unanimously elected Chairman of the Hertfordshire

County Council: but he had strength and spirit enough to undertake it.

Most of Arthur Evans's discoveries that season were made after his father's departure. On April 24 he wrote: "... Out of five different fragments of a clay seal belonging to as many different impressions, but overlapping one another in design, I have been able to reconstruct a wonderful religious scene: a Goddess on a sacred rock or peak with two lions in heraldic attitudes on either side of it, her temple behind, and a votary in front. Another interesting find is a tall vase of plain clay with a linear inscription engraved on its shoulder.

"The northern entrance is taking quite a new development. The original floor level is much deeper than we expected, and we have now about eight tiers of good stone masonry on each side. I am just beginning to remove the surface earth to the East of this, and have sunk many trial pits farther down on this side, which show a considerable extension of the building. In other parts the pits have gone down through a neolithic deposit containing several clay images and many celts, etc."

On May 4 he wrote to his father: "Digging is now in full swing on the East side and two first rate finds have just been made. One is the king of Mycenæan stone vases, decorated with fine spiraliform reliefs, and so large that it took eleven men with poles and ropes to remove it from the site. The other is the remains of a royal gaming table, about a metre by fifty centimetres. It is set with crystal and ivory mosaic with gold settings and silver lining under some of the crystal plaques. At one end is an arrangement of circles for the Egyptian game of draughts. . . . Then follows a kind of labyrinth of crystal, as for some other kind of 'Troy Town' game, and four large inlaid rosettes follow, magnificent specimens of jewelry. The whole seems to have been surrounded by a border of *gesso duro* covered with *κράνος*. Getting it out was a matter of enormous difficulty as the perishable framework lay in loose earth above a somewhat irregular pavement. But we made a wooden frame round the sides and plastered them round and gradually introduced slips of wood with plaster below. But it took two days to get through with it, and it suffered no further harm. Naturally it was a good deal crushed and, here and there, distorted, but the whole design remains practically intact. . . . It gives an extraordinary idea of magnificence."

The excavation was developing in all directions; Evans had come to the site in the hope of finding a seal impression and a clay tablet, and Time and Chance had led him to discover a civilization. Interest was inevitably shifting from the small finds, however exciting, to the Palace as a whole. He was discovering at Knossos that unknown architecture of wood which he had first dreamed of at Mycenæ eighteen years before. On June 4 he wrote again to his father: "The architectural discoveries increase daily in importance. It is evident that we are only just coming to the real centre of the Palace buildings. We have now a hall with two column-bases approached by a quadruple flight of stairs. Two of these, under the others, have had to be tunnelled out. A gallery with a wooden colonnade ran round the west side of this room in two stages. Beyond the hall is a larger room, only partly excavated, with more column bases. It will probably prove to be the principal *megaron* of the Palace. This has finely frescoed walls of stone rising about eighteen feet at the western end. Above the stairs are traces of a further higher flight having existed, and in parts we find evidences of two storeys above the basement. It is altogether unexampled and unexpected."

These important architectural survivals led Evans into the new venture of replacing the perished wooden elements and thus reconstructing the vanished whole. The "Hall of the Colonnades" had its columns and windows replaced, a room near the great staircase was rebuilt from its elements, and other walls were set back in place. Evans was one of the first excavators to have a trained architect always on the site; most men were content to bring one in at the end of the season to make the necessary plans. With Fyfe as part of the team, these reconstructions could be carried out almost *pari passu* with the excavations. Not only was a curiously impressive evocation of a past architecture thus created, but also the alabaster used for interior work in the palace was protected from the elements.

Evans left Candia for Athens in June. There he met evidence of a leakage of objects from the site, for some inscriptions and clay seals had been sold there which clearly came from Knossos. The various series of tablets were so well known to him that he was able to tell exactly whence they had been stolen, and with Mackenzie's help to identify the workman who had stolen them. It was some consolation that his name was Aristides.

Arthur Evans returned to England in June 1901 to receive the recognition he deserved. Dublin and Edinburgh Universities conferred honorary doctorates upon him. He went on to read a paper on the neolithic settlement at Knossos to the British Association at Glasgow, in which for the first time he classified the remains as falling into a neolithic stratum and three subsequent phases in the age of Bronze. The Royal Society elected him a Fellow early in June; it was the first time that a father and son had held the fellowship simultaneously. The Society was growing more and more restricted to the natural sciences. Arthur Evans was the last archæologist to be elected to it, and it seemed fitting that the exceptional honour should fall to one whose father, grandfather, great grandfather and great great grandfather had all been fellows: John Evans, John Dickinson, Lewis Evans and George Dionysius Ehret. At the same time he was approached by Maunde Thompson, as secretary of a committee that was endeavouring to create a British Academy, of which, were it founded, he was to be a member.

The English attitude to learning in general, and to archæology in particular, continued to irk Arthur Evans; and Oxford was as usual the head and front of the offending. That May he had written from Knossos to Charles Bell, who was finding his position in the Ashmolean none too easy: "I had never thought that you could long acquiesce in such very imperfectly requited functions as those of Assistant Keeper of the Ashmolean. Knowing what your qualities are I have always hoped that your present post would be a stepping stone to something better. . . . Of course the old University idea of such ill-paid offices—the Keepership of the Ashmolean Museum, for instance, as it used to be—was that it would be naturally coupled with a College Fellowship. . . . My own ambition for you has been that you should be *resident* Slade Professor, under a new Statute, a College Fellowship being attached to it. But there seem to be difficulties in the way of the University meeting the legal difficulties created by Slade's will that way. . . .

"The administrative part of the work at the Institution as it now is is naturally made more difficult by its anomalous organization. There is no Assistant Keeper at the other Museum (the University Galleries), and yet the Keeper can be away for half the year without inconvenience. Evidently there is something very wrong in all this which must be remedied. What I feel

about the Ashmolean when I am there is the practical impossibility of doing any continuous work. It is all interruptions. Whatever is begun has to be set aside for something else, and one is supposed to be an expert in half a dozen departments, any one of which it is impossible creditably to cover. It makes life 'an organized hypocrisy', as Dizzy said of the Conservative party. . . ."

It was decided early in 1902 that the season at Knossos should begin as early as possible; in the preceding summer there had been much fever about, which had hampered the work. Mackenzie was out there at the end of January, happy to have secured the services of Gregori Antoniou, Hogarth's foreman, since Hogarth was not proposing to come to Crete and the overseer who had hitherto been employed at Knossos had been dismissed for having exceeded what Evans called "the permissible limit of speculation."

Gregori was a handsome bull-necked Cypriote, a superman among foremen, who knew how to keep his men at work and had learned in a *jeunesse orageuse* spent in tomb-robbing in Cyprus how to remove the most fragile of objects without breaking them. Evans reached Crete early in February 1902; one of the first things Gregori asked him was whether there were any tombs in Oxford.

Evans was not well that winter, and was more troubled than usual over the finances of the excavation. He had spent some £4,500 on Knossos, of which about £2,000 had come through the Cretan Excavation Fund. This, which had been started under the ægis of the British School at Athens, when the island became autonomous, helped to finance Hogarth's and Bosanquet's sites as well as his own. Hogarth, who had his own way to make in the world, naturally took a salary and his expenses from the fund, in a way that Evans, who took no salary and paid the larger part of his own expenses, could not comprehend; for Evans always felt about a man who made his living out of excavation rather as a mystic feels about a man who makes a living, however honourably, out of religion. Hogarth, in his turn, could not understand Evans's extravagant ideas. "I had not regarded your arrears," he wrote to Evans, "as a first charge, and some part of them not even as a second. For to some extent you can hardly complain of 'paying for your whistle'; that is, for expenses avoidable had you so chosen. For example, the restora-

tions and the very expensive building erected over the Throne Room after the frescoes had been removed; and also the doing of work *per alios* which most diggers must do *per se*. However you have to answer to no one for that, having, as a matter of fact, 'paid for your whistle' pretty heavily." The correspondence continued, with more plain speaking. On January 17 Hogarth wrote:

"I did not intend to imply 'disapprobation' of your methods. I certainly did not express it and you must have indulged in the dangerous practice of reading between the lines. Restorations like the Throne Room are not a question of methods, but of the gratifying of a desire to reconstruct tangibly what must otherwise only be imagined. But you justly admit it is a luxury which everyone cannot pay for, and perhaps others can hardly be expected to pay for.

"These expensive methods are yours in digging, as in collecting and in ordinary life. You are a rich man's son, and have probably never been at a loss for money. At the other pole to you stands Petrie—I see advantages in the methods of both. If you spend much more in proportion than Petrie, you produce far worthier results in published form, and one feels that nothing has been spared to obtain expert accuracy. One can't feel that with P.'s roughly drawn plans and illustrations; nor again does he leave a site so that it is a gain for the spectator. The drawback of your method is that it does not appeal to people's pockets. All P.'s 'cave-man' plan of life has been deliberately adopted to convince the subscriber that every penny goes into the earth. There is no doubt that unless you sue *in forma pauperis*, public subscription will not follow you. That you cannot do. You are well known as a collector of rare and costly things, and as your father's son, and the public will not be convinced. I am not talking in the air, for I am continually chaffed about the 'princely' way things are done by us in Crete, and I have lately heard that reports about our Cretan houses, brought back I suppose by the big tourist parties, have decided some old subscribers, not to pay up again. For those houses I am, I know, as much responsible as you. I attach much more weight to this idea that has evidently got about than to any expressions of Macmillan's letter. In a less degree the same difficulty dogs me—I and my wife do not look like P. and his wife. But to live by public subscription we should have to! . . ."

Evans continued to feel less sanguine than usual. The Ashmolean Visitors were restive, and disinclined to take the work at Knossos seriously. Soon after he got to Candia in 1902 he heard from Charles Bell of trouble at a meeting: trouble over a small matter, but symptomatic of an unfriendly attitude towards the absent Keeper. "This will not do," he replied. . . . "Nothing is more to be deprecated than to threaten resignation as a means of pressure towards securing particular ends, and I have never done so, however much or little they may desire to retain my services. But this treatment leaves me no option in the matter." Bell replied pacifically, but at the moment Evans was not to be pacified.

"It is not by submitting to such action on the part of the Board," he wrote, "that one can remain in a position to carry out important reforms in the future. It is not as if it were merely a personal question. . . . There is no doubt whatever as to the accuracy of my record in the Minutes. I was specially on the alert to see that this part of the proposal regarding the fees . . . should be carried. . . . It was my business to avoid muddle and uncertainty in the matter and I came away from the Meeting, as you know, fully satisfied. . . .

"If it was a matter of a personal misunderstanding I would willingly give in, but it is not. It is a vital matter of principle concerning the management of the Institution, which must be fought out. I do not wish to desert the ship. I have very much to lose by doing so. I do not at all wish to leave you in the lurch. But this high-handed reversing of the action of those responsible for the working of the machine makes all direction impossible. . . ."

A few months later, when Charles Bell was offered a better job—which he did not take—Arthur Evans continued his animadversions on the future of the Ashmolean.

". . . I have deeply felt the growing vortex into which the administrative complication of the place have been drawing all your energies and the wrongfulness of your being so entirely shut off from your own special fields of research. It is constantly on my mind, and yet while personally I can do little to remedy it I can not regard any radical modification of the present constitution of the Museum and Galleries as on the immediate horizon. The possibility of getting some alleviation by calling in paid specialist assistance in various departments must always

be kept in view, but it is limited by very strict financial bounds. On the other hand, before we can really move in other directions that great Reformer, Death, must first have cleared the way in the case of at least two living obstructions. You say that you think that if I could devote continuous time and attention to the struggle the fall of the old régime might be precipitated. The experience of the last great fight, with all the weight of the Fortnum benefaction behind me, was not encouraging. The cry of 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians' may be raised again—would be raised—and not to succeed would be worse than to have lain low. To succeed would involve an interest on the part of the University on behalf of Art and Archæology *per se* which does not exist. I too have given very serious hostages to fortune here in Crete and could not be continually on the spot to marshall our forces. . . .

"All this is rather pessimistic, but I am myself in a state of mental crisis, about which, however, I will not write now. Board management is at the root of a good deal of the difficulty and all modern tendencies at Oxford seem against simplicity in machinery. My own instincts in the matter are somewhat trenchantly simple, and I think they succeed better in Crete than in Oxford!

"... I have always hoped that the machine would have worked more automatically now that owing to all your energy and labours it has been set going, but all that you have written to me about the domestic economy of the place points the other way. The whole thing is a vicious circle of which I see no end. You are right about my own views regarding the Keeper's position. I have always regarded it as one of the few research posts in Oxford, and wish to hand it down as such. Such was the original understanding and the motive of the regulations regarding the tenure of the office, including the contemplated long absences and the lectures when resident. Since then, however, the great development of the Institution has much altered the position, and though your self-sacrificing devotion has enabled me to hold on so far, the position becomes continually more difficult. I have suffered a good deal in health, as you know, of recent years and residence away from Oxford also makes matters less easy. On the other hand I do not like to leave the deck till the ship is safely over the shoals; and though the Museum loses (if it can be called a loss!) on the one side,

at least the results of some of my outside work are likely to benefit it directly as well as indirectly in an exceptional way. . . ."

Even at Knossos things were not going too easily. Soon after his arrival in the spring of 1902 he wrote to his father: "I am rather overwhelmed at the amount that still seems to remain to be done here. The walls run further down the east slope than I expected, and everything is so deep. As to the Fund, nothing seems to be coming in now, so that I have to raise the wind considerably! The work will be very difficult as we have mostly two storeys to deal with, which requires a lot of propping up." Even in April he was still a little discouraged. "We have been much hindered by the continuance of bad weather here; such rain seems never to have been known here before. I had a little touch of fever but am better now, and in the lucid intervals of weather am pushing on the work all I know, to bring the main excavation to a finish by the end of May. There are two hundred and thirty men on the job just now.

"The new hall is very interesting, with colonnades of a new construction and a private staircase going up to the *thalamos* above. Beyond this a short corridor has led us to the very heart of the labyrinth. The great walls at the bottom of the east slope are also a striking feature, and new developments are taking place along the east Terrace above. In a *souterrain* here, under the floor of a basement room, are turning up very fine vases of the early Kamáres class, and in a Mycenæan basement room near have been found a lot of pieces of a porcelain mosaic consisting for the most part of small plaques representing the houses of a Minoan town. They are a good deal broken but many can be reconstituted, and the results are truly surprising: houses of three storeys with single windows of four panes, and double windows of three panes each. The form of the construction varies, sometimes masonry, more often timber and plaster. Outside [there] seem to have been besiegers and defenders, trees and animals.

"I succeeded in a rather bold experiment the other day. There was a much-sloping wall of rubble masonry about a metre thick at the top of the main staircase, threatening destruction to all below it, as it was at an angle of about 75°. After due propping I had slits cut along the base on each side, its face was then planked over and roped and fifty men set to tug. It righted

itself most gracefully against a stop temporarily erected for the purpose. . . ."

It was not surprising that the season lasted longer than was expected, and did not end until the beginning of June. Ere that Evans had been able to write to his father: "Our last find here is the remains of extraordinarily fine statuettes of ivory. Part of the surface and some limbs are wanting, but there is a good part of two figures. The carving goes beyond anything that could have been imagined and is more like good Renaissance work than anything classical. . . ." Besides these a cup with an ink-written inscription, vases painted with lily sprays, and all sorts of small and charming objects were discovered; Evans returned to England with plenty to talk about.

His father was growing older and more rheumatic, but could still enjoy life, and the presentation of the medal of the Numismatic Society to his son. The winter passed quickly; there were the Ashmolean arrears to be dealt with, though Charles Bell had coped with most of the routine, there were lectures to be given, and a report of the season's excavations to be prepared.

In the spring of 1903 Arthur Evans hoped once more to see his father at Knossos, but the sea was so stormy that he could get no nearer than Syra, as the captain held out no hope of landing at Candia. Instead of showing him the results of the dig, which had begun on February 23, Arthur Evans wrote in April to describe them. "Things here have taken—as usual—a much greater development than I had anticipated. On the North West broad steps began to appear, going down in two flights at right angles . . . and have been found to lead to a paved area, which must have served for some kind of shows. In fact it seems to me to be part of a primitive theatre. The part beyond is much over-laid by later walls and a Roman pavement of hard cement which has to be blasted, but we are bound to go on though at much more labour and cost. In the early houses bordering these remains an exciting find was made of a bronze oenochoe and a nest of bronze basins, four in number. The oenochoe is magnificent, with embossed ornamentation round: finer than any metal vase of the period. The basins have rims and handles with a fine decoration of leaf design and lilies.

"On the north east, where certain door jambs have been noticed protruding at the foot of the bank below the mule-path, we tunnelled in and found fine remains of a house with gypsum

walls and stairs, and have been obliged to make a deep cutting into the hillside to bring the whole to light. It proves to be a better specimen of a private house than has yet been found, with remains of the upper storey and three staircases. . . ." The next letter continues the description. "Its main hall seems to be actually an anticipation of the later basilica with *tribuna* and *cancellum*, and a niche with remains of a gypsum throne. It looks as if this may have been a royal villa outside the walls and near the stream, for summer occupation. . . . There seems to be no hope of finishing this year, though I must keep on till the end of May. . . ."

The season ended with a discovery in a depository in the floor of a room Evans had already thought to be a shrine, of a hoard of vases and reliefs in faience: animals, fish, flowers, rocks, and shells, and figurines of a snake goddess and her votaries. Both artistically and from the point of view of the history of religion, it was a sensational find, and one which people not trained in archæology could appreciate. Twenty years before, Evans had travelled with an unknown Englishman in Italy. "He asked me," he wrote "à propos of excavations, who it was who had been digging 'at Babylon or Tyre or somewhere in those parts'—I found it was Dr. Schliemann! Yet he seemed otherwise intelligent. Had I to do with 'the general reader'?" Now, he was himself beginning to be known to the general reader.

It was entirely characteristic of Evans that working as he did in an island under Greek influence, and having secured the public ear on the subject of Knossos, he should proceed to address the world on the subject of the wrongs of Macedonia.¹ Greece was laying claim to the country which was still under Turkish rule, and Evans opposed the claim on ethnological, linguistic, and humanitarian grounds, while striking yet again against Turkish iniquities, and for once supporting an Austro-Russian scheme of reforms.

John Evans celebrated his eightieth birthday in November 1903. Hertfordshire honoured his services by presentations of all kinds. Besides a portrait by Cope for the Royal Society, Collier painted him for the County Hall at St. Albans. His friends paused for a moment in their busy lives to survey what

¹ *The Times*, October 1 and November 3, 1903. The former letter was reprinted by the Balkan Committee under the title, "Extermination in Macedonia."

he had done. Ridgeway, for example, wrote from Cambridge: ". . . It is only when one looks back at the condition of Archæology in this country fifty years ago, when you first began to write, and contrasts the present position of such studies in this country both as regards methods and popular esteem, that one realizes what you have done for British Archæology. In the words applied by Aristotle to the first of the ancient philosophers, who brought method into what had been previously but vain babblings, you appeared as *νήφων ἐν μεθύσοις*. May you long continue to stimulate all branches of Archæology and control its methods by your strong common sense criticism."

The honour which touched John Evans most was bestowed by the Oxford College for which his father had entered him in 1839: the College of which he had never been a member. That autumn Brasenose elected him an honorary Fellow, and at last, just before his eightieth birthday, he matriculated as a member of the College. It was the first time that father and son had been simultaneously Honorary Fellows, and this time the son was the senior in standing.

Much work on an almost overwhelming mass of material kept Arthur Evans in England until March 1904; he just missed his father in Athens. Gregori had already arrived and tomb-hunting had begun; a good many were discovered, but most of them had been rifled already. Then on April 30 Evans wrote to his father: ". . . We have some really important finds. One could not well find a royal tomb unrobbed, but still we have some interesting objects from it and the tomb itself is on a great scale. Its ground plan is square, the front and back walls vertical, the other two gradually sloping in. The bowl of Egyptian basalt is really magnificent: it is curious what a large Egyptian element there is. The tombs of the necropolis have produced some very beautiful swords and other arms. . . ."

"We have struck a continuation of the roadway west of the 'Theatre', which promises to lead to something, and want to try on a large scale for tombs near the Palace. . . ." The next letter carries on the tale: "North of the new causeway, which has been traced for about 250 yards West of the Theatre, and not far from the latter, certain appearances led me to sink a pit which resulted in the discovery of a hoard of bronze arrowheads and sealings, and remains of the chest that had held them, as well as a clay tablet referring to a store of about 8000 arrows. There

were also remains of walls, and it was evident that we had here some magazine in connexion with the Palace. I have therefore thought it necessary to uncover at least a section of this before winding up. An enormous mass of earth has had to be removed for this including the remains of Greek and Roman habitations which here exist. Only a part has been uncovered but a very fine hoard of inscribed tablets has already come to light, and another chest of arrowheads with its official sealings. . . ."

Evans did not reach England until the middle of July. "I was detained in Crete," he wrote, "chiefly in negotiations about what 'duplicates' I can get out. I have a catalogue of objects, mostly broken, but I do not know whether they will be inclined to interpret their new law liberally. A commission has to be appointed and all kinds of formalities had to be gone through." Evans realized that the site was by no means exhausted, yet the time had come to take stock of the astonishing mass of things discovered. The official report on the excavations for the season of 1904 is brief and summary; Evans was beginning to work on another scale. The major problem of the script remained unsolved, and much of the winter was spent in copying and classifying and analysing the signs that had been found on seals and tablets. Beyond the numerals hardly any interpretation proved possible: neither comparison, nor study nor intuition could solve the mystery. Evans worked so long at it that his friends declared that his handwriting was beginning to be influenced by the Cretan linear script.

In spite of these recondite researches, Youlbury continued to be a centre of life, and of young life. Evans had always loved children, though fate had not granted him any of his own; and most children liked him. An old letter from Sicily tells how "He quite fascinated a small girl in a Trattoria at Lentini, for while he was eating his luncheon she brought in first her baby sister out of its cradle (the mother rushing in and calling out 'Assassina!') and then her best frock, green silk, to show him, insisting on his helping her to do up the hooks." Ever since he had been at Youlbury it had been a house of call for his friends' children; he made nothing of taking in a family of four Poultons or five Lewis Evanses for a holiday, or two little girls at once each with her own nurse or governess, for convalescence. He loved, too, to give a children's party with favours and cotillions in the best Ragusan style, and a general air of magnificence about it.

Now he had adopted Lancelot Freeman, a son of Margaret's brother who had settled in Virginia: a delicate and unintellectual little boy, on whom he lavished every advantage he could think of. With a child in the house there was always an excuse for having children about the place. When Lance was at his preparatory school, and later at Rugby, the house was full of boys in the holidays; and the children of Boar's Hill came to regard Youldbury as their own.

Evans spent much time in planning the planting and clearing of the estate. The oak wood needed no change but the making of a few paths, the pine wood little but the clearing of a few vistas; but he planted many rhododendrons and azaleas and heaths near the house, and caused the garden to spread in all directions so that no one knew where it ended and the woods began. He walked through them every day he was at home, seeing sometimes the beauty that lay around him, and sometimes other woods. "A vision still haunts my inner eye", he once wrote,¹ "of a forest glade in the Dinaric Alps where islands of lilac crocuses rose at intervals from a white sea of snowdrops. In the woodland fringe of the opposite Cotswold and Chiltern hills splendid is the impression left by the acres of rose willow-herb spread along the slopes. But no sight surely in Nature's own wild garden can excel the view near at hand of the Hen Wood in May with its dreamy haze of bluebells, stretching between the oaks, wherever a vista opens, as though some mirage had reversed the blue of heaven; or, as a child once put it, 'as if a bit of the sky had fallen down'."

Evans had begun to have a car in the days when to do so was an adventure. He enjoyed going far afield, at the highest speed of which it was capable. Lewis Evans now had a fine Georgian house a mile or two north of Watford, and the Minets and the Longmans had each acquired seventeenth-century houses on the other side of Hertfordshire. At all of these he was welcome, and there was much coming and going round the family.

In 1905 Evans did not reach Crete until the middle of March, and left it a month later to attend an archæological congress in Athens. It was there that he put forward the first classification of Minoan civilization of the Bronze Age into nine periods:² a

¹ *Jarn Mound*, 1933, p. 39.

² "Essai de Classification des époques de la Civilisation Minoenne," *Athens*, 1905, and *Quaritch*, 1906.

classification admittedly formal, that none the less corresponded well with facts and has needed surprisingly little modification. International recognition of his work followed in his election as Correspondent de l'Institut: another honour which he shared with his father.

He returned to Knossos to follow out the line of the Minoan road, but much time was taken up with clearing out the lower sections of the grand staircase and restoring its columns. His return to England was clouded by the news of his aunt Emma Hubbard's death. She had been ill for some time, yet had been happy in her little house at Kew, sketching in the gardens, watching wild birds, and giving encouragement to a writer, W. H. Hudson, whose work she was one of the first to appreciate. With her going the family circle narrowed. Sebastian, growing now more and more like his father in his old age, was so much taken up with the ventures of his sons that the rest of the family saw less of him. It had always been Emma that had carried on her grandmother's and mother's tradition of a friendly hearth where all would find good talk and a warm welcome. With her death, Bramblebury, Bosworth, and Kensington Square, all seemed to belong to a remoter past.

For Arthur, too, a new epoch was beginning. Out of an inchoate mass of pottery and stone, metal and faience, clay tablets and seals, walls and pavements, he had to achieve a synthesis. He had set out to find a script; he had found four and could read none of them. But Time and Chance had made him the discoverer of a new civilization, and he had to make it intelligible to other men. Fortunately it was exactly to his taste: set in beautiful Mediterranean country, aristocratic and humane in feeling; creating an art brilliant in colour and unusual in form, that drew inspiration from the flowers and birds and creatures that he loved. It provided him with enigmas to solve and oracles to interpret, and opened a new world for eye and mind to dwell in: a world which served to isolate him from a present in which he had found no real place.

It is in relation with that world that Evans's quality must be assessed; for unusualness was of the essence of his being. The difference between him and his father is partly expressed in that very fact. John Evans was a man of remarkable consistency, and Arthur a man of paradox. He was flamboyant, and oddly modest; dignified, and loveably ridiculous; imperious, and

surprisingly gentle; extravagant, yet by no means self-indulgent and in some things austere. He could be subtle as an Oriental, and simple as a child. He could be fantastically kind, and fundamentally uninterested in other people; he could be fantastically generous, and extremely self-centred. He could be a princely host, and live for months as a recluse; he could be, and was, a devoted worker, and be at the same time both idle and ineffective. He was always loyal to his friends, and never gave up doing something he had set his heart on for the sake of someone he loved. He was always true to his principles, and always true, at the same time, to his own unconscious sense of the pre-eminent importance of the workings of his own mind. This, indeed, is the explanation of his elusiveness, for he lived as the genius he was; and a genius is a man whose mind works in so unusual a fashion that his truth to that vital working must be the only criterion of his life.

XIX

A CHANGING WORLD

1906 - 1921

IT was a time of change. John Evans had lived at Nash Mills since 1840, and at Nash House since 1856; now he was to leave them both. The Mills were growing closer and closer to the house, and the Directors wished to have it for their offices and the lawns for their coal wharf. A great new chimney scattered smuts on the frilled white curtains. Maria, who had never liked the situation of the house, decided that the valley damp was bad for rheumatism. At first John Evans talked of moving to London; then, in 1904, he decided to build his wife a new house in Hertfordshire.

He had been for nearly twenty years Chairman of the Governors of Berkhamsted School; a school rather like that at Market Bosworth in its foundation, where he had been able to accomplish all that his father had wished to achieve at Bosworth, by developing it into a public school that still served the people of the town. As a consequence he had grown to know the place well, and he decided to settle on Berkhamsted Common. A handsome prosperous red-brick house was built, and plans for the great move were set on foot.

John Evans determined that the time had come "to be his own executor" and to hand over his collections of stone and bronze to his son. The biggest lorry from the mills was borrowed and the boxes of stone implements packed on to it; but the collections weighed four tons, and the bottom of the van dropped out before it had reached the end of the Nash Mills drive. On January 13, 1906, however, Arthur was able to write to his father from Youldbury: "The vans arrived safely yesterday and we succeeded in getting the objects out in a provisional way. Nothing seems to have suffered from the journey. . . . The cabinets fit in very well, but there are more things to find drawers for than I had reckoned on! It is an immense collection. I think, as you suggest, it will be better to dispose soon of a good deal of the pottery. A certain amount will come in usefully in



JOHN EVANS
By Hubert Herkomer, 1890



National Portrait Gallery

ARTHUR JOHN EVANS
by Francis Dodd, 1935

the Ashmolean series. It will be very gradual work getting anything like straight.

"As I said before, I would rather you had kept the collections, but, as you did not see your way to doing so, it is better that I should keep them, at least for a time. Anyhow I hope I may learn something from them and I do realize your kind intention."

Arthur Evans, indeed, did not want the collections in the least. He preferred to fill his rooms with Renaissance pictures and Greek Island embroideries rather than with cabinets of stone and bronze implements; he wanted to work at Cretan rather than North European material; and he still felt the need of creating an atmosphere of his own instead of breathing that made by his father. Most of the boxes were taken down to the cellar without being unpacked at all. In June, while Arthur was at Knossos, the move to the new house, called Britwell after John Evans's birthplace, was duly made. One sunny day John Evans drove away alone from Nash Mills in the big landau, with his cabinets of gold coins on the seat before him, and no one knew what his thoughts were as the heavy carriage swung out of the drive for the last time.

Arthur Evans, meanwhile, was planning to build on his own account. He was tired of riding out of Candia to Knossos and back, and the Turkish house by the stream had not proved healthy. He therefore instructed Christian Doll, now architect to the British School at Athens, to build him a house above the palace site, just where he had told John Myres he would build one ten years before. He planned it himself, with basement rooms for coolness and a flat roof for air, and a steel and cement framework for strength. By October 1906 the roof was on.

Long before that Evans was back at Oxford. "I am just starting an agitation", he wrote to his father, "by means of an open letter to the Vice Chancellor, for putting an end to the provisional government of the University Picture Galleries (which has lasted a quarter of a century!) and making a new Department with the same title but in the Ashmolean Museum, and with the renaissance and later oriental collections tacked on to it. This would set free the Fortnum funds for the whole building. Bell would naturally be first Keeper of the new Department, as he has done a lot of its proper work already, and the present titular Keeper, the Ruskin Drawing Master, would be pensioned

so far as the Galleries are concerned. I expect a good deal of obstruction."

Evans's expectations were not disappointed; but he had his way in March 1907, and went on to stress the need of the Museum for the adjoining land, and for the necessity for a Coin Room and a new lecture room. At the same time he was drawn into the movement that pressed for a measure of University Reform, especially in directions that should limit the power and influence of the Colleges and their tutors and increase that of the Professors and the University as a whole.

The year 1906 passed in such labours, and he did not go out to Knossos to inhabit the new house; the work done on the site was published by Duncan Mackenzie. At the beginning of 1907 a new financial prospect began to open before Arthur Evans. Old John Dickinson had left Abbot's Hill and a large entailed estate to his son and grandsons; if these died without issue Arthur was to inherit it. Of the grandsons, John—an æsthete and an enthusiast for French drama who resented the existence of the firm under his name so much that he called himself John Ehret Dickinson—had died suddenly from heart disease in 1896; now his brother Tom, a man twelve years younger than Evans, was seriously ill and reported to be out of his mind. He was not married, and if he died Arthur would inherit a much-needed fortune.

Evans went out to Crete late in the spring of 1907, chiefly to carry out supplementary excavations and probings to clear up problems that had arisen during his examination of the material already found. The new house promised well, and the site seemed inexhaustible. He returned to find Tom Dickinson better; and let Youlbury and planned to retire to his recently acquired second house near by in an unwonted spirit of economy. In October, however, he was still at Youlbury, and giving a splendid party to a geological congress, with many of his father's stone and bronze implements on exhibition. That winter he was very busy over the first volume of his *Scripta Minoa*: an exceedingly minute and difficult piece of work. He succeeded in making the Clarendon Press cast founts of Minoan characters in two sizes; his scripts, if still unintelligible, had yet passed into print.

In December 1907 his work both in Crete and at the Ashmolean was celebrated by the presentation of his portrait by his friend William Richmond to the Ashmolean, the gift of sub-

scribers from many lands. Painted in the strong Cretan sunlight against a background of Minoan stonework and olive-clad hillside, it seemed to bring light and warmth to the wall on which it hung. At the ceremony of presentation Evans replied simply and well, laying all his stress on the Ashmolean and what he owed to his colleagues there for the work and sympathy which had made his absences in Crete practicable, and to the generosity of Fortnum that had recreated the Museum. John Evans was there, proud and happy; it was to be the last time he visited Oxford. His health was beginning to fail; it was with difficulty that he read a paper to the Antiquaries on some steatite vessels from Egypt, in the middle of February 1908.¹ He could not take part in the Centenary celebrations of the Geological Society and resigned from its Council and from the Presidency of the Egypt Exploration Fund. He began to feel both old and ill, but bore both age and illness with fortitude and the same unquestioning patience with which his father had faced them. In May it was decided that he must undergo an operation; his strength was not equal to the strain, and on the 31st of May, 1908, he died, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

Arthur Evans had gone out to Crete, to excavate a villa to the west of the Palace; he was there when the news of his father's death reached him. It was hard to believe he would never hear that courteous voice again, or see the curved hands balance a flint or flutter over a fine coin; that he would never again test his own theories on the mind so like his own, and so infinitely more cautious; or draw from his father's memory the detail that he himself had once known and had half forgotten.

He thought of the long funeral procession passing Nash Mills and Abbot's Hill; of the black concourse of neighbours under the elms at Abbot's Langley; of all who would come from London and Oxford, and every corner of Hertfordshire to do honour to the man who had served his generation. The scene that he saw with his mind's eye was strangely different from the bare bright Cretan upland that lay before him; yet there had been something massive and heroic about his father that had seemed right when seen against a background of Minoan masonry. They might have laid him as fittingly in a rock-hewn tomb in a Cretan hillside, with the best of his treasures round him.

Arthur Evans stayed long enough in Crete to finish the season's

¹ *Proc. Soc. Ants.*, 2nd series, XXII, 1908, p. 89.

campaign, which served to show how much more there was to be discovered, and returned early in July to take up his paternal inheritance, which included the collections of coins and Roman glass and the great library of archæological books. In the middle of the month he received an honorary doctorate at Manchester, and went on to give an important lecture on the script at Cambridge. On October 28 poor Tom Dickinson died alone in a Boulogne hotel, and Evans came in for the Dickinson estate, and found himself a much richer man than ever his father had been.

The statute that merged the University Galleries in the Ashmolean Museum, and made possible the redistribution and rearrangement of the collections was through at last, and Charles Bell was safely appointed Keeper of the Art Galleries. Evans was now determined to give up his own Keepership of the Museum: a resignation that he had often threatened in moments of irritation. He was now fifty-seven: he had inherited a considerable fortune from his father, as well as the Dickinson estate; his work at Knossos was still unfinished; and he had arrears of publication to make up. The decision was obviously wise, yet it startled an Oxford, in which few men ever retired. "I am so surprised," wrote Madan, "and (in a way) shocked to hear that the Ashmolean is somehow to get on without you! You are absolutely identified with it in the eyes of all of us, and I cannot think what will happen to it. I do not suppose that any academical institution has been so entirely and splendidly changed for the better under its Keeper, and as for the value of its contents, why, it must be more than decupled." Lord Curzon, the newly enthroned Chancellor of the University, wrote no less handsomely. "Your real monument is the Ashmolean itself, now organized and equipped on a scale that renders it absolutely unrecognizable to the Oxonian of twenty five years ago, and makes it a source of pride and credit to the University. Though you may be resigning your post, I trust that this will mean no severance between the University and yourself, if not in active work, at any rate in academic interest."

Arthur Evans, indeed, had no idea of a passive resignation. He wished to be, and was, appointed to an Honorary Keepership of the Museum, which ensured him a permanent seat on its Governing Body, and allowed him still to feel a proprietary interest in its collections. In December 1908 Evans celebrated his approaching departure by presenting to the Museum his

father's collection of Anglo-Saxon jewellery and of early Teutonic metal work. In January 1909 Hogarth was appointed to succeed him as Keeper of the Ashmolean, and in his inaugural lecture paid handsome tribute to his predecessor's work for the Museum. In March Evans was presented with the Royal Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects: an honour which he shared with Layard and Schliemann among archæologists. In June he was honoured by appointment by the University of Oxford as Extraordinary Professor of Prehistoric Archæology, with very few duties and a nominal salary. He spent the spring at Knossos, excavating a tomb like a house, that he christened the "Tomb of the Double Axes", for two votive axes were found in it and the grave shaft was shaped like a double axe.¹ He stayed at Knossos in the comparatively cool new house until the beginning of July. He there received a letter from his friend Farnell of Exeter College which was to condition his activities for the rest of the year. "You will probably be surprised," wrote Farnell, "at the suggestion which this letter contains, and it may trouble you in the midst of your peaceful and fruitful labours. To come to the point with brutal abruptness, my object is to ask you to consider whether you would like to be put forward as our University Burgess or Parliamentary representative at the next General Election, against Lord Hugh Cecil?"

"This is the situation. Talbot has announced his intention of not seeking re-election. Hugh Cecil, whom no other constituency will look at, neither the Unionists because he is a Free Trader nor the Radicals because of his reactionary sacerdotal views, is being forced upon us by the High Church ecclesiastical party, who have duped a lot of others into supporting them on the ground that he is a very striking personality in the House. Chief of the dupes is Macan . . . throwing over the Tariff Reformers on the one hand and the Oxford Reformers on the other. . . .

"Now many of us, and some who are not Tariff Reformers, feel that to the cause of the Reformers, which Parliament may ultimately have to try, Hugh Cecil will be the most dangerous and detrimental opponent. He is in no sense, either by performance, occupation or intellectual outlook, fit to be the repre-

¹ See "The Tomb of the Double Axes and Associated Group, and Pillar Rooms and Ritual Vessels of the 'Little Palace' at Knossos." *Archæologia*, LXV, 1-94, 1914; and *Quaritch*, 1914.

sentative of a University that is trying to reform itself and to rise in the world. But to keep him out is a difficult matter. Our best chance would be with a man powerful in his Academic qualifications and also a Tariff Reformer. I really do not know your views on this latter question, but if we see a chance of getting in a purely Academic champion, it has occurred to many that you are the sort of man. The University Member might really confine his attendance in the House to questions of education, and others that directly or indirectly affect the University. Therefore, the position need not endanger your learned leisure, which is so valuable to our prestige. Think it well over, and understand that the struggle will be most difficult. I write as an individual, but Phelps who is summoning the Liberal Caucus wants me to approach you. . . . May the Goddess of Crete inspire you with good counsel! "

It was surely some more Puckish sprite that induced Evans to accept. Of all men of any intelligence he was the last who was fitted to represent a constituency. He had a profound contempt for forms and procedure; he was a halting, involved and inaudible speaker, and he had no respect whatever for mass opinion, or the party system. It made the escapade yet more piquant that he had been brought up in an almost feudal veneration for the Cecils and had declared his independence of his Conservative father by proclaiming himself a radical and a free-trader.

Accept, however, he did. On July 2 Farnell wrote to Youlbury to greet him on his return. "Your wire has filled us with hope and delight. You are the man of the crisis, who alone can save us from this sacerdotal Cecil-worship. You are not only our 'last resort', but quite the best possible. Your being able to announce yourself a Tariff-Reformer increases your chances tenfold. You gathered from my letter probably that I thought you were a free-trader. I should have voted for you *quand-même* as an ideal Academic candidate. But I should also have advised you not to stand. For Hugh Cecil *can only* be beaten by a Tariff Reformer. . . ."

Very soon after Evans's return he received the formal invitation to stand, and his formal reply was published. He condemned "dumping" (had he not lately inherited a fortune largely invested in Dickinsons?); he deprecated fresh demands on capital and property (was he not now a landowner?); and he

commended Tariff Reform, all in terms that smacked rather of the Central Office. When he went on to speak of University Reform, the accent was his own:

"An awakened consciousness of the wasteful dualism of our existing arrangements and of the disastrous severance of teaching from research has already produced a movement from more than one direction for the greater integration of the University and College systems. The growing need for the scientific direction of our studies has inspired an effort to restore the Faculties to the place which they occupy in other Seats of Learning. The tyranny of the present examination system and the consequent narrowing and depression of intellectual interests has been more and more realized. . . .

"But, while those best able to speak for the various subjects concerned are practically unanimous as to the necessity of a considerable reorganization, few indeed who know the composition of our local Congregation can be sanguine enough to imagine that any adequate scheme of University reform will be carried from within. The dead weight of vested interests and the obstructive force of a particular type of College tradition is thrown into the other scale. Yet the alternative is a Royal Commission, with all its unknown potentialities of interference and the possible sacrifice of true Academic interests to popular cries.

"It is at this grave crisis in our history that the University Constituency is asked at a moment's notice to accept a Candidate who has not only had no recent experience in our affairs but who has shown no symptom of any sympathy with the reforming movements. . . .

"I am in favour of opening our doors as wide as possible to those, in whatever position in life, who are capable of profiting by the higher instruction of the place, of encouraging by considerable financial readjustments the presence of poor students, and of removing the last shred of pretext for the familiar gibe that our University is a club of the well-to-do.

"But I am strongly opposed to any scheme for 'popularizing' the University by lowering the standard of our curriculum, or for diverting funds from the higher studies represented here to the purposes of Secondary Education. The ladder of approach from its lowest to its topmost rung, is the business of the State and it would be monstrous to despoil the University or its Colleges

in order to remedy the deplorable neglect through which the Education of a great part of the English people has sunk below the civilized European level. Our own resources are more than needed for the support of our Academic studies, the maintenance of a lofty Educational ideal and the greater advancement of Science and Research within our walls.

"Nothing indeed,—except perhaps its self-sufficiency—is more characteristic of the type of mind that our existing conditions have had a tendency to produce than its strange limitations and its inability to appreciate the need of scientific methods. It is this spirit which finds its way into our public offices and mounts the Treasury Bench, with disastrous consequences to the Nation at large. At a time when the world is governed by expert knowledge we cannot afford to rely on rule of thumb. It should be the special function of an University representative to support all enlightened efforts to infuse the scientific spirit into our Government Departments and to put them in touch with the new sources of special knowledge such as we hope may be opened out by more than one of our new Diploma courses. . . ."

Arthur Evans's candidature was a matter of surprise and amusement to his friends. Macan wrote from Bayreuth:

"*The Times* of Saturday has reached me here, and brings me the startling news of your candidature for the University. So ignorant can one be of the politics of one's best personal friends that, had I been asked what your political position was, I should perhaps have replied that, so far as I had any means of judging, you were a Home Ruler, a Free Trader, and in favour of Disestablishment: in short what would nowadays be called 'a good Liberal'. Was I wholly in error, say, for the Evans of ten years since? Am I wrong in thinking that you may even in the past have recorded a vote for Liberals? Nay, am I wrong in thinking that, at the last General Election, you supported Strauss for our division of Berkshire? . . .

"I confess I did not foresee the likelihood of your candidature, partly on what now prove erroneous suppositions in regard to your politics, partly perhaps because I thought of you as supremely dedicate to learning and research—and I never took thought to pre-establish a harmony! When the fight is over, and the dust cleared off, I hope we shall be as good friends as ever."

Macan felt it his duty to write to the Press to give warning

that Evans's conversion to Tariff Reform was extremely recent, since in 1906 he had worked to secure the return of a Liberal Free Trader for Berkshire. Evans replied with truth that he was "a strong individualist"; he came out imposingly against Disestablishment, and wisely held his tongue on the subject of Home Rule.

Meanwhile feeling ran high, and ere they had done both Lord Hugh and Evans were considered to have broken the etiquette that forbids candidates for University seats to address meetings, issue manifestoes, or make a personal appeal to voters. Everyone wished Sir William Anson to be returned, and many people were afraid lest Evans's candidature should drive him out rather than Lord Hugh Cecil. A survey of the situation at the end of October, however, revealed that Evans could only count on some four hundred votes, and stood no chance of being returned. His agent, H. N. Dickinson, wrote sensibly enough that his only hope of victory stood in some extremely improbable outburst of activity against Anson. He considered that, to avoid a fiasco, Evans was bound to retire some time; the question was when and why. The candidate's views remained unchanged, and there was no reason but expediency why he should retire. "There remains," wrote Dickinson, "only the expedient of a request from Lansdowne or some other of equal standing. With regard to this, I think it should come at a time when all is apparently going swimmingly. We do not want it to look like a refuge for the destitute. To the outside world it should appear to be an act of sheer deference to party authority, while our disappointed supporters can be pacified as may appear best. From this point of view it would be no bad thing to time the intervention for as soon as possible after our (presumably successful) demonstrations of Nov. 3 and Nov. 12."

The meeting of graduates on the 3rd was a dismal failure: only thirty people attended. That for November 12 was cancelled. Meanwhile Anson had consented to have his name coupled with that of Cecil as an official candidate, although he was a Tariff Reformer and Cecil a Free Trader, and Cecil had received over three thousand promises of support. Dickinson's letters grew more and more gloomy, and on December 12 the expected letter arrived from Bowood inviting Evans to retire from the fray. Evans accepted, at some length, and the comedy was over. Evans brought the curtain down with a set of verses:

" Lord Hugh, from Greenwich turned away
 For troth to Cobden's creed,
 Flies to the Home of Causes Lost,
 And hardly needs to plead.

Amazed that any one should stick
 To principles so tight,
 The Dons rush out in crowds to prove
 That *theirs*, at least, sit light.

Some sacrifice they clearly owe
 For such convictions shown,
 So, while their idol clings to his,
 They offer up their own.

True, in an Academic sense,
 Tariff Reform—'tis clear—
 Commands their warm allegiance,
 But *votes* they'll give elsewhere! "

As elections go it had been a clean and amusing battle; none the less it left Evans permanently disgusted with English politics.

His retirement almost coincided with the publication of the first volume of *Scripta Minoa* by the Clarendon Press. One of the first copies went to Macan: a peace offering that was very warmly accepted. " I hope," Macan wrote, " the Kretans will not take it into their heads to elect you as ' the Member for Knossos ' to the Greek Parliament: it would be a *casus belli* with the young Turks. And I must add that I rejoice on public and on personal grounds that you have so gracefully and magnanimously spared us a contest nearer home: and I can honestly say that I believe your candidature has done more for causes which you and I have at heart—though we differed as to ways and means—than would have resulted if matters had been pushed to extremes."

That December Sebastian Evans died, rather weary of a world that failed to appreciate his sons, but loving beauty and fine language to the end. He was the last of Arthur Benoni Evans's children; with him passed many memories.

Arthur Evans was enjoying himself at Youlbury, in a last stupendous effort to make his Berkshire garden look like Bosnia. A dam was made across the combe, to hold up the waters of a spring in the hillside so that it formed a lake. At present the lake was almost empty and the banks were a waste of sand; but Evans already saw the water reflecting the sky and the breeze,

and embowered in rhododendrons. He rejoiced, too, in a pale and secret garden where the spring rose from the ground; a little sanctuary of stillness hidden by bamboo thickets, planted with trembling rushes and white fritillaries, with clumps of frail Japanese iris that looked like flights of butterflies.

The house itself, which had already been enlarged once, was now being completed on a grand scale. The drawing room was doubled in size, and a great library was built beyond it, with two floors of guests' rooms above. The library was big enough to take any number of tables and bookcases on the floor, apart from the bookshelves that lined all its walls. Here he could work at his great book on the Palace of Minos, classifying his material by the simple process of setting up a fresh trestle table for each fresh section, and moving from one to the other like a chess player engaged in multiple games. In truth he needed space; his material was overwhelming, and he took advantage of none of the modern methods in dealing with it. He had neither secretary nor typewriter, and still used a quill pen. His handwriting was growing more and more stylized, and was of a kind that produced a fertile crop of printer's errors. Even the *Times* once printed "The Royal Lamb at Knossos," instead of "The Royal Tomb". One reference to Chaldean cylinders had "naked female figures" turned into "naked French figures", and "exotic" into "erotic", with astonishing results. An erratum slip that said "*for skytotes read rhytons*" drew the comment from *Punch* that they were sorry that the author thought it necessary to part with "skytotes": "it is just the short word we have been wanting for aeroplanes". Evans was, moreover, quite incapable of correcting proofs in galley slips; those long fluttering ribbons of paper meant nothing to him. Faced with a paged proof, however, he not only corrected but rewrote, with a sublime disregard of the cost of corrections.

The book, which was originally called *Nine Minoan Periods*, was rechristened *The Palace of Minos* before the first volume was out. It was the first book that Evans had ever published not at his own expense, and loss. His friend George MacMillan, a friend of the third generation in both families, was an enthusiastic promoter of archæological learning; he made a generous offer to publish the great work, and to share profits if ever expenses were met. It is doubtful if he foresaw that the cost of corrections—nearly £2,300—would exceed the cost of composition. Evans made it

a condition of his acceptance of the offer that the book should be printed at the Oxford University Press. It was a wise proviso, for it made it possible for him to explain his wishes orally; and nowhere else would the same patient consideration have been accorded to wishes that sometimes seemed capricious and often impracticable. He insisted in particular on as many illustrations as possible being in the text, and as near as possible to the textual reference to them. The result is an ugly book, but one that it is easy to use. Evans, indeed, was always preaching Freeman's doctrine that a book was a tool, and remained completely uninterested in the æsthetic side of book-production.

Minoan Crete, however, was far from monopolizing his attention. The inheritance of his father's coin collection, which included the coins collected by Arthur Benoni Evans, meant that the accumulations of three generations had to be merged into a whole. Some sections, that had no special interest for him, were sold; others were given to the Ashmolean and the British Museum. He continued to acquire on his own account, especially Greek, Cretan and Sicilian coins. His collection of engraved gems, too, was always growing. It was, perhaps, that in which his own taste for the romantic aspects of classical art was most fully expressed. The gems with chariot races, with portrait heads of Pontic and Ptolemaic queens; a standing portrait of Socrates; a brilliant sard, engraved by a woman sculptor with the head of a swimming water nymph, her ear-ring like her tresses thrown back by the forward motion: these were his especial favourites, in a collection every stone of which had been chosen because he liked it.¹

The same individual taste dictated his purchases of pictures. He never acquired a Bellini or an Andrea del Sarto, though he greatly admired both artists: "Bellini," he once wrote, "always shakes me." But he had a fine portrait of a lady by Bronzino; a delightful girl with a kitten by a Venetian artist; a striking Caravaggio that he had once picked up in Trastevere; and two paintings—a *St. Catharine* attributed to Dosso Dossi, and a *Hagar and Ishmael* of the school of Veronese—which he had bought, almost invisible through coats of black varnish, from the walls of an old Venetian house at Zante.

¹ See *An Illustrative Selection of Greek and Greco-Roman Gems, to which is added a Minoan and Proto-Hellenic series*. . . . Oxford, privately printed at the University Press, 1938.

He continued to find life almost too full. In July 1912 he wrote to Charles Bell:

" . . . There are so many distractions just at this time that however much one tries to avoid them one can't help being pulled about! I had amongst other things to give an Address at the Hellenic Society, and I really do think that I have succeeded in making some of them sit up. *Pour épater MM. les Héliénistes*, I told them with pious unction that Homer, properly speaking, was a translator, and that part of an illustrated edition of his original had lately come to light in Crete and Mycenæ. In short, he worked up an older Minoan Epic and was after all somewhat of a "literary dog." Bridges, here, is very pleased, and says that is just what he was, but I expect rather a shindy! . . ."

Evans found time to be interested in other things than art. The Boy Scout movement, for example, found in him an enthusiastic supporter: its recognition of adventure and the study of nature and the enjoyment of the open air exactly appealed to him. In 1914 the Youlbury Troop was founded, with a stretch of woodland for their use, quarters like a forester's hut in an Austrian forest, and the freedom of the woods. Boys of all sizes in scout uniform began to lurk in the Youlbury thickets and Evans found an appreciative audience for his stories of brigands and revolt.

University Reform was still a burning question, and Evans was deeply concerned in it; and now he had the added authority that comes from being completely disinterested. Curzon had had a plan of reform, which had been thrown out by the University; Evans was one of the Progressives who supported the setting up of a University Commission as the next step, with authority to enquire into the constitution and legislative machinery of the University, and into the administration of University and College resources. "The Club" was most active in pressing for Boards of Faculties and a Council of the Faculties, for measures that should promote Research, and for the simplification of University legislation. Evans, too, was anxious to have Professorships founded in Northern Archæology and the History of Architecture that with a reformed Slade Professorship and the Professorship of Classical Archæology should ensure that Archæology and the history of Art should be taught at Oxford as in every other great European University. Little was accomplished at the time; and though ten years later some of the administrative and financial

reforms were put into effect, architecture and the history of art, and post-Roman archæology, are still inadequately taught, or not taught at all, at Oxford.

In April 1911 Evans was elected President of the Hellenic Society: a real tribute to one who was not primarily a Hellenist. In June he received a knighthood in the Coronation Honours: his Oxford friends were pleased, but his family felt that he should have had a K.C.B. like his father. In another capacity, however, he was destined to succeed him. He was approached in 1912 with a view to his election as President of the Society of Antiquaries, but declared that he was too busy, and that it would be better for Sir Hercules Read to hold office for another term. In 1914 Evans was duly elected to the presidential chair and thereby became an ex-officio Trustee of the British Museum.

Once more Balkan politics were reaching boiling point. The Young Turks were in command at Constantinople, and all the political balance of the Near East was upset. In Greece the Cretan Venizelos had inaugurated a period of reform and development. Turkey's war with Italy at the end of 1911, and a secret treaty between Greece and Bulgaria, led to the possibility of offering real resistance to Turkish massacres in Macedonia. On October 14, 1912, Greece annexed a Crete that had already fought for inclusion in the Hellenic State, and on the following day Turkey declared war against Bulgaria, Serbia and Montenegro. By October 18 Greece had expressed her loyalty to the Balkan Alliance by declaring war against Turkey.

It was a quick and successful campaign, that drove the Turks back behind the Chataldja Lines. "To-day, in little more than a month," Evans declared,¹ "the whole political figuration of the Balkan Peninsula has been changed. An Empire which has gone on for over five centuries has been deprived of its European provinces, and what all Europe, and Great Powers like Russia, have in vain attempted to do, has been carried out, very efficiently, throughout the larger part of that area, by the small powers joined in an alliance which a few weeks ago must have been undreamt of by those who thought they knew the Balkan country and Balkan people most thoroughly. . . . What strikes one as most remarkable, in proportion as one has had acquaintance with those peoples, is the fact that they should have been able

¹ In an unidentified lecture given in November 1912, of which shorthand notes were taken for Professor Myres, who has kindly allowed me to use them.

to act together, that Greek and Bulgarian should at last work together, and that all the rivalries and animosities of centuries should have been set aside in favour of joint action."

In January 1913 Evans entertained several of the Delegates to the Peace Conference, then being held in London, at Youlbury. Two fractions of his life seemed to join when he talked on one hand to the Cretan Venizelos and on the other to the Montenegrin Voinovitch, and when the hopes of all were centred on a Balkan Peninsula and an Ægean Sea freed from Turkish dominion. The English government, however, made trouble by supporting the Austrian proposal to exclude Serbia from the Adriatic, which in its turn made Serbia discontented with the partition of Macedonia. Unrest continued in every country of the Balkans, until all lesser troubles were obscured by the declaration of war against Germany in August 1914.

Evans's first war-time task was to rescue several Ragusan citizens who had been interned as Austrians on their arrival in port. He made himself so troublesome to the authorities, who had other things to think of than the principles of Serbo-Croat nationalism, that he was finally allowed to give a guarantee for them and to house them at Youlbury. It was not long before they were released.

His next task, as President of the Antiquaries, was to protest against "the sin against history" committed against Louvain, for which the only retribution, he felt, must be the eventual confiscation of Flemish masterpieces from German galleries in favour of a restored Louvain. Such destruction, and the hymns of hate that rose from the German Universities, both saddened and angered him; he had had German friends ever since his student days, and he was always averse from believing ill of those to whom he had given his friendship. In all the societies of which he was President or Member of Council, he stood out consistently against the idea of expelling foreign members because they belonged to an enemy country. In his anniversary address to the Antiquaries in 1916 Evans proclaimed: "That there should be a serious and prolonged estrangement of the peoples of the British Commonwealth from those of the German Empire has become inevitable. But this does not affect the immutable condition of all branches of research, which is their essential interdependence. We have not ceased to share a common task with those who to-day are our enemies. We cannot shirk the fact that

to-morrow we shall be once more labourers together in the same historic field. It is incumbent on us to do nothing which should shut the door to mutual intercourse in subjects like our own, which lie apart from the domain of human passions, in the silent avenues of the past." Arthur Evans was saddened too, by personal losses; his nephew, Frederick Longman, killed on October 18, 1914, was but the first of the boys who had used to play at Youlbury to die on the field of battle.

Most of his English archæological friends were in Greece, and concerned with the difficult questions of her neutrality or belligerence. Evans felt himself more deeply interested in the question of Italy's claims in the Adriatic. However important the Italian entry into the war on the Allied side, he felt that it should not be bought at the expense of the Slavs of the Dalmatian coast. This was a real danger in 1915, which only passed with the greater danger of the fall of Serbia into Austrian hands in the autumn of 1916. Evans was as enthusiastic in his support of Slav nationalism as he had ever been; in April he found converse with a kindred spirit in a visit of Professor Masaryk to Youlbury. At the end of the month he addressed a letter and a memorandum to Sir Edward Grey on the national union of the South Slavs: a document that begins with a sketch of the Roman organization of the district, goes on to a very clear ethnographical account of the Adriatic peoples, and ends with a reasoned historic plea for the recognition of the South Slavs as a national entity.

In January 1916 Evans took the occasion of a lecture to the Royal Geographical Society to discuss the whole Adriatic question from the geo-political point of view, warmly advocating the creation of the Jugo-Slav State, and pointing out that the ancient Roman road from east to west along the valley of the Save should be re-established as a railroad by joining Brood to Belgrade, and Gradisca to Ljubljana, to create a Simplon route from Western Europe to Belgrade and the East, as an alternative to the longer route followed by the Orient Express. In June he was busy doing what he could for a colony of Servian boys whom the cross currents of war had thrown up at Oxford. They found something of home in the woods and lake at Youlbury. The bread, milk and cheese that rough mountaineers and friendly peasants had given Evans in the past was repaid a hundredfold; and with it the friendly greeting that called a stranger Brother.

In June, as President of the Numismatic Society, Evans offered

two prizes totalling £100 for designs for a medal to commemorate the British victory off Jutland, in the hope of raising the general standard of medallic art in England. The compositions, which he judged in conjunction with G. F. Hill and Eric Maclagan, were a source of real interest to him and to others, but times were too hard, and victories too narrow, for medals commemorating them to rouse much general interest.

Next, he fought the Cabinet tooth and nail over a proposal to hand over the buildings of the British Museum as headquarters for Lord Rothermere and the Air Board: a battle waged by all the learned societies of England, that was called "a nine days' wonder", for the scholars defeated the politicians. The Air Board contented themselves with the Savoy Hotel.

In September 1916 he once more received an honour, and fulfilled a duty, that had fallen to his father's lot: he served as President at the meeting of the British Association held at Newcastle. War had shorn it of many visitors, and of much festivity; but his presidential address—a good fighting speech—received much newspaper publicity. It bore no sign of having been composed under difficulties, but part of it, at any rate, was thought out during a nightmare journey to a hospital near Boulogne, where Lance Freeman lay so seriously wounded that his uncle was sent for. The learned part of the address was on the Magdalenian culture, with reference to the Minoan civilization. The point, however, lay in the peroration.

"Civilization in its higher form to-day, though highly complex, forms essentially a unitary mass. It has no longer to be sought out in separate luminous centres, shining like planets through the surrounding night. Still less is it the property of one privileged country or people. Many as are the tongues of mortal men, its votaries, like the immortals, speak a single language. Throughout the whole vast area, illuminated by its quickening rays, its workers are interdependent, and pledged to a common cause.

"We, indeed, who are here to-day to promote in a special way the cause of truth and knowledge have never had a more austere duty set before us. I know that our ranks are thinned. How many of those who would otherwise be engaged in progressive research have been called away for their country's service? How many who could least be spared were called to return no more? Scientific intercourse is broken, and its cosmopolitan character is obscured by the death struggle in which

whole continents are locked. The concentration, moreover, of the nation and of its Government on immediate ends has distracted it from the urgent reforms called for by the very evils that are the root cause of many of the greatest difficulties it has had to overcome. It is a lamentable fact that beyond any nation of the West, the bulk of our people remains sunk not in comparative ignorance only—for that is less difficult to overcome—but in intellectual apathy. The dull *incuria* of the parents is reflected in the children, and the desire for the acquirement of knowledge in our schools and colleges is appreciably less than elsewhere. So, too, with the scientific side of education: it is not so much the actual amount of science taught that is in question—insufficient as that is—as the installation of the scientific spirit itself—the perception of method, the sacred thirst for investigation.

“We must all bow before the hard necessity of the moment. Of much we cannot judge. But let us, who still have the opportunity of doing so, at least prepare for the even more serious struggle that must ensue against the enemy in our midst that gnaws our vitals. We have to deal with ignorance, apathy, the non-scientific mental attitude, the absorption of popular interest in sports and amusements. . . .

“It will be a hard struggle for the friends of science and education, and the air is thick with mephitic vapours. Perhaps the worst economy to which we are to-day reduced by our former lack of preparedness is the economy of truth. Heaven knows!—it may be a necessary penalty. But its results are evil. Vital facts that concern our national wellbeing, others that even affect the cause of a lasting peace, are constantly suppressed by official action. The negative character of the process at work which conceals its operation from the masses makes it the more insidious. We live in a murky atmosphere amidst the suggestions of the false, and there seems to be a real danger that the recognition of truth as itself a source of power may suffer an eclipse.

“It is at such a time and under these adverse conditions that we, whose object it is to promote the advancement of science, are called upon to act. It is for us to see to it that the lighted torch handed down to us from the ages shall be passed on with a still brighter flame. Let us champion the cause of education in the best sense of the word, as having regard to its spiritual as well as its scientific side. Let us go forward with our own tasks,

unflinchingly seeking for the truth, confident that, in the eternal dispensation, each successive generation of seekers may approach nearer to the goal. *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.*"

1916 ended with the clouds of war pressing more closely upon Evans, as upon all other Englishmen. Lance Freeman was making but a slow convalescence; Oxford was strangely changed; and all that Evans held dear had no importance in a world dedicated to destruction. Like his father before him, he found consolation in work; the trestle tables in the library were fuller and more numerous than ever, and the synthesis of Minoan civilization was growing more complex and more inclusive. The dark months of 1917 and the earlier part of 1918 were spent in hard work upon his own excavations in Crete, not as isolated discoveries, but as part of a cultural whole of which knowledge must be completed by comparison with other sites. Once more he pored over pots and seals and tablets; and once more experienced that curious intuition that has to precede formal knowledge, since only when a man knows what he is looking for can he find it. Into that bright world he could escape without evasion or cowardice; and there he could learn that whatever of beauty and culture Time might seem to destroy, Chance might once more revivify in the realm of spirit.

The summer of 1917 was brightened for Evans by the meeting of representatives of Serbians, Croats and Slovaks at Corfù, that resulted in a formal declaration of their national unity and of their resolve to found a single kingdom. There was as yet little hope of achieving their aim, but its very expression was a step forward; a step made only just in time, for Italy was setting out her Adriatic claims, and in a few months Lloyd George showed signs of backing them. An informal meeting had taken place in London between Yugo-Slav and Italian delegates in the autumn of 1917 in the hope of reconciling the conflicting claims, which Evans had been invited to attend. Now that England showed signs of taking sides Evans, on October 26, 1918, addressed a memorandum to Balfour, expounding the division then approved, by which Italy should have Western Istria with Trieste and Pola, the key positions of Lussin and Lissa, and the Upper Isonzo valley. This represented a compromise, since the population of the Isonzo district was mainly Slovene. Now, however, Sonnino was becoming intransigent, and raising every difficulty. Evans's plea was that in no circumstances should Italian troops

take part in the occupation of Dalmatia, especially of Zara, Sebenico, Spalato and Cattaro; such an occupation, he declared, would provoke an explosion, when the presence of British, French or American troops would provoke no opposition. "It is many years," he wrote, "since to my great pleasure, your two brothers Frank and Gerald were my guests at Ragusa, and much water has flowed under the bridges since then. But the hopeful view that I had already at that time formed of the progressive liberation and union of the Southern Slav bids fair to-day to fulfil itself in its entirety."

The Austrian collapse came with startling quickness in a Croat rising at Fiume at the end of October 1918. The Armistice authorities, however, took little account of Jugo-Slav claims and favoured Italy. Evans at once went over to Paris to see the Slav leaders who were assembling there. He warmly advocated a policy of *coups de main* and *faits accomplis*, and suggested that bands of militia should at once be raised in the Dalmatian islands to resist any Italian occupation. Italy, however, had moved first; but Evans, who was quickly recognized as an unofficial Slav delegate, did much to win Balfour over to a recognition of the South Slav claims. It was a long struggle, made no easier by internal dissension both in the Balkans and among the Allies. The atmosphere of committee room and Council Chamber was always repugnant to Evans, and the greed of nations horrified his moral sense as much as the geographical ignorance of politicians shocked his intellect. It was by a real expense of spirit that he did his duty by the Balkan lands. Not until 1920 was the matter negotiated, in spite of d'Annunzio, and not until November did the Treaty of Rapallo establish the boundary of the new Jugo-Slavia. The frontiers might not be those he had dreamed of, but Evans had lived to see the country of his adoption a free sovereign State. By his researches into her past, his activities for her present and his faith in her future, he had repaid his debt to the romantic beauty of Illyria.

Meanwhile the closing months of the war had brought new archæological responsibilities. He tried to save the Venetian walls of Candia and Canea, menaced by a too Hellenic patriotism; and his friend R. M. Dawkins wrote to point out that the same danger would assail the mediæval monuments of Rhodes, Cyprus and Constantinople, if the Peace treaty should chance to put them into Greek hands. At the same time he was occupied with

the question of the administration of antiquities in the mandated territories, a matter in which Sir Frederick Kenyon, as Director of the British Museum and Secretary of the British Academy, was deeply interested. The British Museum too, was stirring into the active life of peace time; and Evans, to make up so far as he could for Government parsimony in the years of war, presented to the Coin Room his father's collection of Ancient British and Celtic coins, which, added to their existing collections, formed the finest illustration of the subject in the world. At the same time, in concert with Percy Gardner, he made yet one more effort to secure the custody of the University collection of coins for the Ashmolean Museum. The Visitors of the Ashmolean and the Curators of the Bodleian seemed agreed, but once more the matter was postponed.

Peace had brought renewed life to archæology in the Near East; Hadjidakis reported the discovery of a great Minoan palace at Mallia, Wace and Blegen were working at Mycenæ and making discoveries of the deepest interest to Evans, Xanthoudides had discovered tombs and caves at fresh sites in Crete; and Mackenzie was busy getting the accumulation of five years of weeds cleared from the site of Knossos. Evans, however, did not go to Crete in 1920: the Swedish Society of Anthropology and Geography chose him to receive their Great Gold Medal, which in the ten years of its foundation had only been awarded to Montelius. Evans refused to cross the North Sea, and arranged an elaborate journey across Europe. He secured a diplomatic passport and all kinds of reservations, but lost the train at Oxford. He finally arrived in Stockholm half an hour before he was to receive the medal at the King's hands. The extreme kindness of the welcome he everywhere received added to his pleasure in seeing again the collections on which his father had worked long ago, and in renewing acquaintance with men he had first known at Nash Mills.

It was a refreshment to travel again; yet the scars of war were still unhealed. Old friends in Germany were still willing, as scholars, to collaborate in research, but felt that friendship between Germans and Englishmen was not yet possible. At home the familiar walks through the pines and the oak wood were haunted by memories of the boys who had once made holiday there, and would come no more. At the spot where the widest prospect was revealed Evans set up a monument to their

memory: a semi-circular seat, where those who remembered them might rest and meditate. In the middle a sundial is set, engraved to record the hours of the newly instituted Summer Time: its motto is *Horas non numero nisi serenas*: I count the sunny hours alone. Below it is the dedication:

IN LOVING MEMORY OF A YOUTHFUL BAND
WHO PLAYED AS CHILDREN
AMONG THESE WOODS AND HEATHS,
AND SHARED, AT YOULBURY, IN JOYOUS HOURS:
IN THE GREAT WAR
FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S SAKE AND FOR MANKIND,
THEY FELL BEFORE THEIR TIME:
BUT, WHEREVER THEY NOW LIE,
HERE THEY ARE NEVER FAR.¹

For the pillars at the sides Evans wrote:

“ Not for their Mother Land alone
Their youth, their love, their life they spent,
The glorious halo round their brows
Shines in a wider firmament:

Theirs was a loftier sacrifice,
For after years and all mankind,
That for the Nations, as with Men,
Faith and Humanity should bind:

They fought that wars themselves should cease,
And *they* have entered into Peace.”

¹ The cornice records the names: “J. Robin Blacker, Coldstream Guards; Cecil Dyer, Rifle Brigade; Oswald John Dowson, Royal Berks.; G. Esmond Hagger, 9th Yorks. ; Frederick Longman, Royal Fusiliers; Basil Macan, 28th Light Cavalry; Ronald Poulton, Royal Berks.; Basil Scott-Holmes, K.R.R.C.; Arthur Gelston Shepherd, R.N.A.S., first Scoutmaster of the Youlbury Troop of Boy Scouts; and Raymond Kitchin, R.F.C., who helped him here in his devoted work.”

XX

YOULBURY

1921 - 1941

IT was twenty-one years after the excavation of Knossos had been begun that the first volume of the *Palace of Minos* was published. It appeared at the end of 1921: the first instalment of an attempt to give a chronological survey of Minoan civilization, with the Palace of Knossos as its focus, and Evans's scheme of three great Minoan periods, Early, Middle and Late, each subdivided into three sub-periods, as its framework. The first volume took the story down to the third Middle Minoan Period; but its sections, especially in the later ages, often consisted of the exposition of a single theme to form, as it were, an episode in the saga of the whole. This is not the place to summarize it; anyone who wishes to understand the mind of Arthur Evans must read it for himself, and see learning and ingenuity, patience and enthusiasm, working together to turn the stones and potsherds, the fragments of clay and metal, found on six acres of historic ground, into a reasoned whole.

Evans, indeed, was accepted as a man of letters as well as a man of learning. Boar's Hill at that time was a home of poets: Robert Bridges, John Masefield, and Robert Graves, lived at his gates, and Gilbert Murray half a mile away; when they came to see him, they met as masters of kindred crafts. Robert Bridges was particularly congenial to Evans; the beautiful simplicity of his mind and the extreme complexity of his learning were things that Evans could understand.

The year 1922 witnessed the completion of another long-cherished scheme. When Evans had been appointed Keeper of the Ashmolean nearly forty years before, he had been very impatient because a Long Vacation prevented him from at once creating a coin room at the Museum, to hold the University collections which had been transferred to the Bodleian. It had taken not a few weeks, but some thirty-eight years, to achieve it; now C. B. Heberden, whom Evans had first known as a contemporary at Harrow, and had long respected as Principal of his College, had left the University a handsome legacy, and

Evans had persuaded Farnell, now Vice-Chancellor, to devote it to his long-cherished project. The Ashmolean coin-room was at last an established fact.

Knossos was not like many sites, a piece of land on which permission to dig for a term of years had been granted, but had been acquired by Arthur Evans as his own freehold. He was already planning to convey it, together with his house (the Villa Ariadne) and the adjacent land, as a gift to the British School at Athens, with an endowment for its upkeep and the salary of a resident Director. In February 1922 Evans, who had come to Greece to visit Mycenæ, Tiryns and Thebes once more, was in Athens, discussing the matter with Wace, the Director of the School.

The Greek authorities gladly agreed to the transfer, and the matter was soon under weigh, though it was not formally completed for some years. Meanwhile Evans spent spring and early summer at the Villa, in every year from 1922 to 1926, working at some of the many problems that remained still unsolved. In 1922 he was worried at the atrocities of Kemal's forces in Anatolia: the massacres of Christians, and the burning of the Christian quarter of Smyrna was brought home to him by the arrival in Candia of miserable refugees who had managed to escape with their lives. The site, however, was his chief pre-occupation. In March he wrote to his cousin Josephine Phelps: "I am here . . . seriously implicated in digging. . . . It is lovely here, the whole country like a flower-garden with irises and anemones of every hue. I have been let into doing a good deal more in the way of excavation than I had planned, as fine walls have appeared running into a deep cutting by the Magazine of the Arsenal, which must be pursued, and I have arranged for the removal of the upper earth of the adjoining area to a depth of five metres with a contractor. Also in a large village, Arkhanes, about three-quarters of an hour's ride above Knossos, we have made an exciting series of discoveries. Under many of the houses are the bases of great walls, apparently of a fair-sized Minoan Palace, and now, below this, the owner of a half-built house showed us part of a circular line of blocks, beneath the projected living room, which turn out to belong to a monumental circular building of quite a new kind. So I am in for this, too, with wages at thirty drachmas a day!"

Evans's zest for travelling remained undiminished and in June

he joyfully reported to Josephine Phelps: "I had to break off work here, and took the opportunity of doing some exploring, camping out with tents in the very wild ranges of the South side of the island. Mackenzie and the architect, Mr. de Jong, were with me and I saw a great deal. I had such an adventure on the shore of Fair Havens, where (as the sailors said it was safe) I pitched my tent a few yards from the opposite St. Paul's island, the others camping more inland. But, in the night, Euroclydon—it *was* the same wind—suddenly arose in his might, brought up the sea, and nearly swept me and the tent away! Happily some sailors whose own boat was being swamped roused my men and the tent and myself were got off in the right direction, not before a large wave broke into the middle of it. It was quite weird. Next morning breakers rolled where my tent had been pitched!

"Now I have got my men to go on with the work here at a third reduction, as there are several things that *must* be finished. The fresco finds throw an entirely new light on the history of Minoan art. There was a heap of fragments which it took four expert workers a month to extract. Happily I secured the services of young Monsieur Gilliéron, a thoroughly competent artist, who came at once from Athens. Such variety and colours!"

The campaign of 1924 was no less successful. Early in April he wrote to Josephine Phelps: ". . . I had a cold journey across the Balkans but otherwise it was a success—especially the voyage! I found more to do in Greece itself than I had expected, and was caught to give a very widely attended lecture at the British School. Also I went a journey into the Morea in quest of a magic ring: which I ran to earth. Quite a wonderful relic, with a handy map of the Elysian regions of my old people.¹ Here I am mainly doing works of conservation and reconstruction, but of course a new feature must turn up in the shape of the evidence of a monumental stepped portico winding up from the South, which involves more digging than I thought for. Later on I shall do some more exploration of the interior of the island. Mackenzie is with me and the architect F. G. Newton, on his way back from Ur. We have a succession of visitors, last week a Swedish party one day to entertain and a Danish another, both

¹ See "The Ring of Nestor, a Glimpse into the Minoan Afterworld, and a sepulchral treasure of gold signet rings and bead-seals from Thisbe, Boeotia," *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, XLV, 1925, 1-75.

interesting; followed by Pierpont Morgan in his yacht, quite pleasant people; to-morrow probably a German party—and there is a rumour of a cargo of 1500 American tourists!

“I have been awarded the Huxley Memorial Medal and am also let in for giving the Huxley lecture to the Anthropological Institute in November.”

In November his achievements were honoured by the conferment of a Cambridge D.Litt.

Evans's travels at this time were made much easier by his discovery that, though a martyr to seasickness, he was never airsick. In the autumn of 1921 he had suddenly decided to go to Paris to see some Minoan objects and to hear his half-sister Joan read her first paper to a Congress on the History of Art, and had flown over as an experiment. The experience proved one of sheer delight. “There was a little haze about,” he wrote to Josephine Phelps, “which put the start (in an Instone plane) off till eleven. Then it was fairly clear to the Channel, which seemed very near. It was like a lake: so calm—but presently we sailed over what looked like snowfields of light cloud till in a quarter of an hour an opening showed us over Cape Grisnez. But then we plunged into a bank of clouds, and after scouting about to find our bearings through peep-holes, we found a landing place at the air station at Audinghen on a headland near Calais, and had two hours to explore the village before it cleared sufficiently to proceed. We fetched a compass, skirted along the edge of a line of cloud banks, dipped down almost to the sea—a very beautiful experience—and then made our way about two thousand feet up over what looked like a glacier of low-lying cloud with green crevasses, showing peeps of the country below. Then it became clear again, and France lay below with all its little peasant holdings mapped out like an old-fashioned patchwork quilt. Then over a considerable forest; next I seemed to recognize Montreuil, the old British G.H.Q.; the distant outskirts of Amiens; long reaches of the Somme valley; the outlying market-garden suburbs of Paris, and so to land at Le Bourget station. I should have liked a little more soaring and diving. But it was a glorious experience. I think I shall take to the air.” Thereafter he flew as far as Athens, and was sometimes able to get a sea-plane as far as Crete.

At Knossos he was beginning to plan new reconstructions, as the scheme of the Palace grew clearer, and to set up repro-

ductions of some of the more remarkable frescoes in the place they originally occupied. It was a fascinating occupation; and when he wandered about the place in the quiet spring evenings it seemed to be peopled once more.

In June 1925 he wrote to Josephine Phelps from Knossos: " . . . I am hard at it here, but not doing much digging, mainly reconstituting fallen parts of the west wing of the Palace; but there have been from the archæological point of view quite exciting developments and now a large stone repository has just appeared where it was least to be expected; but I don't suppose that much will have been left in it. I have forty-five men on the job and wages are about double what they were, so you see that I am absolutely reckless!

" . . . I had a very sad arrival here. When in Athens I received a telegram to say that Mr. Seager, a great friend of mine and an excellent explorer (I wonder whether you have met him at Youlbury?) had been taken suddenly ill on his way from Egypt, and landed in an unconscious state at Candia. With Mr. Blegen of the American School I was so anxious to do everything possible that I took steps to get a despatch boat given by the Greek Government—which they would have done—to take over the best doctor in Athens, but before anything could be done we received news of his death, and arrived in Candia just in time for the funeral. It was a very impressive public one, in which the Government as well as the local authorities took part, and we finally laid him in the little English cemetery on this side of Candia, beside British officers that he had known. He had just taken a little house near here and it is a great loss. He was the most *English* American I have ever known."

Seager was one of a new generation of Cretan archæologists who regarded Evans as the doyen of their science: Forsdyke at the British Museum, Charbonneau and Chapouthier at Mallia, a new generation of Italians at Phæstos: all were proud to show the results of their excavations to the man who had blazed the path, and in his turn he was generous with praise to those who came after him. Did one of them come to England, it was the occasion for a week-end party at Youlbury, of men and women interested in Minoan things. He loved to take his guests for long expeditions by car to some place of archæological interest, and to lead them, with swinging Prodger, on short walks to Jarn Mound and round his own woods and garden. The chief

interest of his parties lay in the good talk they promoted among his much-travelled guests. Evans had the gift, rare in an Englishman, of holding a *Salon* and leading a general conversation. At meals archæology was tacitly barred; at other times his own collections were there to provide starting-places for wide-ranging talk. These gatherings, which continued long after he had given up general entertaining, kept him in touch with younger archæologists and made them free of his own little world of ancient learning and natural beauty.

The season of 1925 at Knossos continued to be both busy and profitable. In July Evans wrote to Charles Bell:

" . . . You seem to be having even a hotter time in England than here, though 80° as a bedroom temperature is more than I like. Still the air is fresh owing to the daily sea-breeze, except when, as yesterday, it turned South and we had a touch of Sahara! However, I resist, and still have no end to do, so that I do not expect to be back until the end of July; and I must say that after reading all the reports of Oxford junketings in the papers I am not sorry to be well away from it. I have not been doing much digging, but a good deal of reconstitution of the West Palace wing, all very ruinous financially but with good results. . . .

"I have had, too, an interesting three or four days' trip, camping in the wilds, partly to visit a very interesting early Palace that the French are digging at Mallia, about twenty miles from here on the north coast; only they let it drag on and on, with only a few men and boys at work and continual changes in the direction. I spent Midsummer Eve and the next under a wonderful plane tree by a great spring, near a village 2000 feet up: the girth 52 feet at a metre from the ground. It was altogether a lovely spot, and I also made an important find of an early beehive tomb there.

"We have had various alarums and excursions in Greece, the funniest exploit being the seizure of the large island of Samos by a small band of brigands, the Greek troops surrendering at discretion. En revanche a brav' Général has made the Greek government surrender, and so it goes on. . . ."

In the autumn of 1925 Evans delivered the Huxley Memorial lecture to the Royal Anthropological Institute: an honour that gave him particular pleasure, for he had known Huxley since boyhood days at Nash Mills and had honoured him all his life.

He took as his subject the Nilotic and Libyan relations of Minoan Crete.

The problem which was particularly concerning him at this time was the relation between Crete and Mycenæ. He was firmly of opinion that the finest beehive tombs at Mycenæ were of the same date as the earliest elements in the shaft graves within the citadel, to which he considered that the contents of the tombs had been removed in a moment of danger; he also considered the Mycenæan culture as an integral part of Cretan civilization, and deprecated any attempt to give it a classification of its own.¹

Once more that year death struck at youth; on November 10 Lance Freeman died from malaria at Sierra Leone, where he was serving as a captain in the West African Frontier Force.

The 1926 campaign at Knossos, which continued the work of reconstitution and the excavation of the town area, was made memorable by a violent earthquake early in July. Evans was growing more and more convinced that a great seismic overthrow had occurred at Knossos at the end of the Third Middle Minoan period, and some of the recent work had brought fresh confirmation.

"My own mind," he wrote, "was thus full of past earthquakes and the foreboding of a new convulsion when on June 26 last, at 9.45 in the evening of a calm, warm day, the shocks began. They caught me reading on my bed in a basement room of the headquarters house, and, trusting to the exceptional strength of the fabric, I chose to see the earthquake through from within. Perhaps I had hardly realized the full awesomeness of the experience, though my confidence in the strength of the building proved justified, since it did not suffer more than slight cracks. But it creaked and groaned, and rocked from side to side, as if the whole must collapse. Small objects were thrown about, and a pail, full of water, was nearly splashed empty. The movement, which recalled a ship in a storm, though of only a minute and a quarter's duration, already began to produce the same physical effect on me as a rough sea. A dull sound rose from the ground like the muffled roar of an angry bull; our single bell rang, while through the open window came the more distant jangling of the chimes of Candia Cathedral, the belfry as well as the dome and

¹ The fullest expression of these views was published a little later: *The Shaft Graves and Bee-hive Tombs of Mycenæ and their inter-relation*. Macmillan, 1929.

cupolas of which were badly damaged. As the quickly repeated shocks produced their cumulative effect the crashing of the roofs of two small houses outside the garden gate made itself audible, mingled with women's shrieks and the cries of some small children, who, however, were happily rescued. Some guests, who were upstairs or on the roof, had made their way out past the lower terrace—on which a round stone table with a thick Roman pedestal was executing a *pas seul*—and thence to the open, between trees so violently swayed that it looked as if they must fall. Meanwhile a mist of dust, lifted upwards by a sudden draught of air, rose sky high, so as almost entirely to eclipse the full moon, some house lights reflected on this dark bank giving the appearance of a conflagration wrapped round with smoke. . . .

“The archæological *sequitur* of this is very important. When, in the great Palace of Knossos, we find evidence of a series of overthrows, some of them on a scale that could hardly be the work of man, there seems real reason for tracing the cause to the same seismic agencies that we have certainly to deal with in the case described above. It may be possible even to fix approximately the date of seven earthquakes, four of them of great severity, between the last century of the Third Millennium and the beginning of the 14th century B.C.

“It is something to have heard with one's own ears the bellowing of the bull beneath the earth who, according to a primitive belief, tosses it with its horns. It was doubtless the constant need of protection against these petulant bursts of the infernal powers that explains the Minoan tendency to concentrate their worship on the chthonic aspect of their great goddess, wreathed with serpents as Lady of the Underworld. Certain structural features, moreover, peculiar to the old Cretan cult suggest the same explanation. Such were the ‘lustral basins’, which were not made for the purpose of holding water, but to which votaries descended, often by double flights of steps, for some ritual function that seems to connect itself with Mother Earth. Such, too, were the ‘pillar crypts’, windowless, and only lit by artificial light, the massive central piers of which, associated with the sacred double-axe, were provided with vats beside them to receive the blood of sacrifice.

“In palace and private dwelling alike these stood as the symbolic ‘pillars of the house’, which by due ritual could be

infused with the actual essence of the divinity who stood forth as the 'Stablisher' in this land of recurring convulsion."

A letter to Fyfe gives an account of other damage. "Some villages near were almost entirely ruined. In Candia a fair number of houses, but everyone nearly was out as it was only 9.40. But the havoc in the Museum is most lamentable. It is impossible to say how much can be recovered of the frescoes in the cases, along the near end of the great hall. Most are covered with fragments of fallen plaster mixed with stones from the gable, which the builder had scamped. The 'jewel' fresco, the backing of which was found, is pulverized, the 'Saffron Gatherer' in small fragments: that is all that I saw uncovered. I got de Jong to draw up plans to make the roof secure and to stave off further falls. The cases, however, in the body of the room, have suffered little.

"It is a grievous business; one can only hope that it may be possible to restore a great deal. One consolation is that the Palace with its reconstituted upper floors has resisted well. The copy of the Cup-Bearer, with other processional figures, now appear in their proper places on the walls, and the Priest King looks down again on the Corridor approaching the Central Court. It is a wonderful effect.

"All this has obscured a great discovery: the early rock tombs on the height facing the Palace, beyond the river, going back to MM III a, c. 1700 B.C.; but further exploration must be postponed."

When he had been in England, Evans had been approached by the County Commissioner for Boy Scouts to allow the quarters he had given to the Youlbury Scouts to be used once a year as a centre for the training of Scout officers. This he had refused to do. Instead he offered another site for their occupation, with a house for a Warden, a substantial headquarters building, a swimming pool, the freedom of the Youlbury woods, and a handsome contribution towards a Maintenance Fund. The Chief Scout laid the foundation stone in February 1926, and Evans, in his seventy-fifth year, looked surprisingly at home in Scout uniform. On his return from Knossos he found the Training Centre in full occupation, and doing just the work he had wished it to do. On Armistice Sunday he held, as he came to hold every year, a brief commemoration at his own war memorial, when he addressed the boys and their leaders out of his own knowledge of war and peace.

In the summer of 1926 the British Association held its meeting at Oxford, and Arthur Evans gave a huge and splendid party at Youldbury for all his friends at the Meeting. All his own and most of his father's collections were on view: stone and bronze, Minoan and Iron Age, Saxon metalwork and mediæval jewels, coins and medals: it was the last occasion on which they all figured together. At the end of the year all his father's prehistoric collections went down to the Ashmolean: the greatest benefaction the Museum had received since Fortnum's day.

In 1927 the cession of the Palace of Knossos and of the Villa Ariadne to the British School became a fact. Duncan Mackenzie was duly installed as Curator, Emanuel Akumianakis, always called Manolaki, as outside bailiff, and Kostis Chronakis, who had long served Evans, as steward indoors, so that there seemed little change. Evans himself did not go out in 1927, but Forsdyke went and excavated some of the tombs in the hillside above the stream, while Humfry Payne dug some interesting tombs of geometrical date in the olive plantation.

The end of the year brought unexpected changes to the Ashmolean. Hogarth died suddenly at the age of sixty-five. Evans and Bell were both anxious that his assistant E. T. Leeds should be appointed to reign in his stead, and this appointment was duly made. Evans and Leeds had been in close and friendly contact for twenty years; now that Leeds was appointed Keeper Evans's links with the Museum became yet closer than they had been in Hogarth's time. Leeds and he shared many interests, notably in iron age antiquities; and the new Keeper's unselfish and disinterested devotion to the Museum welcomed Evans's love of it, even when it verged on the proprietary. Arthur Evans rarely came to Oxford to bring proofs or illustrations to the Press without dashing in to the Ashmolean, hearing the news, passing judgment on any available objects, and circulating any epigrams or pasquinades he might have secreted in his waistcoat pocket.

Apart from the Ashmolean, his links with the City and University were growing slighter. Oxford was changing into an industrial centre, and the University into a body of younger and more professional men. Arthur Evans belonged to the days when the leisurely pursuit of knowledge was a way of life rather than a profession, and did not attempt to enter or understand the new bustling life. For Margaret's sake he did not object to the Women's Colleges, though he felt that women at the School at

Athens or on an excavation were an impediment and a disadvantage. At the same time he respected the achievement of women in his own field, and received them on an equal footing with their men colleagues.

Evans still collected. He sold his father's Maori antiquities in 1927, and occasionally disposed of coins, but it was only to buy other coins and antiquities and sometimes a picture. The growing organization of archaeological learning, however, was changing the old basis of acquisition. His father's friends, the men who dealt in antiquities in their spare time, because they loved them, had passed away. Now, Arthur Evans bought his coins from the great dealers of the European capitals, and his pictures out of the shop windows of Duke Street.

Yet still his old romantic taste held true; he bought pictures—such as a strange vision of the expulsion from Paradise, by an unknown Italian artist of the seventeenth century; a portrait of a pathetic little boy painted in India about 1780; a lovely landscape by Orizzonte, of an ideal valley in Latium, that might have been a poet's view of Severn vale—with no thought of value, but because they moved him.

It was more than twenty-five years since he had first become interested in the question of preserving the beauty of Oxford and its neighbourhood. Now the Oxford Preservation Trust was being founded to carry on the work, and found in him an enthusiastic supporter. He was much exercised over a piece of land on the crest of the hill. Eventually he was able to secure it for a gift to the Preservation Trust. He planned to raise a mound in the midst of it, high enough to command the prospect on every side save where his own higher ground shut it out. It took three years to make; he set it in a wild garden of British plants, with lilac blue pasque-flowers, rare wild orchids, violets and larkspurs, elecampane and avens, cheddar pinks, marsh gentians and fritillaries, and all the flowers that Matthew Arnold had sung in *Thyrsis* and the *Scholar Gipsy*.¹

In April 1928 the second volume of *Palace of Minos* appeared, so bulky that it had to be bound in two parts. Its main theme was the creation of Late Minoan Knossos, but it had also to include retrospective sections that described discoveries made since the first Volume was written. "I don't know," Charles

¹ See A. J. E., *Jarn Mound, with its Panorama and Wild Garden of British Plants*, Oxford (Vincent), 1933.

Bell wrote, "whether it gave you more pleasure or less pain to write than the first, but it certainly opens upon one with a lucidity and moves with an *élan* that the first, with its more closely woven counterpoint, does not to the same extent possess."

By the time the book was out Evans was at Knossos once more, and deep in the third volume. The campaign lasted until the middle of August, and as usual included a good deal of reconstitution. The year ended in violent controversy with an old friend: fortunately even its violence failed to break the friendship. Salomon Reinach, of the Musée Saint Germain, accepted a find of inscribed clay tablets at Glozel near Vichy as genuine. Evans flew out to Vichy in the depths of winter and satisfied himself that they were modern forgeries and had been fraudulently introduced on the site. Much ink flowed; Time has proved Evans to be right. Long before, Freeman had written to Evans: "You have a great advantage in both reading and seeing. Commonly the two things keep apart, like knowing the insides of books and their outsides." Reinach, one of the great scholars of Europe, was a man more used to reading than to seeing.

The summer of 1930 brought family rejoicing at the golden wedding of Charles and Harriet Longman, and the autumn family mourning at the death of Lewis Evans, who had long been failing in health. He had already given his great collection of scientific instruments to Oxford, and the University had housed it in a part of the old Ashmolean building, and expressed its gratitude by the award of an honorary D.Sc.

In 1930 the third volume of *Palace of Minos* appeared, which includes, besides much else, a study of the Minoan ivories and miniature frescoes, metal inlays and painted stucco reliefs, which gives an astonishing impression of the figure sculpture and painting of prehistoric times.

The spring and summer of 1930 was spent at Knossos, completing the reconstitution of the North West area of the Palace; but even as they worked at this, fresh discoveries were made beyond the Western court, which led to a fresh campaign of excavation being undertaken, and the revealing of the ancient wall of the palace enceinte, going back to the early days of Knossos and including the original West entrance: a discovery that linked up with the earliest finds upon the site and seemed at last to promise completion.

Evans returned home, to describe his new discoveries, to give the Frazer Lecture at Cambridge, and to receive the Petrie Medal of the University of London. His work at Knossos was further honoured by the conferment by the President of the Greek Republic of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Phoenix. It was fitting that he was invited at this moment to write the Preface to the English edition of Emil Ludwig's life of Schliemann.¹ "I am old enough," he wrote, "to recall the first authentic accounts that Schliemann sent to *The Times* of his discoveries at Mycenæ, and the intense interest they aroused. I had the happiness later to make his personal acquaintance on the fields of his glory, and I still remember the echoes of his visits to England, which were his greatest scenes of triumph. . . . Something of the romance of his earlier years still seemed to cling to his personality, and I have myself an almost uncanny memory of the spare, slightly built man, of sallow complexion and somewhat darkly clad, wearing spectacles of foreign make, through which—so the fancy took me—he had looked deep into the ground." So the man who in 1868 had first guessed at the treasure which lay beneath the soil of Troy, was linked with the man who in 1931 was still drawing treasures from the soil of Knossos.

Evans, now in his eightieth year, could still enjoy the incidents of travel. He wrote to Josephine Phelps from Knossos in April: "I had a slower and more roundabout journey than I had planned for. . . . All the elements began by combining against me; first, owing to the earthquake in Macedonia, all land communications with Greece were cut off, so after flying to Paris I had to go round by Italy. . . . Then, when I tried to leave Piræus for Crete by a Greek boat, and was actually on board, a terrific snowstorm occurred, the worst known at Athens for fifty years, and the steamer stayed in port. So I decided to spend a few more days in Athens and fly to Crete by the sea-plane. Incidentally this gave me an opportunity for stirring them up like bees at Athens by sending to the '*Eoríá*, the paper that Venizelos reads, a full account of the bad treatment that I and other travellers had experienced both on landing at Piræus and on attempting to depart from it, at the hands of the 'Pirates of Piræus'—the boatmen and porters. . . .

"But my contretemps did not end at Piræus. On landing in the

¹ *Schliemann of Troy, the story of a gold-seeker*. By Emil Ludwig, with an introduction by Sir Arthur Evans. London and New York, 1931.

small lagune off the East coast of Crete I had to cross about seven miles of open sea to reach St. Nicholas, the nearest port, in a motor boat. This was too small for the job, and though the English captain was very plucky, a gale blowing from just the wrong quarter made the sea so rough that we were beaten back three times in trying to make the headland that we had to pass, and returned ignominiously to the little hamlet of Elunta, whence we had started. However, I managed to secure a larger motor boat, which took us through.

"Here I am with the Pendleburys and de Jong, starting some trial excavations which have already led to surprising results, including—where I looked for it!—a large built tomb: at least so it appears. Probably it has been entirely robbed, however."

In 1932, after an absence of fifty years, Evans revisited Croatia and Dalmatia. His sister-in-law, Helen Freeman, was able to go with him. It was strange to visit Agram again. "To one," he wrote, "who over sixty years ago had turned his pilgrim steps to what was then an old-world country town, straggling down, village-like, to the Save from its castle height and its little Kremlin round the Cathedral, Zagreb-Agram as it was known, though still set against the same wooded hills, has changed almost beyond recognition. The traveller arriving by air, looks down on what is now a city of over a quarter of a million of inhabitants, spaciouly 'town-planned', with a bright garden band stretching to its centre, and interspersed with fine public buildings and institutions. . . . There too, besides the South Slav Folk Museum, unsurpassed of its kind, rises a 'Valhalla' containing many masterpieces of the great native sculptor Mestrovich. Four-square too on the hill above, with shaded avenues and flowered borders within, is the high-walled cemetery, the fine columnar arcades of which are backed by a long succession of sepulchral monuments, not a few of national heroes, freshly bedecked with flowers. . . ."

As usual there had been a political crisis; for once Evans arrived at the moment of victory. "By a happy chance I alighted in the Croatian capital at what promises to be an epoch-making moment. It was the birthday of the National leader, Dr. Matchek, and it had been chosen for a spontaneous civic demonstration, so universal that it really constituted a kind of peaceful revolution. The enthusiasm was boundless. Deputation after deputation in endless processions made their way to Dr. Matchek's

town residence, near one of the principal squares, to present addresses and cheer him whenever he appeared. . . . Besides the citizens themselves bands of peasants from all the country round continued to pass through the streets for the space of two days shouting 'Long live Dr. Matchek! Long live Croatia!' chanting the old Slav Song ('Fair land of ours'), dancing in the streets to strains of their native lyre—the *tamburitza*—many of them quite young girls, clad in their brilliant scarlet and white costumes, perhaps the gayest in Europe." They travelled for five days through the little places that had once been so remote, that were now brought close together by new roads and new means of transport. The pilgrimage ended at Ragusa.

Ragusa was in some ways less changed than Agram; she lay lovely as ever between the unchanging mountains and the unchanging sea. A new residential quarter had been built at a little distance, but within the walls little seemed altered. The prison rose dark and impressive as ever, though it seemed less forbidding inside: "I come back every fifty years," Evans told the gaoler who showed them round. Two things were changed: everywhere Slav had taken the place of Italian; and everywhere Evans was greeted as a hero. It was a strange experience to go back half a century, to tread the steps of the chosen city and to hunt in the garden of the Casa San Lazzaro for plants that had survived fifty years of neglect; strange, exciting, and infinitely sad.

A certain sadness, indeed, was beginning to close in upon Arthur Evans. Achievement lay behind him, and the foreshortened perspective of age made it seem small. His old friend Bryce, who like him had toiled for a historic past and a free future, came to see him one day, and as they sat by the fire in the twilight each admitted that he was chiefly conscious of failure. Arthur Evans had not the firm orthodoxy of his father and grandfather to lean upon in his old age; he was a deist, with a real reverence for religion, whether it were the Christianity of his English neighbours, or the Mother worship of Minoan Crete, but it was an unshared faith. The only creed he was ever heard to utter was: "I believe in human happiness." Such a belief must have its counterpoise in what Sebastian Evans once called "a wise despair". Arthur Evans was never interested in philosophy, yet he succeeded as an old man in being a remarkably consistent Stoic. He faced the prospect of waning bodily strength

with contempt and courage, and that of waning intellectual force with patience and resignation. He was very much alone, and would not have it otherwise; he had claimed freedom as an individualist, and as an individualist he wished to bear his troubles unaided.

Time and Chance brought him the same consolation that had helped his grandfather through the years when life narrowed. Arthur Evans never went to a concert, unless it were an open air one abroad, but now the miracle of wireless brought music into his own house. Like his grandfather he delighted in the formal beauty of eighteenth-century music; did Mozart appear in any European programme, Arthur would try to catch it. The quiet half-lit room, full of amplitude and richness in its colour and shadow, came to life with the sound.

The last volume of *Palace of Minos* that crowned the work, appeared in 1935; like the second it was so bulky that it had to appear in two parts. It was dedicated to the memory of Federico Halbherr, lately dead, who had helped Evans at the very beginnings of his researches in Crete forty years before; and its preface honoured the original and gifted nature, the wholehearted devotion to the work, and the subtle artistic perception, of Duncan Mackenzie, who had just died after a long and distressing time of mental aberration. The gradual onset of his illness had made him for years exceedingly difficult to work with; but Evans was content to remember happier days. "His Highland loyalty," he wrote, "never failed, and the simple surroundings of his earlier years gave him an inner understanding of the native workmen and a fellow-feeling with them that was a real asset in the course of our spade-work. To them, though a master, he was ever a true comrade. The lively Cretan dances revived the 'reels' of his youth. No wedding ceremony, no baptism, no wake was complete among the villagers without the sanction of his presence, and as sponsor, godfather or 'best man', his services were in continual request. There yet fall on my inner ear the tones of that 'still small voice' as he proposed the toast of a happy pair—with sly jocose allusions, fluently spoken in the Cretan dialect of modern Greek—but not without a trace of the soft Gaelic accent." Sayce and Hall, too, were dead; but new names—Marinatos, Schaeffer, and Persson—were added to the list of men who had increased men's knowledge of the Minoan World; and a new name, John Pendlebury, to the list of

those who had worked at Knossos. In him Evans found congenial qualities: a touch of knight-errantry and a real humanity, and an enthusiastic knowledge of the complex Knossian site.

The volume, published when the author was eighty-four, shows no sign of failing power; yet there breathes through it a quieter and more elegiac note than in the earlier volumes. The writer knows that he is taking leave both of the familiar palace and of his friendly readers. It includes, too, a confession of failure: a very able summary of the problem of the script, that is a tacit admission that the promised second and third volumes of *Scripta Minoa*, though well advanced many years back, would not be completed and published by Evans.¹

There only remained the Index, which had been undertaken by his half-sister. Some years of experience as a librarian had given her what Arthur Evans called "a slavish respect for the alphabet"; it soon became evident that his idea of an index was an elaborate summary of knowledge. A compromise was soon arrived at, by which the bulk of the index followed the ordinary alphabetic plan, while certain important sections, such as those dealing with frescoes and painted reliefs, religion, pottery and seal stones, were revised by Evans to form what he called "an orderly presentment" of the subject. The method had its technical difficulties, for as usual Evans found himself unable to correct in galley-proof, and as usual made violent upheavals in the final stages. It is easy enough, when this happens to paged proofs of text, to adjust them by omission or expansion; but it is extraordinarily difficult to cut or expand an index.

In 1934 Evans was chosen as the first recipient of the Gold Medal of the Society of Antiquaries; in his speech of thanks his memory could cover nearly seventy years of the Society's history and recall the long series of its Presidents: "all of them my friends, and one of them my father." June brought a satisfaction of another kind, in the completion of a new gallery of the Ashmolean. At the end of the year a marble bust of himself by a young sculptor of his own name, David Evans, was presented to him by a concourse of archæologists. He flew out to Athens that spring, to find the City in a ferment of revolt. As usual his anger was stirred by Authority's want of respect for freedom,

¹ Professor J. L. Myres has devotedly undertaken the editorship of the materials, and it is hoped to publish them completed by his unselfish labours.

but his thoughts lay rather in Crete. He hastened there to complete his investigation of the area near the Temple Tomb. His presence at Knossos was made the occasion of another celebration; a bust at the entrance to the site was unveiled, there were addresses from the learned societies of the island and from the Metropolitan of Crete; he was made an honorary citizen of Candia and crowned with laurel. His reply, in Greek, drew its moral from the scene around them.

"We know now that the old traditions were true. We have before our eyes a wondrous spectacle—the resurgence, namely, of a civilization twice as old as that of Hellas. It is true that on the old Palace site what we see are only the ruins of ruins, but the whole is still inspired with Minos's spirit of order and organization and the free and natural art of the great architect Daedalos. The spectacle, indeed, that we have here before us is assuredly of world-wide significance. Compared with it how small is any individual contribution! So far indeed, as the explorer may have attained success, it has been as the humble instrument, inspired and guided by a greater Power."

He was still full of energy. His half-sister, who met him in Athens, only persuaded him to break his journey home by reminding him of the jewels of the migration period in the Museum of Buda Pesth, which he had not seen for a long time. Bearing his laurel wreath, he left Greece for the last time, by the very way that the Cretan Daedalus had shown.

Evans returned to England in time to celebrate the silver Jubilee of George V in characteristic fashion. It had been decided that the Boy Scouts were to be responsible for a chain of beacons. Evans discovered what was the classic English form of beacon and reproduced one at Youldbury, and established a scout tradition of what a beacon should be.¹

In 1936 the Jubilee of the British School at Athens was celebrated by an exhibition at Burlington House of records of the sites explored by the School. Among these Knossos took first place; not only were there admirable reproductions of the chief finds, but also original pottery and splendid engraved gems and rings from Evans's own collection. It was, however, shadowed by a triple loss; two young Directors of the School, Humfry Payne and Alan Blakeway, had died within a few months of

¹ See "The Historic Beacon," in *The Scouter*, XXXIX, 1935, p. 72; and "News by Fire," in *The Times*, April 18, 1935.

each other; and George MacMillan, one of the founders of the School, had been taken in the fullness of his years. In July 1937 Percy Gardner too, died, and Evans was left alone of his generation among Oxford archæologists. The year 1936 ended with the award of the Copley Medal to Evans: one of the highest awards that it lies in the hands of the Royal Society to give. The next spring the Chief Scout awarded Evans the Silver Wolf, the highest Scout award; and the recipient repaid the Scouts by writing an admirable boys' guide to Holland,¹ where they were to hold a Jamboree in the autumn. Evans flew to Holland to gather material and illustrations, and continued the journey to Göttingen, where he found little change but a new set of lecture rooms.

In 1938, his eighty-seventh year, his health began to fail. At Easter he had to undergo an operation. It was successful; but Harriet Longman, who had come to be with her brother, was suddenly taken ill and died only a few days later. She had been a widow now for some years, and the two had seen a good deal of one another; none knew the family temperament better than she did, and Arthur Evans was always happy in her company. Her death, coming at a moment of grave physical weakness, was a sore blow from which he never quite recovered.

With the death of his sister, and his own lapse into frailer health, the last stage of Arthur Evans's life began. The wide circle of family and friends was sadly reduced; Youlbury had become a centre not of hospitality, but of memories. The trees grew up so that the vistas in the garden narrowed; the rhododendrons began to shut out the view of the pool. The Bokhara embroideries grew tattered and dim, and curtains and screens made the very drawing-room seem smaller. Fewer books scattered the library; slighter piles of manuscript loaded its tables. Yet still the beauty of the East glowed in carpets and pottery, and the beauty of Greece was studied with the old short-sighted minuteness in coins of Sicily and Attica.

His memory was beginning to fail a little. His mind's eye was still full of pictures—Northern forests hung with lichen and bright with strange colours, Dinaric valleys where emerald streams leapt over pale boulders, Ragusa's walls dark against the sunset, the stony hills of Crete starred with iris and anemone—but they were no longer an ordered book of recollection, but a kaleidoscope.

¹ *Holland and the Dutch, for the British Contingent, Boy Scouts.* London, 1937.

Did he handle an antiquity, his instinctive judgment was still scholarly and true, but he no longer remembered exactly the reasoning that prompted it. The distant past, too, was becoming more vivid; it was easier to think himself back into the sunshine of his grandmother's garden at Kensington, with Aunt Anne playing Scarlatti through the open window, than to recall something which happened six months ago. He was perfectly aware of the decline, and accepted it with resignation and fortitude, lingering over the restricted pleasure of the memories that remained bright and clear as he had always lingered over the restricted vision on which his eyes were focussed.

Minoan Crete seemed for a time to have passed out of the foreground of Arthur's mind; and older interests—the coins of Vandals and Merovingians, the Roman roads of Oxfordshire, the folklore of Beowulf—came to occupy it. Honours still came to him; in February 1939 he was elected Foreign Associate of the Académie des Inscriptions, the highest academic honour which a foreigner can hold in France. Work was still possible; with the help of a former student of the School, Mercy Money-Coutts, he planned the arrangement of the new Minoan Room at the Ashmolean, and endowed it with his own collection of Minoan antiquities. Travel was still possible; accompanied by his kind and devoted nurse, he flew to Switzerland to see the Prado pictures in the summer of 1939, and came home by way of Strasbourg and the frontier.

For the last time he was a stormy petrel, and war followed in his wake. On its eve he drove over to see his half-sister, who had just bought a house in Gloucestershire, and gazed long from her garden at the faint blue line of Welsh hills and the place where Caerleon on Usk lay beside Severn. "That is where we come from," he said as he mused upon the scene; "I could live here." For days it seemed as if he were haunted by that vision of the valley his ancestors had known.

The war found him pessimistic; it was the fulfilment of the prophecies he had made and listened to in the years since 1918. He had seen France in defeat in 1871 and had never forgotten it; he had the deepest distrust of the English political and military mind; the frontiers of Poland, he declared, were not only morally but also strategically indefensible.

In 1940 Time and Chance brought the war to every part of Europe that he loved. Albania was the base for an Italian

attack on Greece; Jugo-Slavia nobly wrecked every hope of prosperity and happiness by resisting Germany singlehanded; Greece was invaded and conquered. Every stage that every army marched was to him familiar ground; every township that fell was known and loved. On May 20 the Germans invaded Crete; ten days later, the English left the island in their hands. For the last time Evans was stirred to real anger. The British withdrawal seemed to him a betrayal not only of Greece but also of the historic past. Yet he knew that his anger was of no avail. There were rumours that the King of Greece and Princess Catharine had sheltered in the Villa Ariadne; that the Curator had escaped, leaving the care of the site to Kosti and Manolaki. There were reports that Knossos had been bombed and the Museum of Candia and its contents reduced to dust. Arthur bore the news of such destructions with a curious stoicism; his friends thought that perhaps he hardly realized their import. It was not so; when he went to London for the last time at the end of May he went especially to the offices of the Hellenic Society to ask after the safety of the members of the British School and others who had been in Crete. In London, too, there was devastation for him to see; he went to St. Paul's, and found Dickinsons in the Old Bailey gutted by fire. The sight of the British Museum ravaged by enemy attack, and especially the burnt-out medal room, moved him deeply; for nearly a hundred years three generations of Evans numismatists had found in that room a spiritual home. At the end of the month he fell ill, and had to undergo a second operation. He remained very frail, but on his ninetieth birthday could receive the deputation of his friends—Mr. Leeds, Keeper of the Ashmolean, Professor Myres and Professor Dawkins—who brought him a beautiful scroll from the President and Council of the Hellenic Society, and greetings from the School at Athens and the Ashmolean. The scroll recalled "with gratitude and admiration his exceptional contributions to learning", and recapitulated his early interest in his father's work on the implements of the Somme valley, his *Horsemen of Tarentum* and *Syracusan Medallions*, his investigations of Celtic and Italic antiquity, his keepership of the Ashmolean and his benefactions; his exploration and interpretation of Minoan civilization, and the establishment of a centre for Cretan studies. "Above all," the tribute of his friends concluded, "they delight in commemorating his never-failing

inspiration and encouragement to all workers in these wide fields, his initiative and wise counsel in the advancement of learning and research on many occasions, and his lifelong and strenuous devotion to the cause of freedom in thought and in action."

A greater freedom lay very near. His heart was failing, and three days later he died.

For many years he had felt that he would best find rest in the flowery graveyard, barred by the shadows of cypresses, that lies outside the walls of Ragusa. Then for a time his desire had been to lie in a sunny corner of the vineyard of Knossos. At the last it was found that he wished to be buried in the shadow of Abbot's Langley church with his father and mother.

APPENDIX

THE EVANSES

THE earliest of the family papers that survives is a little manuscript book of sermons in English, with no name to it, or any indication of authorship or ownership. The sermons are dated between Ascension Day 1677 and August 1684, with notes where they were given: St. John's, St. Nicholas, St. Helen's, St Swithin's, Powick and (most frequently of all) "College". There is a Powick just outside Worcester; there are churches dedicated to St. John, St. Nicholas, St. Helen and St. Swithin in Worcester; and the common appellation of Worcester Cathedral in the seventeenth century was "College". It therefore seems more than likely that this unknown parson was a minor member of that chapter; and his sound royalist sermons on such texts as "Render under Cæsar" would have been welcomed in that loyal diocese. The *Alumni Oxonienses* record a John Evans, son of John Evans rector of Hill Crome, Worcestershire, who matriculated at Magdalen Hall in 1634, aet. 18, took his B.A. 1637, and became rector of Hill Crome in his turn in 1641; it is not impossible that he may have been the author.

The earliest ancestor that can be named on the Evans side is one Rice Evans¹ who had four children by his wife Hannah. The eldest, Thomas Evans, born on June 19, 1716,² became Master of Newport School in 1743, Vicar of Bassaleg near Newport in 1746, Curate of Caerleon in 1759, and Master of Caerleon School in 1762.³ He and his wife Jane, daughter of Evan Jones of Llywell, had eight children, of whom three died in infancy. All five of the sons who survived entered the Church. The eldest, James, born in 1746, studied Civil Law at Pembroke College, Oxford. He was ordained in 1768 as Curate of Churchdown. In 1798 he had a "seminary for ten pupils" in Kensing-

¹ Two Rice Evanses, one of Mydrim, Co. Carmarthen, and one the parson of Cosheston, Co. Pembroke, are recorded as having sent sons to Oxford in 1721 and 1747: neither are identifiable with the above.

² The other children were Howell, James, and Dinah.

³ An old pocket book formerly in the possession of his great grandson, John Evans, further records: "Opened Charity School at Groeswen in the parish of Eglwys Ilan, Glamorgan, December 8, 1742. Opened Bassaleg Free School, December 15, 1759."

ton Square. He was in 1800 appointed to the royal living of Welsh Bicknor. The next son, John, born in 1752, took his degree from Worcester College, Oxford, of which house he was for some years a Fellow. He served as curate of Caerleon, and from 1783 to 1822 held the living of St. Woollo's at Newport. He lived at Caerau outside the town, and was a keen student of local antiquities, speaking Welsh well. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Buller. The fourth, Thomas, born in 1757, became Rector of Chipping Norton, but lived most of the year at Gloucester, where he was under master at the College School. The youngest, Arthur Benoni—so called because his mother died in 1759 at his birth, and Benoni means "son of my sorrow"—matriculated at Merton College, took his B.A. from St. Alban's Hall, and his M.A. from Pembroke, and was appointed under master of the College School at Gloucester in 1784. He was admitted to Priests Orders by the Bishop of Gloucester in 1785, and was appointed Headmaster of the College School three years later. He held with it, the royal living of Coln Rogers, to which he was presented in 1807, and the Chapter living of Barnwood, to which he was presented in 1809.

The family of Norman was of old standing in Monmouth and Glamorgan,¹ but none of its members seem to have been particularly remarkable. The name is now extinct, though there is still a Norman Street in Caerleon. The last representatives are buried at Eglwsilan, Rees and Mary Norman of Llanylityd Fardre and their four children, of whom the last, John, died in 1878. The tombstones are inscribed in Welsh.

¹ See Bardney, *History of Monmouth*, Vol. III, p. 203.

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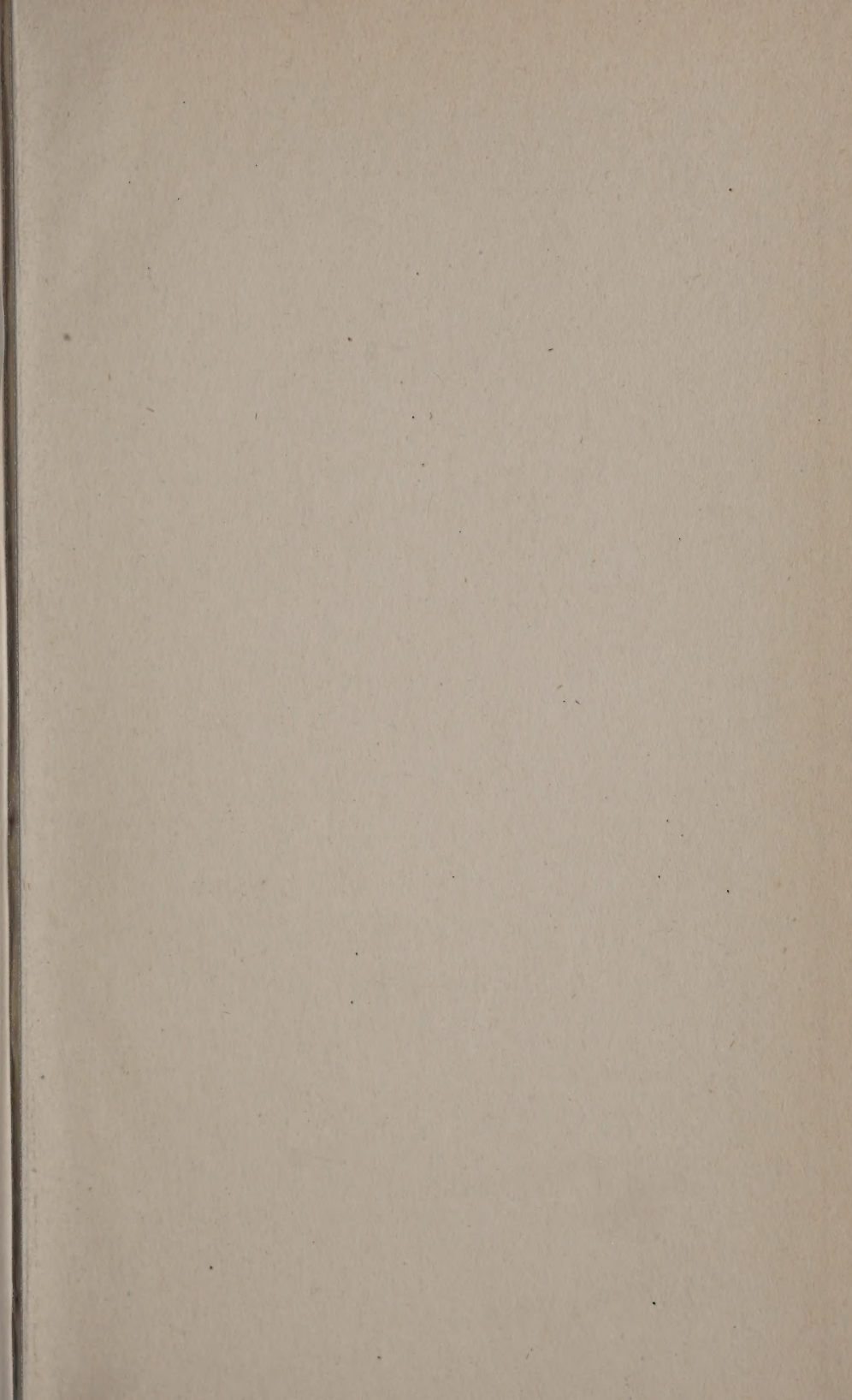
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PEDIGREE OF

Commander John Dickinson, R.N.
1723-1781

John Dickinson
1746-?

Maria Dickinson
d. in infancy
1748

William Dickinson
1751-1828

John
Dickinson
1782-1869

= Ann Grover
1789-1874

Major General
Thomas
Dickinson
1784-1861

8 children

(1) Catherine
Dean
1789-1855

= (2) Mary
Weekes

William
Dickinson
d. in infancy
1785

John Moody
Dickinson
1811-1812

John Henry
Dickinson
1812-1813

Frances
Elizabeth
Dickinson

8 children

= Frederick
William
Pratt-
Barlow

John
Dickinson
1815-1876

= Alicia Bicknell
1828-1875

Elizabeth
Phelps
1820-1893

Mary
Phelps
1822-1895

Anne
Phelps
1824-1895
2 children

= Robert
Bayman

Frances
Phelps
1826-1890

= John
Evans

John (Ehret)
Dickinson
1860-1896

Thomas
Gordon
Dickinson
1862-1908

Harry
Kendall
Dickinson
1867-1872

DICKINSON

(1) Alice Quin = (2) Susanna Lardent, widow
of — Bernard

